

BRITANNIA



Vol. I

DECEMBER 28th, 1928

No. 14

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Woman's Section :

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Lord Rothermere and the Socialists

By The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Birkenhead, G.C.S.I., P.C.

I HAVE myself received such constant kindness and support from Lord Rothermere over a long period of time and in the many high offices of State which I have held, that it would be impossible for me to attempt an unfriendly or even a too critical examination of his present attitude in relation to political parties.

If I had ever thought it necessary to indicate active disagreement with him, I should have chosen a moment when I was still in the arena and exposed to his powerful artillery.

My purpose here is purely psychological. It is evidently Lord Rothermere's object to injure the Conservative party at the polls. His sincerity is beyond question. All his apparent interest, his immense capital, his enormous stake in the country, must pre-dispose him in the other direction.

He contributed overwhelmingly to placing the present Government in power. His defection is accordingly the more grave. It must be assumed—it is assumed by me—that Lord Rothermere not only dislikes and distrusts the Conservative party, but believes that a better government may emerge from the election. Yet, whatever faults Mr. Baldwin's government possesses, how is this conclusion possible to a man of Lord Rothermere's ability?

Zinovieff Letter Recalled.

HE has stated in the public press that he regards with equanimity the alternative of a Socialist government. When I read his words it occurred to me to refresh my memory of the declared policy of that party. At the Blackpool conference of the Socialist Party in 1927 the Executive was instructed to draw up an accurate and, if possible, agreed statement of the Party's policy. The result of their labours was approved by the succeeding conference this year in Birmingham. It has been issued as a pamphlet with the title of "Labour and the Nation."

It is, as a compilation, long rather than exhaustive, heavy rather than profound. It touches upon a large variety of subjects, but in few cases does more than skate upon the surface and indicate general intentions rather than concrete proposals.

I cannot hope in the space of this article to deal thoroughly with all the matters it approaches; BRITANNIA is not an encyclopædia. Nevertheless, "Labour and the Nation" is sufficiently indicative of the Socialist standpoint and of the probable desires of any future Labour government for me to wonder whether Lord Rothermere can have read it.

It is not lacking in thrusts at his share in winning the last election and at his place in our political life generally. On almost the first page, I am assured that the Conservatives "asked the nation for a crushing majority, and, thanks to the exploitation of a fraudulent conspiracy—a conspiracy of which many honest Conservatives are now heartily ashamed—the majority was accorded them."

This reference to the Zinovieff letter incident—it is well known that the Labour party has decided (now it is out of office) to treat the letter, undoubtedly genuine, as a "fraudulent conspiracy"—



"Let Lord Rothermere think before he uses his immense power to drive the country along the road trodden by the Gadarene swine."

cannot but remind us of the part which Lord Rothermere's papers played in bringing home to the people of this country the menace of Bolshevik interference in our affairs.

Lest Russia should be forgotten, this Labour manifesto takes the opportunity, on a later page, to assure its readers that "the Conservative government, in its eagerness to snatch a fleeting political advantage by exploiting the bogey of Revolution, tore up the trade agreement made with Russia in 1924, with the result that orders for

machinery and manufactures, which would have found employment for thousands of British workers, have been lost to this country."

I have seen this argument refuted so often and so completely in Lord Rothermere's newspapers, that I cannot believe that he will regard without apprehension the subsequent statement that "a Labour government, whilst opposed to the interference of the Russian government with the domestic politics of other nations, would at once take steps to establish diplomatic and commercial relations with it, would settle by treaty or otherwise any out-standing differences, and would make every effort to encourage a revival of trade with Soviet Russia." The anxiety of the Labour party to re-establish diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia proves, even more clearly than any other indication, how difficult it is for its leaders to withstand their extremists. *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*

The Charge of Extravagance.

I UNDERSTAND that one of Lord Rothermere's principal grounds of complaint against the present government is the extravagance which, to his mind, it displays in administering the public services. I believe that Lord Rothermere refers specifically but among other complaints to the cost of education. He will surely find little hope of economy in this direction from "Labour and the Nation."

In its reference to this very subject its authors take the opportunity to make a sneering reference to Lord Rothermere and his fellow newspaper-proprietors. "The idea," they say, "that all public expenditure is burdensome and equally burdensome . . . is an elementary fallacy, which enjoys a not unnatural popularity in the smoking-rooms of rich men's clubs and in the columns of the millionaire press." Whether public expenditure is or is not a "burden," they continue, depends not merely on its amount but on how the money is raised, how it is spent, and on "the results of leaving it to be spent by private individuals." We must look to the body of the pamphlet for an answer to these implied questions.

There is no doubt whatever how the money is to be raised under a Socialist regime. The graduation of income tax, I read, will be revised by any Labour government with a view to relieving the smaller incomes, and increasing the contribution from larger incomes. Moreover, all unearned incomes of over £500 a year are to be subjected to a further, graduated "surtax." I leave to Lord Rothermere's capable journalists the not very difficult task of demonstrating the practical folly of this vote-catching propaganda; my only purpose here is to bring it once more to their notice.

No Hope of Economy.

HOW is the money to be spent? There is no talk in "Labour and the Nation" of such economies the absence of which has disgusted Lord Rothermere with the Conservatives. Indeed, the pamphlet complains that the present Government has "established lower scales of unemployment benefit for large numbers of insured workers"; that it has "diminished the State subsidy on houses built under the Acts of 1923 and 1924"; that it has "systematically impeded the educational activities of local authorities, and compelled them to submit to limiting standards arbitrarily imposed by the President of the Board of Education"; that it has demanded "a reduction in the budget of the League of Nations"; and that, "owing to the reluctance of capitalist politicians to find the money," the practical enforcement of the Factory and Workshops Acts, Mines Regulation Acts, Shop Hours Acts, Miners Minimum Wage, Trade Boards, and Agricultural Wages Board Acts, Workmen's Compensation Acts, Pensions, Public Health, Insurance and Education Acts is "gravely defective."

The writers assure us that no Labour Government will act in this way. On the contrary, "the Labour Party will make it its business to extend the scope and improve the administration" of these Acts. "It will introduce such amendments as are necessary in the Unemployment Insurance Acts, in order that the needs of the insured unemployed worker shall be fairly met, and will extend the principle of unemployment insurance to sections of the population . . . at present outside its scope." All this will, of course, cost money; the Labour Party "will meet the additional cost by State grants."

Moreover, we are told, "in contrast with those who deplore an increased expenditure upon social services as an economic burden," the Labour party "will seek to develop them by all means within its power." It proposes "to extend rapidly and widely those forms of social provision—education, public health, housing, pensions, the care of the sick, and maintenance during unemployment." It will keep children at school for at least a further year "with due provision for adequate maintenance allowances"; will "improve the Widows' and Orphans' Pensions scheme and provide more generously for the veterans of industry."

Such is the expressed attitude of the Labour Party in regard to the very matters where Lord Rothermere accuses the Conservative Government of extravagance. I do not for a moment believe that any Socialist Government could succeed in fulfilling the programme which it enunciates; but I am quite certain that there is no hope from it of economy in relation to the public funds.

Wholesale Nationalisation.

COME to the third point raised by the pamphlet—the value of private enterprise. The writers are quite explicit. Not merely do they advocate "the utilisation for the public benefit of the surplus wealth which to-day too often at once enriches and degrades a small minority of the population," but they declare emphatically that any Labour Government will nationalise the ownership of all land, all production and distribution of coal and power, all communications and transport, and the control of credit, and—this is a sop to an insurrectionary wing of the party—will vest their administration "in authorities acting on the nation's behalf."

We know that Mr. Philip Snowden is not in whole-hearted agreement with other pundits of his Party as to the meaning of Nationalisation. He has even dared to shock them by replying to a complaint that, if rapid progress was not made, they would still be discussing Socialism two thousand years hence: "Of course you will." But even he declares himself in favour of "public ownership and public control." I will not enter into the arguments by which the Syndicalist lion has been made to lie down with the Fabian lamb in the Party policy; but I am certain that Lord Rothermere does not approve any of them.

What is Lord Rothermere's Purpose?

AND this is the programme of the more moderate and statesman-like element in the Socialist Party. The extremists go very much farther—almost the whole way to Moscow—and experience

leads me to doubt whether, were Mr. MacDonald to find himself once again in power, he and Mr. Snowden and Mr. Thomas would be able to wag the extremist tail without having to bark the extremists' doctrine.

It would seem obvious that Lord Rothermere has something else in mind. He cannot seriously accept the Socialists' programme as in essence not indigestible by a mind of his calibre.

What then is his purpose? He must have concluded—this is the most feasible explanation—that the Conservative party is too strong; that it wants blood-letting on a large scale. Doubtless he believes that with his help a stalemate is possible. He has always been loyal to his friendship with Mr. Lloyd George, and he agrees to-day with Mr. Lloyd George that a stalemate would give that statesman dominating power.

In such a case, he may reason, no dangerous legislation of any kind could take place. The arid Utopia of the Labour party programme would not be irrigated by the waters of plenary power. Lord Rothermere thinks, in fact, that under a strong Conservative Government what he regards as dangerous and costly experiments in legislation are certain, and, therefore, from his point of view, a paralysed administration is preferable.

Playing With Fire.

IF I have read his mind correctly—and my hypothesis fits the facts better than any other which has yet been suggested, even by himself—I have two main observations to make.

First, Lord Rothermere is playing with fire. The immense weight of his papers, reacting on the declining strength to which every Government is subject after even the briefest tenure of power, may produce an election result wholly disproportionate to his intentions; disastrous to, if not destructive of, everything he cares for.

Secondly, the world is in no condition for a weak British Government; nor, indeed, is England. What would have happened during the past four years if we had had a makeshift, impotent Government in office?

Could the Egyptian crisis have been solved by such a Government? Could such a Ministry, trembling ever on the verge of breakdown, have rallied the better sense of every class in the nation to face and defeat the General Strike? It cannot be forgotten that, when the lives of Englishmen and Englishwomen were in imminent peril in China, the

bold, swift policy of the Government in despatching troops to their protection was challenged, and even opposed, in the House of Commons by Socialist members.

I do not say that any British Government would have failed to accept and fulfil its duty to our countrymen in China. But the crux of their salvation was speed. Delay might well have proved fatal to them. At such a time—and indeed there are few great political events of which this is not true—only a powerful Government, secure in its strength and prestige, can dare to act courageously and quickly. The Prime Minister of a makeshift Ministry must of necessity wait, to make certain that every wing of his delicately balanced forces is ready to follow him.

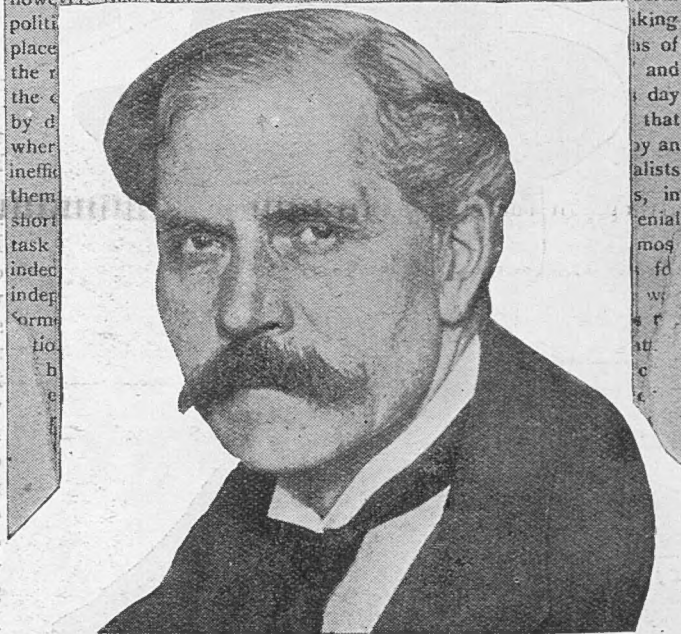
The Road of the Gadarene Swine.

TRUE as this has been of the past four years, it will be more than ever true in the immediate future. No man can foresee the sudden crises which may break upon our country in the next decade. They will come, it is certain; and they will need courage, independence and strength to meet them. And there are certain decisions which we already know will have to be taken. Think, for example, of the immense Indian problem which may emerge from the labours of the Simon Commission. Which is better fitted to handle such epoch-making decisions of statesmanship—a strong Government, or a weak miscellany of Socialists, Liberals and Communists?

Lord Rothermere, like his brother Lord Northcliffe, is a great Englishman and a great patriot. Let him think, and think yet again, before he uses his immense power to drive the country along the road trodden by the Gadarene swine.

The Menace of the Trust

Labour is aware, of course, that the capitalist Press, a large part of which is to-day controlled by less than a dozen rich men, will raise the cry that individual liberty and economic efficiency are threatened by the extension of public ownership and social control. It notes, however, that while a considerable number of Conservative and Liberal politicians place the responsibility for the present state of affairs on the shoulders of the Labour Party, the Labour Party itself, when it comes to the task of social reform, is in a position to do so much more than the Conservative and Liberal parties.



Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, whose political faith is set forth in the pamphlet "Labour and the Nation," an extract from which appears above.

The EDITORIAL OUTLOOK



THE CALL OF 1929

Who Will Lead an Industrial Revival?

TEN years have now passed since Mr. Lloyd George went to the country with the promise of a new heaven and a new earth. Those years have seen the reconstruction of the devastated areas of France and Belgium; the economic recovery of Germany; the political renaissance of Italy, and the steady if more laborious progress of Spain towards a more modern interpretation of the needs of her citizens.

In the East, the changes have been no less startling. In Turkey, in Persia, in Afghanistan and in China, new forces have broken with the traditions of the past, and out of blood and tears new nations are being born.

Across the Atlantic, the United States preserves, to outward appearances, a greater continuity, but the appearance obscures the fact. The great debtor nation has become the greatest creditor nation in the history of the world, and by virtue of the adaptability of her financial machinery—which unlike our own does not date back to the eighteenth century—has made use of the fact to organise an era of prosperity unknown in history since the sixteenth century, when Spain lived riotously for fifty years on the tribute of the Americas. Truly time has had its revenges!

In this decade of revolutions England too has suffered change. We who were a creditor have become a debtor nation; we who supplied the world with steel and coal are importing both. We who faced the future so gaily in the hour of victory can promise nothing to-day but a little charity to our workless and any number of perorations to our youthful electorate. But even our perorations have lost their first fine careless rapture.

With our trade we have lost not a few at least of our illusions. There is no excuse for preserving any of them.

The facts are too grave. After ten years of peace, one person in every forty is in receipt not of unemployment benefit, nor of pensions from the State, but of public assistance from the guardians, which, under the law, can only be given to those who are destitute of the means of support.

What a contrast with the changes which have taken place elsewhere. It is a hard and brutal fact that there is only one country where our own condition finds a parallel, and that country is Russia. Happily for our people things are not so bad here as there, but the parallel remains. Its value is that it points alike to the disease and the remedy. The situation demands statesmanship outside of politics. It demands an industrial not a political programme. It demands expert not political leadership.

The Problem to be Solved.

THE problem can be expressed quite simply. We are an island nation dependent for our food upon our export trade. Our wealth consists not in what we produce but in what we produce at a price which will enable us to sell it in the world's markets. To bring British production and distribution costs down to the world's price level without reducing real wages is the highly technical problem which has got to be solved. And this, not in order to build homes for heroes, not in order that we may indulge in a riot of luxury, but as a matter of bare necessity that we may be able to feed, clothe, and house our own people. To educate people of all classes in this fundamental truth is the task of 1929.

A nation which trusts to political remedies for industrial depression is doomed to extinction. There is no short cut to prosperity.

Let us look again more closely at the changes which have gone on elsewhere and we shall find proof of this truth. France, which to-day is the only nation in Europe with less than 1,000 men unemployed, was threatened with bankruptcy only five years ago. The industrial depression in the coal and iron districts of the German Ruhr was in 1922 as great as our own to-day.

In 1921, Turkey, for seventy years the sick man of Europe, was so mortally sick that an English Prime Minister imagined her ready to crumple up before the onslaughts of a Greek army. Italy only six years ago was threatened with industrial ruin and political anarchy, factories were in the hands of the mob and production was at a standstill. Spain almost at the same time was facing defeat in Morocco and revolution at home.

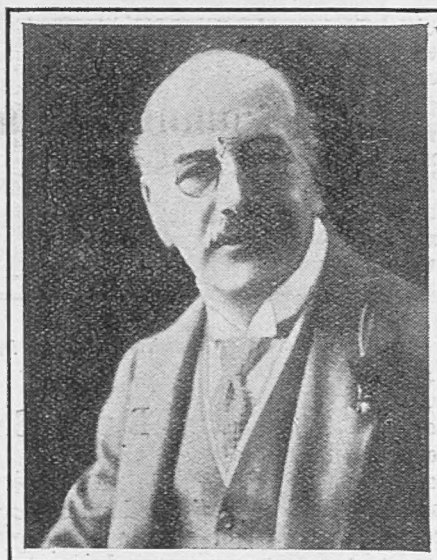
There is not one of these countries that has not faced problems graver than our own with success. There is not one of these countries, however, which has solved them by the ordinary process of parliamentary government. On the brink of ruin, one and all have been brought to face facts, to face the need for a scientific reconstruction of industry, to subordinate traditional conceptions of government to this essential task.

Find a Leader.

WE advocate here no political revolution. If our statesmen and our parliamentarians by saving the country can save themselves, well and good. But they must understand the conditions. In ten years they have allowed new countries and old alike to outstrip us. To-day we are trying to compete in the world's markets with out-of-date plant, a multiplicity of purchasing, producing and distributing units, and a burden of taxation which grows year by year, as the distress resulting from our commercial decline seems to simple if kind-hearted people to call for further expenditure.

1929 must see an end of this. The rest of the industrial world is ready equipped to compete in the world's markets—we alone, if we except Russia, are not. We are a thousand times less prepared for the battles of peace than we were in 1914 for the war of blood and iron.

The first essential is to find a leader who will tell the country the truth, and the second is to find a leader capable of inspiring the confidence of all classes so as to secure their co-operation in the systematic reorganisation, industry by industry, of our productive and commercial machinery.



Lord Melchett.

Manufacturers who imagine that by increasing prices or by reducing wages they can ensure the nation's prosperity have got to be dealt with as firmly as that decreasing body of trades unionists who imagine that by producing less a country grows richer.

In a Fool's Paradise.

THE Government, as Lord Melchett has wisely said, have one great weapon. They can at least insist that no industry can claim the privilege of a safeguarding duty until it is organised along modern lines not only on the manufacturing side but in its sales organisation.

But the main task of the Government, and of politicians of all parties, is to preach the new gospel. Without this there is no hope. The people of this country are living in a fool's paradise and the politicians have built it. Until a leader is found who will raze it to the ground, there will be no end to our present discontents. Not until people understand that in enhanced production at a lower cost lies the only hope, not of increased prosperity but of maintaining the present level of wages, will the battle have been won.

Happily there are signs that labour and capital alike are waking up to these elementary truths. If, with the beginning of the second decade of the peace, we can say good-bye for ever to the fatuous optimism of the past ten years, our sufferings and anxieties will not have been in vain. We want but a leader for this new industrial revival, and if he is not to be found in the ranks of the politicians, the politicians here will go the way of politicians in other countries.

BREAKING UP *the* EMPIRE

"PERSONALLY I have no doubt that we shall have another period of five years to pull our country through its difficulties." Thus complacently Sir William Joynson Hicks at the Constitutional Club a few days ago. Some of us are bound to reflect that he and his party have had four years "pull," with such a weight on their end of the rope as no Government ever had and such as they may never have again. Have they pulled us so far out of our difficulties since 1924 that if we give them leave to dig in for another five years we may expect to get quite clear?

I am in duty bound to remark that the British Empire is less united to-day than when they came in. The party at present in power was responsible for foisting on the Empire, "putting over it," as the Americans say, that Report of the 1926 Conference whose implications, not at all making for closer union, are working themselves out before our eyes.

Drifting Apart.

The latest is before my eyes in the daily paper as I write. Mr. Eric Louw, South African Trade Commissioner in New York, is to be advanced to the position of diplomatic Minister of the Union in Washington. What conceivable reason can there be for this and similar moves on the part of the Union and of the Irish Free State except to proclaim as provocatively as possible their detachment from the Empire and to promote trade and commerce with foreign countries? Does anybody fancy that the South African British want to establish these independent Legations at no small expense in foreign capitals. Yet the business is simply an implementing of the ideas which the Unionist party imposed upon a surprised Empire in 1926.

A Gilbertian Situation.

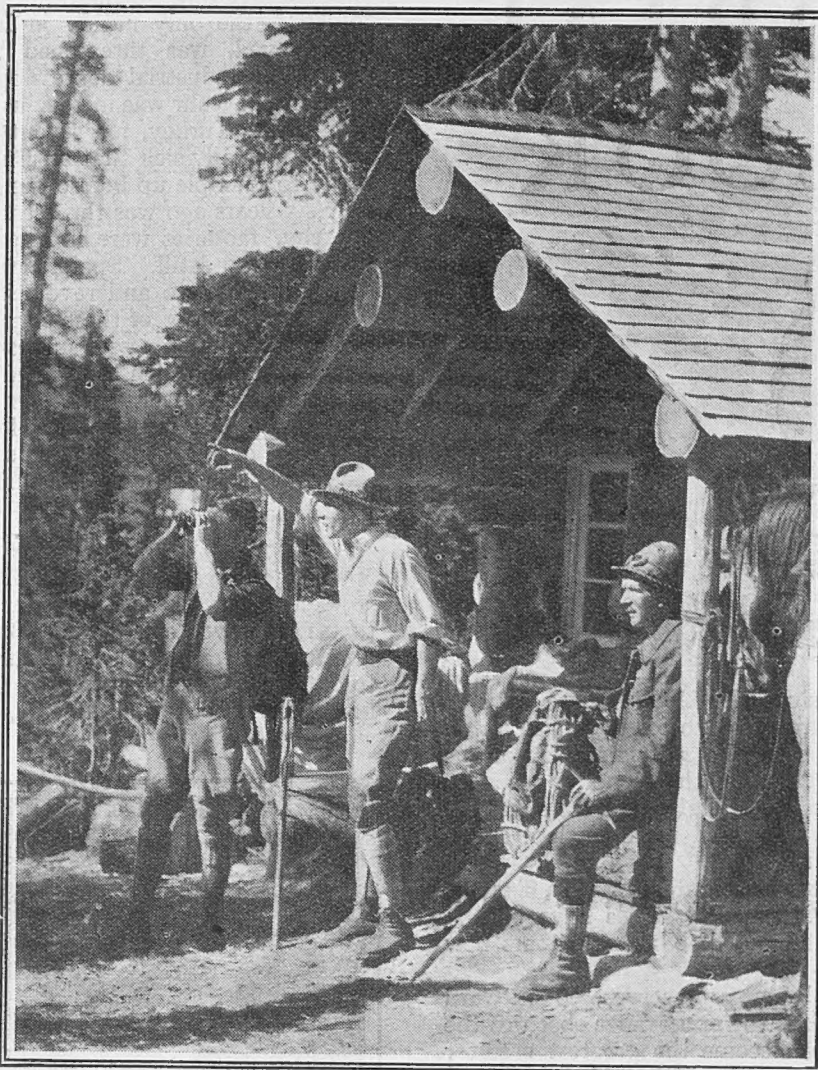
Meantime few can say for certain what are the internal relationships of the States of the Empire. Put a case. Suppose a South African citizen is treated "thick" in a Portuguese Colony and South Africa demands reparation in vain.

I suppose South Africa as a Sovereign State would do the demanding. Suppose, further, in the last resort South Africa decided to advise the King to go to war, while Canada advised His Majesty to do no such thing, not desiring to take Portugal on. What then is the situation? Qua King of South Africa the Sovereign is at war with the Portuguese; qua King of Canada he is at peace.

This is only an odd illustration of the sort of chaos.

A Nice Record.

And how about migration and unemployment? My paper also tells me of an increase of 31,000 in our workless armies, and of over 250,000 since last year, and shows how our



Builders of Empire—Pioneers in the Canadian North West New Lands.

By J. SAXON MILLS

registered unemployed are now quite close on 1,400,000.

Let us look at this a little closer. We have been hearing a good deal lately of the French Colonial Empire. A great deal of that consists of what the late Lord Salisbury would call "light soil"—in point of fact, sand. Much of it also is valuable, but it fails entirely to be what the British heritage so distinctively is—an Empire for white settlement.

The French colonial possessions contain nothing like the British Dominions in temperate zones, all as yet only partially developed. Yet Britain is burdened with an unmanageable unemployed problem—1,400,000 registered able-bodied idlers, which is nothing like the full extent of our unemployment.

What is the French figure? All told, her unemployed number—please consider this—less than 800, not to mention the fact that she has called in scores of thousands of foreigners to help her in her industries. I have talked to many Britons who had actually found the jobs in France they couldn't get here.

Canada and Migration.

Mr. Bruce Walker, a very "live wire," who is Director of European migration for Canada, has been discoursing eloquently to the Royal Empire Society. Many excellent things he said. The difficulty indeed in this matter is not about words but works.

"The Empire movement from the Motherland to overseas," quoth Mr. Walker, "should average 300,000 a year. Of this number Canada could absorb, at the moment, a hundred thousand, and in a few years, with this scheme in operation (viz., a big training and recruiting scheme in this country), more than half as many more. The balance would find their way to the other Dominions" and we should thus "provide an annual outlet for the fresh army of young men and young women who, graduating from the schools and colleges of the country, find themselves thrown upon the labour market."

If we compare this rosy vision with the grey reality we find that, instead of 300,000 a year going out to the overseas Britains, we shall have sent out this year considerably less than a third of that number. Instead of increasing, the figure is rapidly going down—it has declined by 10,000 in the present year—and so is also the proportion of British in the total Canadian immigration. It was an unassuming 37 per cent. for 1927-1928.

The Disinterested Briton.

Mr. Walker ruffles one's fur a little by his remarks about the British and foreign settlers. The Briton, it seems, "talks too much." Why shouldn't he talk in his own house? Britain's generosity is nearly always forgotten. She gets no credit for it.

Nobody remembers, not even Mr. Bruce Walker, that she could easily have kept for her own purposes of settlement and exploitation all the old vast crown lands of Canada. She handed them over to Canada instead and as a reward sees them becoming more and more a handy dumping ground for the surplus of foreign European folks. I say the Briton with all his faults, his tendency to talk and criticise his neighbours, has the first claim to the good things in Canada.

Developments in Canada.

And I find these good things, in Mr. Bruce Walker's paper for example, are made rather too agricultural. New industrial, mining and manufacturing developments in Canada ought to be turning up new jobs in abundance for British brains and enterprise from this country—not from Germany, as Mr. Egan seemed to suggest in Berlin. I note in passing that 5,753 mechanics, labourers, traders and clerks from the United States found non-agricultural jobs in Canada during the twelve months down to last September.

Mr. Walker thinks "the brain, brawn and spirit" of our English youth are being "undermined" to-day, though he is kind enough not to believe that "the insuperable spirit of the Englishman is more than temporarily obscured."

I agree. Anyhow the Englishman, or Briton, built the British Empire, and he has a right to something more than a 37 per cent. share in the advantages it offers to the white man.

BRITANNIA'S DIARY

The Tribute to the King—The Prince's Plea for the Miners—King Amanullah's Problem—Muddling the Traffic—Mr. Chamberlain Scores—Sphinx-like Poincaré

His Majesty the King.

AS I write, there seems hope that His Majesty is at last on the road to convalescence. The anxiety is not yet at an end, for the illness is of a very severe and complicated nature and in the best of circumstances recovery will be slow.

The testimonies of sincere affection which have emanated from all sides and, indeed, from nearly all countries, must have done much to cheer the royal invalid and the members of the royal family, and to add to them here would be a mere paraphrase of words. But I doubt whether, in our illiterate age, any ruling sovereign will receive a higher compliment than has been paid to King George, whose bulletins have driven the Test Match scores on to the back page of the evening paper. Such an undesigned and spontaneous tribute is worth a thousand newspaper harangues. I could write nothing half so eloquent.

The Miners.

I HOPE the Prince of Wales's appeal on behalf of the miners will meet with success. He is wise in recalling the war, when no body of men did better service than those for whom he is pleading. The present Secretary for Mines, Commodore King, can testify to this, for he commanded the Drake battalion of the Royal Naval Division during the first two years of the war and had many hundreds of Tyneside miners under his command.

The last time I saw him he was recalling their splendid fighting qualities. Commodore King incidentally is one of the few members of the Government who remains actively associated with the fighting forces, being in command of the London Division of the R.N.V.R. Another is Viscount Curzon, who commands the Sussex division of the same force.

What King Amanullah Forgets.

ONE cannot but sympathise with King Amanullah and wish him the best of luck in his struggle against the forces of



The King of Afghanistan.

reaction. His tour of Europe must have affected him much as a youngster is affected by his first pantomime, and small wonder that he attempted to reproduce the transformation scene on his return home. Whatever doubts existed as to his ability to superimpose Western

ideas upon the Afghan tribesmen were probably dispelled when he reached Angora and observed the ease with which Mustapha Kemal had forced new lamps for old upon the Anatolian peasants. What he failed to realise, however, is that the Ghazi pasha had only to deal with battered, bruised and war-weary Turks whose sole ambition was to eke a meagre existence and whose faith in the Prophet had already been half shattered by the agnostic "Young Turk" régime. I have

always felt that, were I obliged to exercise the functions of government I would choose the Osmanli for my subjects—so docile and amenable are they.

The Afghan tribesmen, with their fanatical devotion to Islam and their intense love of unbridled adventure are, however, a totally different proposition. Amongst them the Mullahs exercise a virtual dictatorship, and they are as loth to accept the abolition of polygamy as they are to permit unveiled women and the institution of education and health services. Amanullah would have been well advised to make haste slowly.

An Ecclesiastical Statesman.

THE Bishop of Durham has made a wise and timely pronouncement on the relations between Church and State. True, he sees in disestablishment the only remedy for the present discontent. The subordination of a spiritual organisation to a secular and irreligious State seems to his logical mind indefensible.



The Bishop of Durham.

was remarkable in Europe and Popes were proudly consecrated in vestments of *opus anglicanum*; but have we moved as far as the Bishop of Durham suggests.

Time will show. One thing is certain. No living Church can be subjected to a moribund Parliament.

A Flying Start.

IT is difficult to realise that it is only 25 years this month since Orville and Wilbur Wright made their first flight of twelve seconds. It is, however, equally strange to realise that you could get to Brighton as quickly 60 years ago by rail as you can to-day. In other words, new inventions not infrequently reach something near to perfection from the most primitive beginnings in an astonishingly short space of time. Then comes a long time, sometimes lasting for centuries, of comparative stability.

The most striking instances are the spade and the wheeled carriage. Both these can be seen in use in France to-day in a form which has remained absolutely unchanged for more than a thousand years, and I think I am right in saying that some scientific committee recently pronounced the French spade, at which our soldiers used to laugh in the days of the war, to be less fatiguing and therefore more effective than the modern variant (itself 200 years old) prevalent in England. I do not, therefore, deduce from this that the aeroplane a hundred years hence will be the same as it is to-day, but it will certainly be less different from it than is the aeroplane of to-day from that of the brothers Wright.

A New Complexion.

THE success of M. Coty's *Ami du Peuple* is an event. For generations no French newspaper has achieved a national circulation. The "departmentalism" of French life, rooted deep in her history, has been too strong. At last, where the professional journalists have failed, M. Coty has succeeded. No doubt he starts with the advantage of knowing the complexion (to say nothing of the scent) of every province. He has achieved the even more signal distinction of fixing it. French rationalism has conquered French provincialism. It is a symptomatic conquest which should be noted on both sides of the Rhine.

Simple.

DR. LEVINSTEIN, who presided at the Ramsay Chemical Dinner for 1928 at Glasgow last week, challenged the classicists to dispute his statement that it was "more important for the young to know the story of helium than to be steeped in the tiresome orations of Cicero." You cannot elucidate the obvious and Dr. Levinstein will be unlikely to find a classicist to dispute his challenge.

As a mere historian, I step into the breach. The answer is quite extraordinarily simple. The discovery of helium adds to the happiness of mankind in proportion to the wisdom of mankind. It can be used to destroy or to create. The choice between the two uses depends upon the wisdom which we learn from Cicero.

The Gentle Essayist.

A STAINED glass window was unveiled last week in the Parish Church of Rye in memory of Dr. Arthur Christopher Benson.

No more suitable memorial could have been designed for a gentle writer. It is doubtful whether modern young readers have ever heard of A. C. Benson's work. Two pages of any of his essays would send them to sleep. His work contains no paradoxes, no challenges to thought; nothing of the provoke which seems to give the salt to modern literature. He was a Don looking out upon a noisy world from a college window. The clamour left him cold; if indeed it ever touched him.

Only once, when he wrote the words for "Land of Hope and Glory" (generally attributed to Kipling),

was he moved to write outside himself, and Elgar, who wrote the music, took the fame. But as an essayist he was a "best seller" for his quiet works brought him in many thousands a year.

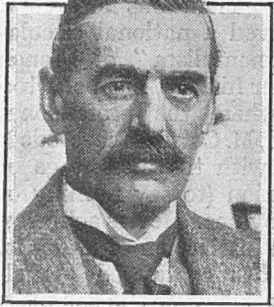
It has often been asked who his readers were. The question is easy to answer. They lived in the country, and are known as simple souls. Publishers might remember that there are thousands of them ready to buy the simple books when, as so rarely happens, they can get them.



The late Dr. A. C. Benson.

Mr. Chamberlain's Triumph.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has secured a considerable personal triumph in winning the general support of the Finance Committee of the L.C.C. for his Local Government Bill. The chief opposition to the Bill—other than the purely political campaign against it—will now come from the Guardians and the Rural District Councils, who naturally resent the diminution of their powers.



Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

The opposition of these interests may be embarrassing at the General Election. The hypothetical losses which will be suffered in some districts after the first five

years (during which time all districts are guaranteed against any decrease in the Government grant) will also be much talked of, and we must expect some juggling with figures. These political games should not be allowed to obscure the fact that the changes introduced in the Bill will redistribute Government grants on the basis of need, the four tests being the number of children in each district, the rateable value per head, the number of unemployed, and the mileage of roads to be maintained. All of which is mere common sense.

Pacts Vobiscum.

THE beginnings of a war between two members of the League of Nations who have just signed the Kellogg Pact fluttered the dove cots of Geneva last week. The latest news is that both sides are anxious for arbitration and that "beyond the capture of a fort or two" no fighting has taken place. This last is certainly true. The combined peace-time strength of the armies of these powers is less than that of the London police and the disputed territory covers a good many thousand square miles of half-developed country.

No serious military operation could be undertaken by either side for a good many months, and there is plenty of time for reason, assisted by financial pressure from the business interests in the United States and the Argentine, to gain the upper hand. While the bargains are being concluded, officials of the League of Nations will reflect with interest that the two disputants have paid at least as much attention to the covenant as the Kellogg Pact. So perhaps will Mr. Kellogg. Only he will have been surprised.

Console Planco.

THE students of London University decided last week that their generation is intellectually superior to that which preceded it. Their chief argument appears to centre round the Albert Memorial, which they imagine, apparently, to have something to do with Victorian culture.

The Albert Memorial is no better and no worse than the Victoria Memorial, and neither has anything to do with the Victorian age, which happens to fall precisely between the dates of these two painfully accurate reflections of the level of sculptural accomplishment in 1865 and 1902. As usual in England the intellectual level of plastic art was considerably behind the general cultural level. England at both periods could boast of many

eminent men. They did not happen to be sculptors. To-day we cannot boast of sculptors, who may, or may not, be eminent in their art. Can we boast of as many eminent men?

Trade with Russia.

THE editor of the *English Review* is anxious to trade with Russia. So is every man who has something to sell and something to buy. The obstacle is the desire of the Russians to buy without the corresponding ability to pay. If they are prepared to offer guarantees of payment and to recognise pre-war obligations, every sane man will open up trade with them at once. If they are willing to do these things, let them say so. The *amour propre* of the Bolshevik, which is supposed to be the only thing which prevents their giving these necessary undertakings, is an unattractive growth.

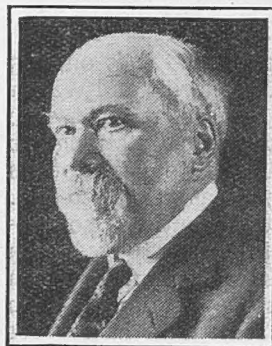
The Russian people we wish to trade with will have a less impassioned love of a *régime* which has bathed half a continent in blood, and a greater respect for the honourable traditions of a great European nation which never failed for five hundred years to meet its obligations.

Camels.

THE steel merger between Cammell Laird and Co. and the Armstrong Vickers interests should be an important step towards rationalisation. We trust, however, that the suggested change of title of one of the subordinate interests, the Metropolitan Carriage and Wagon Co., to the Metropolitan Cammell Co., is not a measure of the speeding up process which will result. Camels are uncertain animals in the desert. In the City they would be disastrous. *Absit omen.*

A Problem for Einstein.

LUGANO will not prove a serious rival to Locarno in the history books of the future. The polite statement issued on behalf of the foreign ministers of France, Germany and England reflects the best intentions, but a complete failure to reach an agreement providing for the withdrawal of the armies of occupation on terms acceptable to the Germans, who want independence, and the French, who want security.



M. Poincaré.

The good intentions are the intentions of M. Briand; the failure, that of M. Poincaré. Against the sphinx-like immobility of that remarkable man the tides of sentiment beat in vain. The abuse of some British politicians and publicists will be at least equally vain.

The crux of the problem is "security"; by which M. Poincaré is believed to mean the effective and permanent control of the demilitarised zone by some power other than the sovereign government of the German Reich. If that is in fact what he means the problem is not likely to be solved for some time. And behind M. Poincaré stands Marshall Foch, who has never concealed his opinion that the effective frontier of France should lie along the Rhine.

Two Leaders in the War.

AS I write, two of the great figure heads of the world war are lying desperately ill. General Cadorna commanded the Italian armies in the Caporetto, and the Grand Duke Nicholas commanded the Russian armies after Tannenberg till the close of the disastrous retreat of 1915.

These commanders have a place in history, if only because the defeats over which they presided with undiminished serenity were the most sensational in the greatest of wars. The Grand Duke was the better soldier. His great drive into Germany in October, 1914, was only held up by an audacious flank attack to prepare which Hindenburg had to leave the road to Germany virtually open. It nearly succeeded, and if it had done so would have finished the war in 1914.

Less can be said of Cadorna's seven offensives against Gorizia and on the Carso. The most remarkable thing about Cadorna was his portentous appearance, reflecting an extraordinary imperturbability.

After Caporetto he was appointed to the Versailles military council, and there was not a little curiosity before the meeting at which he was expected to make his first appearance.

For once, all the Allied experts turned up and took their places round the table; ten minutes passed, but at last a heavy tread was heard, and suddenly a vast form loomed in the doorway. No one spoke till the late Colonel Oliphant was heard asking blandly of his neighbour: "Is it a wine or a cheese?" And then a silence fell again.

Driving London Underground.

WHETHER or not the inducements advertised by the "Tube" railways are all they're cracked up to be is doubtless a matter of opinion. But the fact remains that Londoners are being steadily driven underground. Last week it sufficed for a gas-main explosion in Bloomsbury to throw road traffic into a state of indescribable chaos. In the thoroughfares converging on Oxford Street long lines of vehicles extended as far as the eye could reach, and cars were darting about all the side turnings seeking a loophole of escape, mostly without success. In terms of wasted time and energy, the cost must have been colossal.

As an extraordinary occurrence this might, perhaps, be classed among the chance excitements of the Christmas season. The trouble is that it is just a foretaste of what may be a normal condition in the near future if the authorities continue to dilly-dally with the problem in the customary official manner.

The new Charing Cross Bridge scheme, universally hailed as a crying necessity, is left suspended in the air because the public bodies concerned boggle eternally at difficulties which, for all their intricacy, a few business men would tackle and overcome in a few days. Why must we always muddle through?



General Cadorna.

BURMA: THE CINDERELLA OF OUR INDIAN EMPIRE

By V. C. SCOTT O'CONNOR

(Late Accountant-General, Government of India.)



A common sight in the Orient. Buddhist priests (hpongees) with their collecting bowls start out from their monastery in search of alms.

BURMA is the beautiful Cinderella of the Indian Empire. She came into it late in her story; the adopted daughter, if not the step-child. From her earliest days, though not uninfluenced by her great neighbour, she had lived her own separate life; a Queen in her own right. Passionately proud of her descent, she had looked across the sea to India with no sense of kinship; her religion she knew had come to her from there, as we know that ours came to us from Palestine; but of any real fellowship, or sense of inferiority, there was none in her mind. On the contrary, she regarded herself as above all other people, with the haughty conviction of youth and the merry laughter of a child. All foreigners were necessarily inferior to herself; but the people nearest to her were "black" foreigners and she in her own eyes was white.

Now it is a strange thing that white people always think themselves superior to black ones. So proud was she that she even sent her armies across her borders to conquer the Indians, and this at last brought her own downfall, for she met there another people. In 1825 she lost a third of her empire to British rule; in 1852, still proud and vehement, she was shorn of another third. Then for a season a good and wise king, immersed in the Buddhist tradition, desired only this, that he might live in peace. Everyone remembers the good King Mindon. His son and especially his son's wife added to their extreme youth a passionate patriotism and complete ignorance of life. They would go to war with their mighty neighbour whom they chose to regard as their cruel adversary. They would accept no compromise.

Within fourteen days their kingdom was at an end; both died in exile, and since 1885 Burma

has been no more than an interesting if rather distant and "backward" province of the Indian Empire, seldom visited by travellers, and once only in each Viceroy's lustrum on a hasty journey; and so it came to pass that Kipling, who has brought India nearer to Western hearts than any man living or dead, spent only three days—or was it a week?—in the land of the lotus and of the Shwé Dagôn of Buddhism in its purest surviving form, of the Burma girl, and of the merriest, happiest, most delightful people on the face of the earth.

The Gay Burmese.

FOR this reason people call the Burmese the Irish of the East; but the Irish are not a happy people and Ireland is not a happy country. In Burma nearly every one is happy, on its bountiful soil no man need starve, and no man there is under the least obligation to overwork. Silk is common wear and not the artificial variety. The women wear flowers in their hair and walk under the shade of amber parasols that make a golden glow upon their comely faces. They are never shut up, and have many wooers. There is no feminine wile or art unknown to them. One can go to a play in Burma for nothing, and every village has its ballet. Good humour and laughter and polite manners are common in Burma, and a very fine and delicate breeding. They are not an old and tired people weighted down with striving and sorrow and brooding speculation on the sombre mysteries of life and the dark places of the human mind.

Some like to have it that they are superficial; possibly, in the way that gifted children are superficial. There are no dark reserves in the Burmese spirit. Friendliness to a

stranger is their common characteristic; and the "Sundowner," if he were white, could, and sometimes did, quarter himself upon a Burmese village and live there at his ease. He might even be given a wife.

No Class Distinctions.

I THINK that Burma, for all her fine manners and gradations of respect, must be the most democratic country in the world. One can get a title there simply enough by building a pagoda or endowing a monastery, for these acts confer great honour upon a man and the esteem and respect of his peers; but there are no hereditary titles in Burma, there is no caste, there are no class distinctions, and even the possession of wealth, though it may give a man power, gives him less influence than the parting with it. This equality extends in effect to women; for though women in Burma must become men in their future incarnations before they can attain the almost unattainable peace of Nirvana, they stand in everyday life upon equal terms.

Once in the course of my travels I became acquainted with a charming girl of eighteen, who was presented to me as the Headman of the village. Her father had died and she had succeeded to his office though it was not hereditary; and it used to be not at all uncommon in the days when unrest prevailed in the country and "dacoits" attacked and plundered a village, for the Headman's wife in his absence to summon the *posse comitatus* and



Slavery has only recently been abolished in the inaccessible parts of Northern Burma whither a British Expedition was sent. Above, a woman slave is seen winnowing.



A picturesque craft in full sail on the Irrawaddy.

send it or even lead it in pursuit.* They are clever also and lively in repartee; and a man who would banter with a pretty girl selling silks in the bazaar has need of his wits. The children of Burma are as delightful as any children in the world and more so than many. They dress exactly like their parents and can be as grave and dignified, with laughter waiting to peep out from their solemn eyes.

A Country of Beauty.

BEING Buddhists, these people are kind to animals; they love to tell tales from the Jataka of the pre-births of their Master, which illustrate this quality. They can be cruel, sometimes very cruel; in the sudden devastating way in which children are cruel; for civilisation is still relatively a new thing to them. But their ways are gracious. Under the eaves of their houses there is hung a sheaf from the harvest for the birds to pluck at; and at the

* Only the other day a young creature of ninety helped her father of 102 to drive off an armed attack on their village. Both were publicly rewarded by the Government. Two women I remember killed a tiger with their *dahs*; one going very bravely to the rescue of the other.

entrance to each town or village there is a Zayat or Resting-place for the traveller, and fresh drinking water is arranged in pots by someone who undertakes this daily care. Like all sensitive people, they have a great concern for the feelings of others; and seem by a very happy intuition to strike the just mean between familiarity and reserve. A man who likes his joke can always indulge himself in Burma, whatever his office, with the sure conviction that his hearers will see it and laugh with him, and think none the less of him for it.



A Shan Trader.

And then there is the country, undoubtedly one of the most beautiful in the world; navigated by great rivers, such as the Irrawaddy, which flows like the Nile from sources only now in part revealed, and presents every aspect of a

mighty stream, from its passage through high and formidable mountains into a middle land of great wide plains, where city after city and dynasty after dynasty has sprung to life, till it accomplishes one of the grandest of deltas. Its defiles are tragic in their grandeur and in the passionate war they reveal between the great forces of Nature; its floods are so magnificent that in places they rise to a hundred and twenty feet in one night. In the great central plain, the Irrawaddy in flood is like a sea, and ten miles wide; its principal tributary, the Chindwin, is of a beauty that ought long since to have made it famous. Few people have penetrated to its upper waters. An Archipelago of a thousand islands runs down its coast-line to near the equator. Snow lies upon its northern hills.

Wanted—a Prince.

BUT all these qualities and splendours are concealed from the eyes of the world, because Burma is lost in the vast amalgam which is India. In its 330 million people, twelve million Burmese count for very little. Alexander and the Hellenic spirit never touched it; there was never a Great Mogul in Burma, or a Clive, or a Warren Hastings; and no one, however reckless, can hope to include an adequate visit to Burma in an Indian winter tour; and so it is that this jewelled creature is passed by. For these and other reasons, there has always been a party for severance of the bond that ties Burma to India; Cinderella wants a prince of her own. And idealistic people think she ought to have him. Business people urge the stiff logic of financial facts; they complain that she is starved for the benefit of her big neighbour. Right is on their side.

People who take larger views have suggested that Burma and Malaya, and all the provinces included in these categories, and all the half-explored hinter-lands, should be included in a separate Viceroyalty, looking Eastwards as India has always looked towards the West. Was there not a Viceroy of India who said he wondered how a man who was trying to govern a fifth of the human race could find time to eat his own breakfast?



One of the beautiful boats in which the "paddy," or unhusked rice, is brought down the river.

IN THE PILLORY

Being a record, with some comments, of things said, wisely and otherwise, by the celebrities, notorieties, and nonentities, of our day.

WYGGLE THITHELGIGL
GAGGLE W LLYNLLW
W GETHWOGGLE?

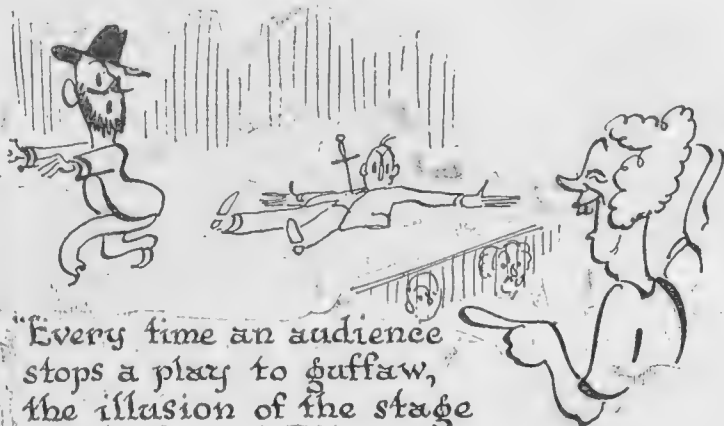


"It is hard to understand
the South Wales people"
Mr. Hay Halkett, Magistrate.

I say, how priceless
priceless you look, old
grape fruit!

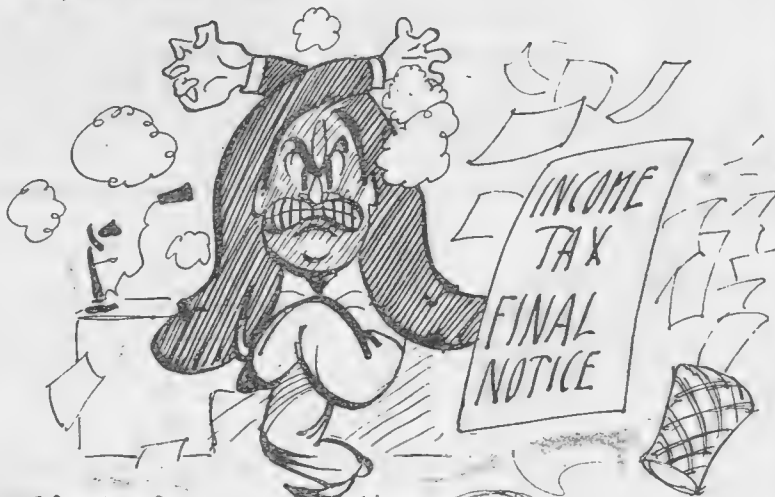


"That is the trouble with men. They
can never get accustomed to the idea
that a lovely face can conceal a mind
as sharp and intellectual as theirs."
Miss Violet Loraine.



"Every time an audience
stops a play to guffaw,
the illusion of the stage
is lost."
Sir James Barrie.

"Anybody's grandmother now would
probably be at a night club."
Lord Darling.



"Most of us are feeling
too intensely about
things to-day."
Mr. W. Charles Loosmore, M.D. F.R.S.



Darling, how perfectly
sweet you look!

"Women can be sport rivals
and still remain friends."
Evening paper.

THE RACE *for* AIR RECORDS By E. M. Rossiter



THE new advances in aeronautical engineering, upon which all the leading countries are engaged, are leading to a great struggle for air records.

The reason is not far to seek. Record performances have an undoubted influence on the capture of the world's aircraft markets, and with the tussle for supremacy in commercial aircraft production that is about to begin, record breaking has sprung into a position of unprecedented importance.

The Air Ministry and the aircraft industry are at last rising to the occasion. At the moment we hold none of the major international records and, of the seven minor records which stand to our credit, all but one have been established through the initiative of one firm—the de Havilland Company.

Light Aeroplane Records.

A de Havilland Gipsy-Moth, flown by Mr. Alan Butler, the chairman of the company, carrying Mrs. Butler as passenger, recently set up a new speed record for two-seater light aeroplanes over a 100 km. closed circuit. His speed was 119.84 miles an hour, which was just sufficient to beat the record made by Herr Baumer for Germany.

From a commercial standpoint, this record was all the more valuable because it was made on Mr. Butler's own ordinary, unboosted Gipsy-Moth, and because the standard Moth now holds world's records in its own class for speed and altitude, besides an unofficial record for duration. The two-seater light aeroplane altitude record was made by Capt. de Havilland last July, when, with Mrs. de Havilland in the passenger's seat, he climbed to 21,000 ft.

Distance and Duration.

A serious effort is now to be made to bring to England, for the first time in air history, the major records for distance and duration—qualities which are a measure of an aircraft's capacity for useful service. The construction of a monoplane by the Fairey Aviation Company expressly designed for long flights opens a new chapter in British efforts in this direction, and is also a new departure in British aircraft design itself.

The Fairey machine is now undergoing tests at Cranwell, and still no details of it can be published. Those who have seen it speak impressively of its originality of design and wonderful potentialities. It has two formidable records to beat: the non-stop distance record of 4,475 miles made

last July by two Italian pilots, Ferrarin and del Prete, on the occasion of their great flight from Rome to Brazil, and the endurance record put up shortly afterwards by the German pilots, Risticz and Zimmerman, who kept aloft in a Junkers machine for 65 hours 25 minutes, without, however, on that occasion attempting to make a distance record.

New British Plans.

It is now generally understood that the original plans for the British attacks on the two records have been modified. Under the scheme originally decided upon, it was intended to carry out first a three-day flight

the journey to South Africa will follow the established Cairo-Cape route. This, a run of over 3,000 miles, could be accomplished in a second hop, though it is probable, in the interests of caution and in order to spare the pilot, that it will be divided into two.

Transport Possibilities.

Considered as a transport vehicle the Fairey monoplane, in a modified form, has most interesting possibilities. Rumour credits it with the ability to carry a useful load of a ton over a distance of 2,500 miles. With such a performance, it would be possible to fly from England to Australia, carrying a ton of mails, in six stages, without touching foreign territory! Regarded from this aspect, the new type marks an advance of the very highest significance.

The engine fitted is the Napier Lion of 530 h.p. Once again, when absolute efficiency and reliability are needed, the choice has fallen on the world-famous Napier.

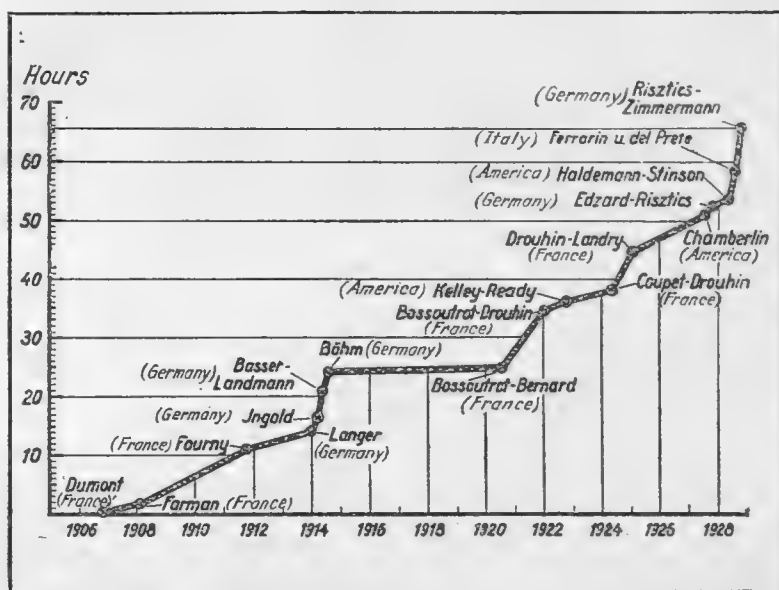
Whatever success is attained with the Fairey machine, we must reckon on strong counter-efforts from foreign manufacturers, particularly the Germans, who have always been foremost in long-distance and duration flying and are now evolving improved types of transport aircraft which promise extraordinary things in the way of range and endurance.

A Record for Climb?

There is one record which British aircraft could win out of hand if it was included in the record categories recognised by the International Aeronautical Federation—that is, speed of

climb. While there are scores of different record categories there is not one for the particular line of development in which British aircraft manufacturers have established a clear lead over all rivals. We possess by far the fastest-climbing aeroplanes—a military quality but none the less a definite measure of the designer's and pilot's skill—and I suggest that the Society of British Aircraft Constructors should endeavour to make our superiority better known internationally by pressing for the recognition of a record for speed of climb.

What British aviation generally lacks in its competition with foreigners is advertisement. With reasonable luck, 1929 will see British aircraft at last leading the world in record-making achievements. In round figures, duration is likely to be put up to 72 hours, distance to 6,000 miles and speed to 350 m.p.h.



DURATION IN THE AIR.—The progress of the international flying duration record from 21.2 seconds in 1906 to 65 hours, 25 minutes, in 1928. A British attempt on the duration and distance records, neither of which has ever been held by England, is to be made shortly.

on a course around England, with the object of creating a duration record, before shipping the machine to Cape Town for a non-stop flight from South Africa to England, a distance of nearly 6,000 miles.

A hitch in these arrangements has occurred because it has been found that the huge, one-piece wing of the machine is too large to be accommodated on the ships running to South Africa. A packing case as long as a tennis court and as tall as a lamp-post is no trifle to stow away!

Therefore, if the plans now under consideration are approved, it is proposed to fly the machine out to South Africa instead of flying it around England. The pilot will be Squadron Leader A. G. Jones-Williams, M.C., who commands No. 23 Squadron, R.A.F. The first hop will carry him from England to Egypt, in itself a feat that has never yet been even attempted, and thence

THE BEST PLAYS of the YEAR

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

AT this period, when the year is just at its last gasp, it is more or less customary for dramatic critics, leaning back in the luxurious armchairs which are occasionally permitted even to busy journalists during the "festive season," to compile a sort of review of what has been done on the stage in the past twelve months—a catalogue, in fact, of the productions of 1928.

At this or any other period, also (irrespective of date) one may expect to encounter an article, many articles, on the subject of "What is Wrong with the Theatre?"

That Wailing Chorus.

I feel the call of conventional duty urging me strongly in both directions. I am sure I really ought to draw up a tabulated list of all the various plays that have been performed since the last New Year rang out "Ding, dong! ding dong!" I have no doubt that I ought to be deeply moved by the dreadful things that are said to be being done to the drama and join in the chorus of wailing about how mercenary managers are letting our theatre down and all the rest of it. But somehow I can't. The stage most astonishingly isn't in such a bad way after all.

Looking backward, indeed, I am irresistibly impelled to the conclusion that there is a good deal that is right with the theatre. At least twelve fine plays have been produced in the year, which is at the rate of one a month; and that is apart from musical productions, in which department there are not less than three to be assigned



Pickwick comes to life. Mr. Charles Laughton gives a remarkable representation of this famous Dickens character at the Haymarket.

to top rank, with others buzzing and jazzing about their heels; while I can name certainly four farces quite admirable of their kind.

The Twelve Best Plays.

Here is a list of what I should call the twelve best plays of the year—quite irrespective of their box-office success or any other sort of consideration:—

"Many Waters," by Monckton Hoffe.

"The Unknown Warrior," a war play translated from the French.

"Young Woodley," by John van Druten.

"Diversion," by the same author.

"Jealousy," translated from the French of Louis Verneuil.

"The Return of the Soldier," adapted by John van Druten from Rebecca West's novel.

"Such Men are Dangerous," adapted by Ashley Dukes.

"The Second Man," by S. N. Behrman.

"By Candlelight," adapted by Capt. Harry Graham.

"A Hundred Years Old," by the Brothers Quintero.

"Six Characters in Search of an Author," by Luigi Pirandello.

"Thunder in the Air," by Robins Millar.

It will be seen that only two of these are the sole work of a British author, and no doubt that will have caused some red-hot patriots a great deal of worry. I agree that it may be regrettable from the purely



A remarkable cyclist troupe who are appearing in the great Christmas circus that Mr. Bertram Mills is presenting at Olympia.



Brilliant lasso work at the Circus: the Jackson company, who are doing marvels of rope-work trickery at Olympia.

THE MYSTICAL, MYSTERIOUS, AND THE LIGHT

Chauvinist point of view, but from no other. It is a terrible chestnut to say that art has no frontiers; but it is true, and most happily true. What value is our drama going to be to us if it is not a world-drama?

I venture to contend, in spite of all temptations and challenges to tears and sackcloth, that this has been for us a very successful dramatic year. Apart from the serious dramas I have mentioned, we have also placed upon the *tapis* quite a lot of rather excellent minor plays, some of which, indeed, tread rather closely on the heels of the dozen which I have had the arbitrary audacity to select.

The Mystical Idea.

As, for instance, "Thunder on the Left," a very charming dramatisation of a novel by Mr. Christopher Morley, in which there was an element of mysticism. The central figure was a boy who grew up to look like twenty but still thought in terms of ten. Oddly enough—or perhaps the management rather specially like that kind of thing—it was succeeded at the same theatre (the Kingsway) by a play called "Mrs. Moonlight," in which the heroine (charming Joan Barry) does the exact converse.

I don't seem to have said much about the lighter plays yet—nor, for that matter, of the more serious ones. But I hasten to add that other possible "winners" include "Burlesque" at the Queen's, where Mr. Nelson



A Russian tragedy. Mr. Matheson Lang (left) as the all-powerful Minister of the Tsar (Mr. Farquharson) in "Such Men are Dangerous," at the Duke of York's.



"Many Waters." Marda Vanne and Nicholas Hannan as Mr. and Mrs. Barcaldine, happy in their misfortune.

Keys is a rather attractively dissolute comedian, and charming Miss Claire Luce his faithful though not too patient wife. Also, of course, "Her Cardboard Lover," with the one and only Tallulah, who, by the way, is a very accomplished actress, as you will discover if you can keep your eye on the acting rather than the accessories. Miss Vi Loraine puts her personality across all right in "Clara Gibbings" and—oh, but this doesn't seem a proper kind of review of the past at all; we're, apparently, talking of the present.

Comedy and Farce.

Returning solemnly and seriously to our *moutons*—well, I should like to say how deeply I appreciate the brilliant comedy of "The Squeaker," not to mention other mystery-ish sort of affairs like "The Spider" and "The Man with Red Hair" and "The Fourth Wall," but I fear 'tis time for (more or less) pure farce. "Two White Arms" and "Baby Cyclone," the mysteries of "77, Park

Lane" and the explosives of "The Lord of the Manor," all claim a little recognition from the final judge or Minos of this theatrical *cause célèbre*. And if music is to be included in the matter, "Clowns in Clover" and "This Year of Grace," likewise "That's a Good Girl" and "Show Boat," can hardly fail to be called into the contention.

It rather helps to indicate the dramatic wealth of this past year of 1928 that in spite of all this category we have not yet even mentioned "Bird in Hand," a very competent comedy by Mr. John Drinkwater; and some quite effective "thriller" affairs such as Mr. Edgar Wallace's "The Squeaker," with its broad comedy to help the crime element; Mr. Milne's "The Fourth Wall," with that accomplished actor, Mr. Frank Cellier, carrying out a sensational shooting surprise; the truly horrible "Man with Red Hair" of Mr. Benn Levy; "Alibi," with Mr. Charles Laughton as a wonderfully plausible detective; and the very efficiently theatrical *coups* of "The Spider."

Musical and Otherwise.

Is not this enough to justify the stage in its existence for the past year, which to judge by some criticisms has been almost unjustifiable? But there is still more to add. Beginning from the bottom, there have been several other musical plays of merit, such as "Virginia," with delightfully comic Miss Emma Haig in it, "Funny Face," a vehicle for the sublime humour of Mr. Leslie Henson, "Song of the Sea," which

THE DANGEROUS CASE OF MR. PICKWICK



Mr. Frank Lawton has been giving, and still continues to give, one of the outstanding performances of the year as the schoolboy in "Young Woodley," who falls in love with his house-master's wife. On the right is Mr. Aubrey Mather.

would deserve mention if only for its glorious chorus about rolling away, clouds, and that most amusing though ill-fated venture of the brilliant Duncan sisters, "Topsy and Eva."

Also we have had a really big dramatic event in the appearance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman." It never reached the "West End"—I wonder why.

The Test of Time.

There have been one or two other Ibsen revivals, as, for example, those of "Hedda Gabler" and "Little Eyolf" at the Everyman in Hampstead, where—though the theatre is only an old converted drill-hall and looks it—some of the most acting-worthy plays, if I may coin a Germanic compound, are to be found to-day. This little theatre also did "The Pigeon" and "The Silver Box" of John Galsworthy, who found yet another revivalist at Wyndham's in Mr. Leon Lion, who gave us "Justice" and "Loyalties"—both quite deserving to be seen again, though by now just a tiny shade out of date.

Plays have in truth a very short life, even shorter than novels, since they are put to a so much crisper test. Another little theatre, the Gate near Charing Cross Station, also put in some very good work in this past year of grace, including the production of two notable plays by Mr. Eugene O'Neill—"The Hairy Ape," which is about a stoker with a grievance, and the very moving negro drama, "All God's Chillun."

Profits and the Producer.

This is nothing approaching a real proper business-like catalogue or even summary of the dramatic events of the past year. But I trust I have at least, in these few desultory recollections, managed to give the impression of a period not altogether wasted, nor entirely given up to the production of imported *Americana* for the sake of gross gain. Of course, gain is a very weighty consideration in the theatre, as elsewhere—presenters and producers are seldom pure philanthropists, however great their faith in the virtue of the goods they are offering to the public. But, on the whole, I do not believe that the people who put on plays in England do so with their tongues in their cheeks, and their hands rattling the loose change in their pockets.

Dickens for Christmas.

"Mr. Pickwick." By Cosmo Hamilton and Frank C. Reilly. (Haymarket.)

I have to add now, to the

tale of the year, yet another production, and I think, on the whole, it belongs to the credit side. The matter has had to be gravely considered, because *The Pickwick Papers* are to some of us almost Biblically sacred.

Yet I think this version or tabulisation of the famous adventures may be admitted to pass the test, if not with enthusiasm at least with some cordial approbation. Heaven knows the authors of this Pickwick affair set themselves a sufficiently arduous and invidious task, with the obvious obstacles that (1) all those who *have* read their "Pickwick" will have eagle eyes directed on to the slightest apparent lapse from literary accuracy and (2) a large number of the young persons of the present generation have never read or even heard of "Pickwick" at all.

A Conscientious Effort.

As regards the first-named, I am happy to be able to reassure them that all the details of the book have been faithfully followed, though, of course, in order to cram the whole thing into three acts, many incidents have had to be omitted and others pushed into places where they didn't originally belong.

But the general impression is, even to a confirmed Dickens-lover, good. Mr. Charles Laughton is as very nearly perfect as may be in the part of Pickwick—blandly speculated, amiably argumentative and at the last resort a confirmed sentimentalist.



Miss Mary Clare did one of the finest pieces of acting in the whole year as the suburban woman who was the first and real love of the shell-shocked hero of "The Return of the Soldier."

CONSIDER *the* FACTS

The Problems of National Prosperity.

LIKE the great ocean liners which ply between Europe and America, the Islands of Britain have continually to be provisioned and equipped.

The liners pay for their provisions and equipment out of the income received for services rendered to travellers. In the same way, the Islands of Britain pay for the £500,000,000 worth of food and drink, and the £400,000,000 worth of raw materials (cotton, wool, oils-seeds, etc.) which must be imported annually, out of the income received from services rendered to the rest of the world.

The services which the people of these islands render to the world at large are included partly in the £700,000,000 worth of British goods (mostly textiles, iron and steel manufactures, and coal) which are sold annually overseas, and partly in the £300,000,000 or more of (a) interest on British capital lent overseas; (b) freight on cargo, etc., carried by British ships, and (c) profits, commissions, and salaries earned by British companies, firms and individual workers in all parts of the world.

1,500,000 Non-Producers.

WHEN we see, as we do to-day, some 1,500,000 British workers unemployed in this country (some think that the true figure is nearer to 2,000,000), we at once scent danger. For whilst all these unemployed must eat, and must be clothed and housed, they are not producing anything that can be sold abroad to pay for their food, etc. And Great Britain must sell abroad in order to live.

Under no circumstances can these islands feed and clothe their present population from the products of their own soil. Only by making themselves useful to people overseas can the great majority of the population earn their daily bread and other necessities.

Exactly like all other ocean-going vessels, the good ship "Britannia" has to compete with foreign enterprise, on every ocean, and in every part of the world. Competition—world competition—there is no escaping from it. It is Nature's method of securing efficiency. And unless the old "Britannia" can continue to offer the world better and cheaper service than foreign liners, she is unlikely to attract sufficient demand to pay for her maintenance.

Seven Unpleasant Facts.

AT present, British efforts to meet foreign competition are handicapped in several ways, and foreigners are able, in consequence, to undersell us because—

- (1) The standard of living of the manual working classes on the continent of Europe is lower than it is in England.
- (2) Wages are lower in most occupations (in some, much lower) on the Continent than in this country.
- (3) Continental nations—especially our late enemies—carry lighter war debts than we.
- (4) They spend far less on social services than we.
- (5) They are, in consequence, much more lightly taxed than we are.



By SIR M. DE WEBB, C.I.E., C.B.E.

- (6) By Protective Tariffs they shield themselves against outside competition; they manufacture on a large scale, and so cheaply and securely; and they can, to keep their charges down, dump their surplus production in this country.
- (7) Further, by their depreciated currencies, they are assisted in competing with Great Britain, not only here in Britain, but in the markets of the world also.

Here are seven very unpleasant facts which must be faced, and successfully countered, before British exports can prosper and expand as in pre-war days, and before the growing menace of increasing British unemployment can be permanently overcome.

Yet our party politicians and our party Press say little or nothing about them; while Great Britain's dependence upon foreigners and kinsmen overseas for its daily bread and other necessities, is everywhere studiously ignored. How long is this dangerous folly to be allowed to continue?

Silent Free Traders.

THE National Citizens' Union some time ago addressed the leading Liberal and Socialist authorities asking for information as to the methods by which those parties propose to ensure the continuous provisioning and equipment of these islands in face of the seven very real difficulties mentioned above. No answer.

The leading Free Trade exponents have also been invited to give advice in the present national emergency, but with similarly barren results. (The truth is that orthodox Free Traders of the old school have never contemplated the possibility of foreign nations being able to manufacture as well as, and even more cheaply than, Great Britain.) The same inquiries have been sent to the Conservative politicians and Press: Export Credits, Safeguarding and Emigration have been the first answers. Then Industrial transference to new localities of our surplus miners. But the Government's chief proposal—the lightening of Rates on industry (long advocated by the National Citizens' Union in the form of "differential rating") is now before the country.

By "de-rating" productive industry (i.e., by relieving producers of £26,000,000 *per annum* in Rates at the expense of all sec-

tions of the community who will have to contribute the whole of this large sum sooner or later by way of additional taxation) we are assured that British production will be cheapened, and British goods and services rendered correspondingly more attractive to buyers all over the world.

In this way, it is argued, food production in this country and Britain's export trade will be greatly facilitated, and our ability to maintain ourselves in the world, to provision these islands and equip them with the raw materials for manufacture and sale, etc., will be greatly strengthened.

Criticisms of De-Rating.

CRITICISMS of the Government's de-rating proposals received by the National Citizens' Union can be divided into two classes:—(1) Why assist all producers when it is only production for export that is of vital importance, nationally?; (2) Why impose £20 to £30 millions of additional taxation when Great Britain's only hope of holding her own in the markets of the world is by a substantial lightening of the burden of taxation? Why not achieve the same results by all-round economies, combined with more "Employment Assurance," i.e., more Safeguarding Duties—on iron and steel, for example?

The last suggestion is the most practical, the most easily carried out, the most economical, and, I think, unquestionably the most effective. That it would afford a permanent solution to the problem of how to maintain 40 or 50 millions of people at a higher standard of life and in greater ease than their Continental neighbours, and on a couple of small islands that cannot possibly feed and clothe from the products of their own soil even one-half of 40 millions, very few would seriously contend.

A Customs Tariff.

BUT until such time as the necessary superior energy, skill, productivity per man-unit, and national and imperial reorganisation have been developed and engineered, a scientific modification of our present Customs tariff with the special objects of—

- (1) Safeguarding British labour and enterprise;
- (2) Developing British production in all continents;
- (3) Redistributing our growing population here and throughout the Empire; and
- (4) Hastening the world-wide growth of our British civilisation on a rational and far-seeing design;

is, in my opinion, the best and least expensive way of going to work. Too long have we remained blind to the fact that a Customs tariff can be utilised for other and greater objects than merely raising revenue.

Of course, to avoid present difficulties, and to keep the good ship "Britannia" on the course here indicated, we shall all have to work harder, spend less, and save money. There is no magic in Safeguarding!

DIAMOND BEACH

Illustrated by
W. S. Stott

Did Greensleeve really find diamonds or were they the phantasy of a delirious mind? Read this absorbing story and decide for yourself.

By C. J.

CUTCLIFFE-HYNE

J. B. R. GREENSLEEVE pulled himself together. "I know, I am perfectly convinced," he repeated for the hundred and first time, "I am absolutely certain, that they are merely water-worn pebbles, some of them rusty-looking, some of them like those gluey sweets one used to get when one was a kid. Probably they are agates, and worth a shade more than the price of road metal. Diamonds—my foot! Oh, Lor—jimmy! but I have a head and a half on me, and the nearest quinine is in that store kept by old McTodd on the North Pole. 'I aye thought' as the drunken old sweep used to say, he'd retire to the neighbourhood of the ancestral manse, Ballindrochater way, when he quitted the sea, but I suppose he gets walruses cheap as errand boys. Hey you there! Are you a walrus? No, you're an old bone of a wreck—rib of a wind-jammer—I wonder if you were the Skipper's rib, his lady wife in fact? There, thank the Lord half my head's split off, and the balance is quite enough to hunt diamonds with. Wonder what kind of lad I look with only half a head. I wonder—"

At this stage J. B. R. Greensleeve ceased to worry or wonder about anything. His knees crumpled. He flopped down untidily on to the pebbly beach, luckily about the top of high water mark, and four turkey buzzards out of nowhere made themselves seen in the blazing sky above as they spiralled down to investigate. From long experience they knew that malarial fever subjects made perfectly good eating for turkey buzzards.

Blue and white gulls who had been fishing along the shore paddled to the beach and stepped ashore to investigate J. B. R. Greensleeve at closer range. But the turkey buzzards which, along the coasts of Mexico and Central America are experts in these matters, ceased their descent at a point where they would have looked as big as peas to the human eye, and sailed in slow circles at that level without coming lower.

J. B. R. Greensleeve looked dead certainly. But looks are notoriously deceptive, and though they had bright hopes that he might ripen, the plain fact was that he was

"I am absolutely certain that they are merely water-worn pebbles—probably agates, worth a shade more than the price of road-metal—diamonds!—my foot!—and the nearest quinine . . ."

not at the moment dead enough for their purpose. In the meanwhile the tide flowed, and inch by inch covered the beach and its peculiar pebbles.

JUST about the time when the turkey-buzzards flattened out in their dive, a sturdy sea-going motor-launch poked its nose round the southernmost point of the island, making heavy weather of it amongst the dark-blue Pacific swells.

She had a crew of four. Olsen called himself a sailor, and had some kind of a coaster's third mate's certificate for Scandinavian waters. To give him his due he did not profess any especial knowledge of the Western American seaboard. McGarrat, on the strength of being Scotch, claimed to be a marine engineer. Scotch he certainly was, but the rest of his pretensions were unfounded. Also he was perpetually sick when the launch was in a sea-way.

Marcus Viperic was owner of the launch, and, when they were away from anybody who wanted a signature on paper, also skipper. He told enquirers that he was a Palestinian Jew, but he had arrived in this world, I believe, *via* Hungary. As he had been landed in New York at the age of one, and had then gone West at once, he was to all intents and purposes a Californian. A hardish nut, some people found Marcus Viperic, but most men called him a good fellow, and were sorry he made such a habit of missing the bus.

Miriam Viperic, the fourth member of the launch's complement, was a brutally handsome Jewess with a black eye that I personally should describe as being as hard as anything now worn in a comely face. I liked Miriam all the same. I admired (and

continue to admire) her extremely. There is only one Miriam Viperic. The few also-rans in her class are a depressingly long way behind down the list. Her hands, after those eyes, were the great thing that struck one on first meeting her. She had the most beautiful hands that ever happened—never too red, never too white, never got-up, and even if they were grimy from work, never knocked out of their perfect shape. Lots of painter fellows have tried to put them down on canvas, but never got nearer than about 10 per cent. of the charm of the original. If you meet Miriam Viperic, I bet you notice her hands before her fine black eyes and hair, or those come-hither scarlet lips. She, Miriam I mean—oh, sorry. Well, I'll drop her there, and get on with the yarn about J. B. R. Greensleeve.

THE launch was not doing any too well with the following seas, as I've told you already, and when friend Marcus judged that he had got over or round any banks or shores that stuck out from the island to the su'thard, he shoved down his helm, and swung off into the smooth blue water under the island's lee. The depressed McGarrat came up for a breath of air. Olsen went forward to take eye soundings of depth through the translucent water. Miriam spat out the butt of her wet cigarette, and lit a dry one.

Said she, "Barring the corpse in the foreground, Marcus, my lad, we're apparently monarchs of all we survey, and I hereby name this uncharted land Viperic Island, and take unto myself, heirs, successors, and assigns (and that includes you) the high justice, and middle and the low with full rights of forestry, free warren



droit de seigneur and all the rest of it. Lord! did you ever see a more desolate looking spot? Not a tree. Not a blade of grass. Not even a straggle of dusty prickly pear. Only the corpse, and—and, well, the gulls, and the blue mist, and those beastly turkey-buzzards overhead. Marcus?"

"Well?"

"Seeing as how the buzzards *are* overhead and not on the floor, what about the corpse being not dead?"

"Sounds a reasonable argument. What water have you got, Olsen?"

"Toti faddom, Ar teenk."

"Twenty fathom? Bit of an optimist I should say, unless this isle is remarkably steep-to. Step on that flying-fish before he wriggles overboard, and cook him for dinner. Hey you, Mac. Get below, and switch back that coffee-mill to 'dead slow.' Hurry. Be sick afterwards. You haven't time now. Tide's about flood, and I don't want to get left high and dry on that beach, chance the wind changes, and we find ourselves smashing to bits on a lee-shore instead of floating genteel-like off a weather one. I believe I saw your corpse move, Miri. Here, take the glasses. I've got to be navigating officer for a bit. Lord, isn't there a fruity odour coming off Viperic Island? Pot that stink, Miriam, dilute it with equal quantities of sea-water, seaweed, and sulphuric acid, put it on the market as a sheep-dip, and our fortune's made."

"There's something that looks to me very much like a stranded finner whale on the north end of that beach," said Miriam. "Also regard the cloud of gulls. Possibly—*phew!*—That dead whale's the Araby that makes the odour. Marcus, the corpse killed a mosquito that tried to bite his nose. I saw him do it. He's hairy, and he's ragged, and he's uninviting—the corpse, I mean, not the mosquito—but he seems to be one-third alive, and therefore I suppose unpleasant convention says we've got to butt in and interfere. Pity. Viperic Island otherwise looks the most uninteresting place that ever blotted geography."

The launch slid slowly along through the translucent blue water towards the shore, and still Olsen in the bows gave no news of the sea-floor coming into sight. "The steepest kind of steep-to island that's made," said Marcus. "That's what your Viperic land seems to be. It's no use trying to drop an anchor into this chasm. Still want to go ashore?"

"How do you take possession of a newly-discovered land? Nailing a card against a tree is I believe the method used by the best people, and hoisting a flag. Well, as there's no tree visible, and we haven't a flag we'll have to give that part of the ceremony a miss. Anyway I expect Mexico would claim the ground as being part of her sphere of influence in this section of the Pacific, and so far as I am concerned, Mexico can have it, full rights in the stink included. But I'm not going to desert my corpse. You stay by the ship, Marcus, and keep her just off the beach, and Olsen and I will push off in the dinghy and see what Robinson Crusoe really means by being here. He may turn into a provision merchant when he sees us, and try to sell off high whale steaks at cut prices. I'll just go below for a dab of powder. The sun glare off this water is enough to fry one's nose off, and that pebbly beach doesn't look much cooler."

"HULLO, McTodd," said J. B. R. Greensleeve, when Miriam Viperic bent down and lifted his mouth from the sand in which apparently he was trying to suffocate himself. "Just like your sunny

ways to leave the dear old North Pole, and come down in the tropics for a spell. Sorry for having a dry ship, but the whisky petered out a week ago. And Lor-jimmy, where are your whiskers? Step careful, Mac. Half of my head split off a while back, and is lying about somewhere on the shingle, and I may want it again if the turkey-buzzards haven't pinched it. But why no whiskers? Oh, of course, frozen off in the Arctic. Rub your nose with snow, Mac. It's white with frost-bite."

Miriam used a handkerchief hastily.

"That's better. Now we see the good old gin tint again. Lor-jimmy, but I do feel bad. Does one get blackwater on unexplored island full of doubtful pebbles and dead whale off West Mex Coast? One thing, if I do peg out here, and worst happens, I don't descend to much hotter climate. Mac—?"

"Yes?" said Miriam.

"No flowers. By request. Drink my health with funeral expenses. Turkey-buzzards—I say, Mac, are you listening?"

"Yes, dear," said Miriam.

"Turkey-buzzards—only undertakers on earth—who make no charge for their services—you were—ugly devil as a man, Mac. But you make damn good-looking woman. I'll buy you a diamond necklace, Mac, when I can get to a grindstone to give the things a bit of a burnish. Diamonds would suit you, old thing, and set off those topping black eyes. Dammit Mac, don't tell me I'm falling in love with a drunken old sea-going Scottish engineer just because he's turned into a girl. Gurr! as you'd say. Lemme look at that hand! Lor-jimmy, McTodd, what vanishing cream did they sell at the North Pole for battered paws like yours? Get me three kegs, *pronto*. Keep holding that hand up in front of me whilst I die, or just touch me with it, as you did just then. . . . Dammit, Mac, I believe you're crying, you tough old dicky-bird. . . ."

"**Q**UITE unconscious now," said Miriam to her brother, as she and Olsen lifted J. B. R. Greensleeve over the motor launch's rail half an hour later. "He was burning with fever when we got to him, and delirious. Seemed to think I was one, McTodd."

"I've heard your class of looks called Scotch before," said her brother drily. "If you've quite done sight-seeing and annexing on Viperic Island I vote we leave the balance of the smell for the next set of callers, and push off back for North America."

He whistled to Olsen and gave him the wheel. "Home, George," he ordered, and slipped down into the cabin, and inspected the lean ragged unshaven wreck who moaned and rolled on one of the lockers.

"**O**IL," said J. B. R. Greensleeve two days later to his hostess. "Oil, Puerto Angel way, was what I was down here after, and of course had the usual battle with the Mexi grafters to get my concession made O.K. What with one and another of them they'd eased me of half my capital that way before I ever put a drill in the ground. I'd only a prospecting plant as I've told you, and the seepages spread over miles, so there was going to be a good deal of luck in it anyway if I was to hit on the right spot for a sprouting well. On the top of that, of course, all Mex labour is expensive these days, and saucy even if you get it, and the Puerto Angel coast is an Ar malaria preserve. Of course, in theory, all those oil seepages should keep the mosquitoes from breeding, but they seem to blow in from all the country side to drink it."

"Possibly good for their rheumatism," Marcus Viperic suggested. "Do mosquitoes have rheumatism, I wonder?"

"If they're *anopheles*, I hope so. And then, Lor-jimmy, just as I had got down a hole that was showing signs of being worth while to pump, up sailed that tidal wave, or whatever it was, that I told you about and smothered my plant under forty feet of silt, and rock, and palm trees, and squid, coral, cohune nuts, fish, and other odd bits of Mexican real or negotiable estate that I hadn't any title to, and didn't want. I had ridden up to the foot hills, scouting for grub supplies, and missed it. My *peons* were all drowned, or else they bolted, and I'm sure I don't care which. They were an unlovable push of brigands. Anyway I never saw any of them again. As there was nothing else to do, I shoved off in an old wreck of a boat which was the only asset I had left, and thought I'd fish my way to Mazatlan or somewhere north where I could hit on a job. But the boat was rottener than I thought, and I only got to your island just in time, Miss Viperic."

"Better drop the Miss," the lady suggested drily. "You've been calling me Miriam without any trouble whatever whilst you were off your head, and I shouldn't like you to strain your politeness now you are on it again. Curious we should be trade rivals. I ought to have left you on your smelly island."

"Trade rivals? Phew! Are you one of the other parties old Don Iniquity peddled off one of his popular options on Puerto Angel oil-lands to?"

"We are. Also, we are probably more stone-broke than you were."

J. B. R. GREENSLEEVE'S blue eyes stared thoughtfully at the black ones, and then slid away with an admiring smile to a pair of hands which were propped underneath Miss Viperic's firm chin. "Lor-jimmy," said J. B. R. Greensleeve, "it's no use my handing you the dam' concession, because a good part of it's a mile deep in oddments you'd never shift in a year of Sundays. But I know I'm a rich man, somehow, although you'd never think it to look at me, and I'm aching to give you a box of candy, or a handful of roses, or a likely looking young oil-field, or some other small thing like that just as an acknowledgment of your extraordinary kindness, Miriam, my dear."

"I said you could call me Miriam. But you needn't add on the 'dear'—just yet. Also, you needn't bother your head about chucking bouquets. Marcus and I, not being savages, had to bear a hand, that's all. We were sorry to have to leave your pet whale behind, but barring that and the clothes you were rigged in, there didn't seem the smallest trace of other riches in that particularly nifty island."

"All the same," said J. B. R. Greensleeve, "I know I'm rich somehow—potentially beastly rich, I expect—but anyway rolling. It was an idea—at least I suppose it was an idea—that came to me in the fever. You say I was raving when you retrieved me. Didn't I spill a usable hint?"

"No," said Miriam, "I can't say you did. You talked about the North Pole, and you were rude about my nose, and you wanted to give me a necklace."

"That about the necklace," said the patient thoughtfully, "was an obvious sequence."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you see, you're so extraordinarily handsome that one naturally jumped to the idea of how well you'd set off necklaces and things. That's logical enough, isn't it?"

"Hullo, McTodd," said J. B. R. Green-sleeve, when Miriam bent down and lifted his mouth from the sand, "Just like your sunny ways to leave the dear old North Pole and come down in the Tropics for a spell."



"Hum," said Miss Viperie. "If any good-looking girl says she doesn't like being told she's good-looking, she's a liar. But it must never be mentioned more than once. Remember that, and carry on, my lad."

"I wish," said the sick man fretfully, "you wouldn't butt into my line of thought. I nearly got it then—the clue to the treasure-hunt, I mean—and now my clutch is slipping. Here, give me those hands of yours. I know they've something to do with it. Dammit, Miriam, my dear, do as you're told, and give me your hands. No, both of them. Topping hands. Lor-jimmy, I know the thing's staring at me, and there I've missed it once again. They're wonderful hands yours, Miriam. But what is there in them that ought to give me the key to what I'm

trying to worry out? What do you wear on them? Soap? Sun-brown? Gloves? No, not often gloves—wedding ring? No chafe there, thank the Lord. Other rings? Not shipped now, anyway. I've seen cleaner hands, but never any as beautiful. Painter fellers would go crazy over hands like those. And the rotten part of it is they's the clue to the hunt, and they won't talk, though I'm perfectly certain they could. Miriam darling, make them talk. Make them tell. The stuff's yours anyway. And it's big. It's worth accepting, even by you. Miriam dear, be matey. Give me a lift."

"You go to sleep, boy, now," said Miriam, "and you'll dream out the answer, and I'll come and have another chat with you about breakfast time."

"HOW'S little Willie?" Marcus asked a minute later on deck. "Have a cigarette? Topping moon, isn't it?"

"The moon's up to specification. I'll have a cigarette—and a match. The patient is still talking through his hat a bit, but he's the most fascinating man, Marcus, I've come across in all my life. In all my life: d'you hear that? To begin with he's a gentleman. He was on the make, like everybody else, till yesterday. But since he has come on to this launch, his one object seems to be getting bunches of La France and Madame Abel Chatenay roses to hand to me. He must think pink's my colour. Queer how fever delirium takes some people. When do we go ashore and start drilling?"

TORTILLAS and *lasajo* may be very wholesome in theory, but as a diet in the hot coast lands of Western Mexico, when you don't like them, they are at any rate guaranteed to keep you from getting unpleasantly fat. *Tamales*, with a working percentage of 75 per cent. pepper content, are very brightening as a change, but apt to make the sutures of the skull come unstuck if persisted in. And neither *pulque* nor *mescal* are drinks for a white man.

J. B. R. Greensleeve was a man of simple tastes. Give him roast beef, hot or cold, chutney, a decent cheese, and a pint of bitter beer, and a child might handle him. But neither his teeth nor his gizzard were up to the foodstuffs that the Mexican *peon* fattens on, when he can get them. So as a consequence, when malaria arrived, he was badly equipped in the general health line to meet it. He wankled. Then he got dangerously ill, as I have reported above.

Miriam Viperic wrinkled her dark handsome brows to recall what the fellow had said in his delirium, but could make very little out of it. "Necklaces," and "your neck was made for necklaces," were the main points she could remember. And, as she reminded herself, these were comments that might have been made by a professional hangman. The one thing I always admired about Miriam was her avoidance of frills. She always liked her admirers and their contributions marked in plain figures. If she could have diagnosed the position of J. B. R. Greensleeve's *cache* at that moment she would have looted the contents without a second thought, though I think she might have thrown him a tidy pocket full. She was already very fond of him. The little things he said about her hands had got her in her tenderest spot. But according to her own statement to me, she was a business proposition first, and a potentially affectionate woman a powerful long way afterwards.

IT was Marcus and a broken-down lantern that supplied the missing link of J. B. R. Greensleeve's memory. Marcus had unscrewed the picture of a yachting group from a wall of the launch's cabin, had extracted the glass, and had cursed at finding how far too big it was for the gap.

"A blessed inch have I got to grind off the long edge with the square nosed pliers," said Marcus, "and two inches off the end. Patience, blessed patience is the only thing that will see through this operation safely, and I've little enough of that. Two hours of tedious work even if I'm lucky, and if I'd a diamond, two snips, and four taps, and the edges would be cut clean and to size inside a minute . . . Here you! Jetsam. Are you throwing a fit?"

"Shouldn't wonder. Lor-jimmy! Diamonds, said you, and there's the missing word. Where's my pocket?"

"Your what?"

"Pocket of the overalls I must have come aboard in?"

"McGarra used all the bits that were big enough to clean grease off his engines, and threw the result into the ditch. You were merely rigged in rags, and those slops you're wearing now were contributed amongst us. You hadn't a wad of notes, or a pocket book of love-letters, or a plan of the island on you, or an empty tobacco pouch. I ran you over myself."

"No stones? Pebbles? Mineralogical specimens?"

"Not a spec." Marcus Viperic went away forward with his sheet of glass and the square-nosed pliers.

Miriam threw away her cigarette and cut in here. "Wait a bit," said she.

"You'd your hands full of pebbles, when we found you, and your cap on the blue mud alongside was ballasted with them, too. We emptied that, of course, and put it back on your head because of the sun, before Olsen and I started to carry you down to the boat, and your hands relaxed naturally when we got you aboard, and you unloaded the pebbles on to the deck of your own accord. They would be pushed over the side when Olsen sluiced down next morning. Was there any point in them?"

"Diamond, Diamond, you little know what you have done," said J. B. R. Greensleeve.

Next Week's Features.



*Next Week's features in BRITANNIA
will include:*

LORD BIRKENHEAD

on

A Topic of the Week

REGINALD BERKELEY

on

Bolshevism and Modern Youth

COMMANDER KENWORTHY, M.P.

on

*The Need for a Governing
Class*

Mrs. KATHARINE WOOLLEY

on

Digging up Bible History

Short Stories

by

TEMPLE THURSTON and MARY WEBB

THE handsome Jewess looked puzzled. "Sir Isaac Newton said that, didn't he? I haven't got the point yet."

"There is a good deal more point in my remark than his, my dear. What you chucked away were diamonds, neither more nor less. They were uncut, and dull, and iron-stained, and all that, but they were pukka diamonds as sure as those hot coast lands round the bay here are Mexico. I've been on the South African fields, and I know. When Marcus grouched about cutting that glass, he just gave me the hint that was missing, and I remembered."

"You've found a diamond mine?"

"I've found a diamond beach—Lor-jimmy, there's one of the stones lying in that pinch of waste in the scupper, thanks to Olsen's dirty ways. There. Get it, dear.

I told you I was aching to give you a present. Only sorry it isn't more. That's right: scratch your watch glass with it, and make sure."

"Do you know, you're rather wonderful?" said Miriam Viperic;

"I'd cease to look one of the criminal classes if I'd this beard reaped. Would I do for you, Miriam darling? Of course we shall be rolling rich, if that matters."

"That's all right, my lad," said the lady, clapping a capable arm round J. B. R. Greensleeve's shoulders, and patting his chin with one of the hands he had so frequently admired, "I don't mind telling you now I had my matrimonial teeth into you from the very first moment I saw you on that stinking island, and though, of course, if I were a nice woman I should tell you I hated to think I was marrying money, being a sane enough daughter of Israel, I don't mind letting you know that the diamonds *are* an attraction. It's your own fault. You know you said that diamonds would suit me."

"Truth will out, m' dear."

"Very well, then, now we are one let's have the tale of Diamond Beach."

I'M afraid," said J. B. R. Greensleeve, "it's a thinnish yarn. I skinned out of Puerto Angel, as I've told you, with starvation behind me in a rotten old cutter-rigged open boat. I'd a dozen kerosine cans of water, and some fishing tackle, and started off north up the Coast. But the scent of the sea outside of the harbour was altogether too much for my old wreck. Bits of her simply tumbled off, and she got water-logged past all my baling. If I hadn't emptied the kerosine cans and lashed them under the thwarts as air bottles, she'd have gone down ten times and left me swimming. As it was, she was decent enough to take me across to an island which wasn't there, before she dissolved into her primitive planks. *Requiescat*: she did her best."

"How do you mean: island that wasn't there?"

"Wasn't on the chart—on my chart, I mean. By the way was it on yours?"

"I don't know. I picked it up from a shore hill with the glass, and persuaded Marcus to take a day off, and come out for a look-see. I wonder if somehow, deep down inside me, I guessed you were there?"

"You gorgeous thing," said J. B. R. Greensleeve, "I believe that must have been exactly what happened. Hope you don't mind my kissing the edge of your hand. I believe I've told you before I rather admired it. Well, the island smelt to heaven when I landed, not only because of that dead whale, but because it was covered all over with cockles, and mussels, and winkles, and whelks, and squids, and things that were all dying because they were out of water. I know all about them, because they were all I had to live on when I could face a bit of food between doses of fever."

"You poor thing!"

"Right. Go on pitying me with that hand, dear. Or try both, I can do with a heap more of it. So it didn't take long to arrive at the fact that when the tidal wave heaped up sand over my drill derricks here in Puerto Angel, there'd been an earthquake out there on the sea floor, and our island had been pushed up, out of deep water, into ordinary human view. The stink of the dying shell-fish faded down each day. You missed the best part of it."

"Don't apologise. There was plenty left for working purposes."

"And I expect you hit the beach at the top of the tide."

"We did."

"WELL, it was only at ebb the diamonds showed on the blue ground. There was a strip of them all along the east side of the island from dead low water mark to about where the sea came at half-ebb. I fancy they must have been covered with the blue mud when I first landed, because I didn't notice them then. But three days' scrubbing with the surf cleaned off the dirt, and there were the wet pebbles left, chuckling together in the backwash. Diamonds, Miri dear, not by the coal scuttle, or the wheelbarrow, or the bus-load, or in any small quantity like that, but real wholesale supplies that a man would take a couple of full-sized gasometers to load up by way of buckets when he wanted to carry them out to his fleet of steamers. Sweetheart, shall I have to marry you in a tailey and a topper? I'd hand over a pint pot of the best diamonds at the present moment for a clean shirt and collar and a well cut rig of whites."

"My man," said Miriam Viperic firmly. "You're all the man I want, as regards a husband. But on the subject of diamond finance you've a brain made of potato. You and I aren't going to work that smelly blue beach for diamonds, or anything like it. We are going to the Diamond Ring—and you'll please note the advantage of being cared for by a girl from Palestine, where all the members come from—and to the Diamond Ring we shall talk facts for ten minutes. Will they let this new supply loose on the market? They'd as soon think of turning Christian. What will they do then? Survey your island—Viperic Island, Marcus and I have had the impudence to call it—agree to any terms we've the nerve to ask, and then put down dynamite in drill holes and blow the island to—er—"

"Blazes. Quite so. Thought of a ransom price you'd like the Ring to pay, m' dear?"

"A million apiece for you and me, and a million for Marcus. You don't mind Marcus standing in?"

"Not an atom. There's enough for everybody. The only thing I don't like about Marcus is his taste in shaving tackle. When I've that million for my own share, I'll buy him a pair of razors that will really cut, and now I think of it I'll splash on another pair for myself. I believe, Miri dear, you've landed yourself with a husband who's the devil of a fellow for spending when he's got money in his pocket."

EAST and west, north and south, the sturdy motor launch quartered the blue Pacific swells, and at last even went so far as to rig a crow's nest at the head of her stumpy mast, where either Olsen, or Marcus, or J. B. R. Greensleeve peered over the empty spaces. Empty they certainly decided them (after a week) to be. Viperic Island had emerged from the seas; it had been seen, smelt, and sampled; and it had sunk back into the place from which it had come. It was the usual pipe of diamondiferous blue clay pushed up from below, like you squeeze toothpaste from a tube, and then pulled back again.

The blow was not a sudden one. But it was none the less efficient because it was delivered lingeringly. Diamond Beach was out of soundings. So was the Diamond Ring.

The original finder of the island, with his malaria cleared away by the sea air, was, like most malarial subjects, pessimistic about most things in reach. Miriam had gotten

gaged to him on the strength of his opulence. In fact, to give the lady her due, she had said so frankly. He was not a bounder. He would tell her the engagement was ended—tell her first, in fact, before she broke the unpleasant fact to him.

So he did that—and came up against an oriental fury.

"Chuck me, would you?" said Miriam, her hard black eye at its hardest. "I should like to see you get away with it."

Of course I wanted your damned diamonds. I hate losing them. But I should hate losing you a heap more. In fact, I entirely decline to do so. So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it. Look here: you have been calling me Miriam from the word go, and I have never got beyond calling you 'you.' What's your pet name, my lad?"

"J. B. R. Greensleeve, m' dear," said J. B. R. Greensleeve. "I thought you knew all the time."



"That's all right, my lad," said the lady, clapping a capable arm round J. B. R.'s shoulders. "I should tell you that I hated marrying money but the diamonds are so attractive."

The Grand Old Man of Science



SIR OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.

An impression by Kapp



"Students" of
politics at Glas-
gow University in
an election rag.

DOES SCOTLAND WANT HOME RULE?

By WILLIAM WALKER

What Home Rule Would Mean.

A CONSIDERABLE amount of doubt—maybe an approach to alarm—has been occasioned south of the Tweed regarding the appearance of Scottish nationalism. But in Scotland itself, the movement is looked upon more as a novelty than anything else, if kept distinct from the Irish problem.

True, the number of votes polled by the Scottish Nationalist candidate at the Glasgow University Rectorial election made a flutter. Nothing more. But this happening is considered of little importance, because Scots—other than the students present—regard such university elections as of political futility.

What Glasgow University election did, however, was to give the Scottish nationalist movement a notorious publicity innings. Not that this will do any harm. By no means. But let us all keep our sense of proportion, for if Scottish nationalism—distinct from the Irish factor which is being insidiously linked with it—is, at the moment, a healthy infant, its progress has not reached the crawling stage yet, never mind the walking one. Indeed, very few Scottish people have any recollection of its birth, but born it was at historic Stirling in June last. Of course, talking follows as a matter of routine, even with infants.

Propaganda by Litterateurs.

YET the leaders of the movement are mainly literary gentlemen, propagating from a platform, above, or below, the existing political parties, although more than one of them has had allegiance with the Labour movement, at one time or other. It has got no further, however, with its self-government for Scotland, with independent national status, than citing grievances—some wise, some otherwise—which all Scotsmen admit exist, but which could be remedied by other ways than the establishment of self-government.

Yet even in its propaganda the aims remain surprisingly nebulous, if one excluded the prominence given to the Irish in Scotland, whom the movement seems bent on winning over, by praising and welcoming their presence in the country.

But self-government for Scotland, imposed by the votes of the Irish, would be intolerable to Scots, and, furthermore, there would be no genuine nationalism about it.

LET us, however, examine what self-government for Scotland would mean generally, seeing that the Scottish nationalist party is only prepared to present such circumstances as suits its own convenience.

Scotland is not a wealthy country by any means, and, moreover, at the present juncture, its most important industries—coal, iron and steel, shipbuilding, jute and linen—are all in the throes of depression. Nay, more, unemployment is higher in Scotland, according to the size of its population, than in any other part of the United Kingdom, and the Government would do well to make a particular note of this. A strong card for Scottish nationalism adherents of the cause will contend. Let us see. What remedy do they advance that would lead to the betterment of this evil? None. They do not even advocate Scotland for the Scots, a sentiment which, if narrow minded, would, at all events, be understood.

Of course, the financial aspect of the institution of self-government for Scotland is the most important of all, although it looks as if the literary leaders of the movement were too much absorbed with history-cum-patriotism to mention money. Yet, lacking money, no government could function for a day, and, indeed, one might say, without fear of contradiction, that if Scotland had self-government to-morrow it would mean increased taxation for the people.

For instance, a Scottish Treasury would not have the millions of pounds contributed by Englishmen to the Excise for beer and whisky, or to the Customs for tea, sugar and tobacco—to mention nothing else—at its beck and call, for it must be remembered that England, having a greater population, consumes and contributes through consumption, a much larger quota to the National Exchequer than Scotland. Reckoned on the basis of numbers it cannot, indeed, be otherwise.

Finance Scots Would Not Like.

THEN, again, what would become of the National

Debt of the United Kingdom amounting to £7,721,000,000? Scotland would, in fairness, require to assume responsibility for a portion of this formidable sum, otherwise England and Wales would be up in arms, and rightly so, at having to shoulder the whole burden, while Scotland contributed nothing.

But whatever the sum might be—large or small—it would mean a far from negligible amount being paid in interest out of Scottish taxation. Moreover, this would immediately constitute a Scottish national debt, so that at the very outset gigantic financial obligations would present themselves to the people of Scotland, besides the considerable sum required to institute the proceeding of self-government itself.

In addition, the grants given by the Treasury to Scottish local authorities would cease, and as they amount to approximately £6,000,000 under the new rating scheme, this would entail a heavy increase in Scottish rates, because it is unlikely that a newly-formed government would allocate financial grants to local authorities, or, indeed, be in a position to furnish monetary concessions to farming and productive industry.

But supposing a Scottish government did these things; it would not help the national financial situation.

Such would be the beginning only, for Scottish parliamentary representatives fired with zest would in all likelihood commence their career by embarking on schemes which involved further millions of pounds.

There is, however, yet another point which should be brought into focus. Is the Scottish nationalist movement out for Dominion status? This is fundamental and requires an answer. Dominion status—after the style of the Irish Free State—means complete severance from the United Kingdom in all things except the recognition of the Crown as an Imperial link. But who in Scotland has ever demanded an independent Army and Navy, a Customs barrier on the Tweed, between Scotland and England, and the like? No sensible, thinking Scots.



The Ancient Order of the Egg.

A PRINCE *in* EXILE: By



Nicholas

ONE of the great changes that have taken place in social life since I was a boy is that Royal personages have now become members of the great Republic of Letters.

As a simple citizen, then, I am not only able to write and publish what I like, but I am also invited to give my opinions about life in general, and sometimes I am asked to write about myself. The latter has, however, always been unpleasant to me. Like other people I now have to submit to a new existence in silence. The life I used to lead and the life I now lead are so totally different that, in writing about my old self, it is as though I were writing about a total stranger, and so it does not matter.

Burnt Diaries.

THE Royal personages of my parents' generation were discretion itself. Many of them kept diaries; it is true, but they wrote nothing which was intended for publication. They considered writing a breach of national trust. If they were attacked they could not defend themselves; there was, therefore, an unwritten law which left Royalties above criticism.



The Palace of Prince Nicholas in Athens. "The home we created in Athens was not only a palace but, above all, a home."

Now, however, all that is changed. Royalties are attacked, and very bitterly attacked, they have therefore the right to defend themselves, and it is expected of them. I have the conviction that, in telling the truth and defending the memory of one of Europe's most noble Sovereigns, my brother the late King Constantine, as it has been my privilege to do, my action will be commended rather than criticised.

I remember how carefully my father burnt all his diaries. "I am not immortal," he said, "these diaries were private. What could become of them when I am no more? Would it be right or fair that my personal opinions of the men who have been my collaborators in the making of Modern Greece's history should be revealed to the world, and that conversations carried on within the privacy of four walls should become public property?"

But was he right? How valuable it would have been if those diaries were still there to prove what a thankless task was often his, and how, in spite of overwhelming difficulties, he worked for the country he had made his own and had sworn to defend until the end. He did. He gave his life, indeed more than his life, for Greece.

A Hidden Book.

OF State affairs, even in the intimacy of the family circle, he never spoke. Only his worried expression and his uneaten meal betrayed to us that he had had difficulties and differences with his Ministers. We paid no heed to it, and he respected our discretion.

My late aunt, the Dowager Empress of Russia, whom I visited recently in Denmark for the last time, also strongly disapproved of Royal personages writing.

"We must take our motto, *Noblesse Oblige*, into exile with us," she said.

She considered that everything that had to do with the private life of any member of our family was to be kept strictly to ourselves, and that it was wrong to allow outsiders, so to speak, to pry into our intimate affairs. She refused to read my autobiography, *My Fifty Years*, but one might see the book hidden under her quilt; she was reading it all the same. She liked my

reminiscences, and even cried over some of the passages which vividly brought back to her mind events of her past life and of those most dear to her heart.

To be a Royal Prince is not easy. How can I analyse it? Some people hope to make themselves agreeable by lauding you to the skies. Much of what you do is applauded. You are looked upon as some extraordinary being, because you do the simple things in life in the same simple way as other people. Your platitudes are quoted as wisdom—until the day of exile comes, and then the pendulum swings the other way. Then individuals you considered your friends leave your orbit to gravitate round a brighter star, and you are not only forgotten but ridiculed and condemned, and your kind actions are pictured like heinous crimes by those for whom gratitude will always be the heaviest of burdens. It is only during the great crises of one's life that one is able to realise who among your friends loved you for yourself and not for what you stood.



HAPPIER DAYS

King Constantine and M. Venizelos enjoy a friendly joke.

H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Greece

Spartan Training.

IN Greece we fortunately had little etiquette. My father walked about the streets of Athens unaccompanied by even an aide-de-camp or a detective. All our people called us by our Christian names without the title Prince. There was a beautiful, simple intimacy which existed between us; into it position and rank did not enter. After all, we were there to serve the people, and we did so until the end.

As early as I can remember, we were taught that there were certain things we had to do because we were Princes, and certain things we could not do for the same reason. Added to this, my father, a Dane born, reminded us in and out of season that we were Greeks. Greek was our language; Greek traditions, history, drama and culture became dearer to us than to those who have always lived in Greece. We were more Greek than the Greeks themselves.

And so, from as early as I can remember, we were taught the doctrines of *Noblesse Oblige*. We were not allowed to skip our lessons. Because we were Princes, we had a tutor who was much sterner than any tutor I ever met outside our own circle. We had to be up by 6 o'clock, have our cold bath and be at our desks by 7 o'clock, while other boys got up much later. When we protested and wanted to know why our lot should be so much harder than that of other boys, the answer came:—

"You will have heavy responsibilities and you must be ready."

As a cadet I had to work as hard as anyone else, and I spent part of the time in a Greek stable which has none of the luxury of a British stable. The experience was far from pleasant, but doubtless it was good for me, and I always enjoyed being on the same footing as my brother officers. That was as it should be."

The "Wrong Bedroom."

THOUGH I greatly enjoyed life in the Army when I became accustomed to it, it was not the career that really suited my temperament. I could have been an artist or an actor, but I was told this was out of the question for a Royal Prince. Why? Why should a Royal Prince not have a career other than the Army or the Navy? Art, which I occasionally practise as an amateur, could have afforded me such a wonderful career. It has been a precious hobby for me, and has made me forget for a while the bitterness of exile and all the injustice that has been our lot.

A Royal Prince is born in what Arnold Bennett calls, the "Right Bedroom"; were he a Prince in exile, he would call it the "Wrong Bedroom." Royalty is something you cannot achieve. It is not a career, not a sinecure, and by no means a bed of roses. When the day of exile comes, you find your blue blood is as red as anyone else's, your tears and sorrow just as bitter, and that your citizen rights do not exist.

It was in Denmark, when I went to pay my last visit to my beloved aunt (the Empress Dowager of Russia), that the memories of the past came back to me so keenly. Thirty-five years ago, when I came

over from Russia to Denmark to present my bride to her new family, I was a young man and all my life was before me. Now everything has changed, and my dearest relations have passed away. Yet the old home and the beautiful parks of Bernsdorf and Fredensborg are just the same, and the same portraits of our ancestors look down upon us and seem quite indifferent to our sorrow and exile.

Memories of the Past.

I VISITED the stables where our dear old grandfather, King Christian, used to feed his horses; I went all over the rose garden which our grandmother tended with such loving care; I found the path where my father ran over Queen Alexandra's little Pekingese dog and the garden cottage where the Emperor of Russia gave me a shower-bath with a garden hose. It was like a sacred pilgrimage, and brought back all the days of our youth and our happy united family life.

We drove one day to old Fredensborg, and went all over the big house, so full of memories and friendly ghosts, yet now so silent and so unresponsive to our emotions. The park was wonderful; so fresh, so green, so beautifully kept; several trees bearing the initials of the Emperor Alexander III remain and, in my mind's eye, I could see him standing there, busily carving his initials on the tree as if his life depended on the skill and rapidity with which he did his work.

I read signatures scratched with a diamond on window panes, where we had all signed our names. There was one inscription, written by my mother in 1867 shortly after her marriage, and many other names of dear ones who are now no more than a memory. Another day we went to the Cathedral of



Prince Nicholas with Princess Olga and Princess Elizabeth.

Roskilde where I saw the tombs of my grandparents and many other dear relations. My poor father alone lies far away at Tatøi, the place he loved best after his own home, Denmark. And Tatøi, our home, is now closed for us and tended by unloving hands.

Wandering Cosmopolitans.

THERE are days when the longing to go back becomes unbearable. In Italy I instinctively go towards the train that will take me to Brindisi and Home. The season of April and May in Corfu is so wonderful, the sky so blue, and the scent of the orange trees and the perfume of the flowers lingers in my nostrils. I do not know whether it is better to be in the cold, fog and damp of the North, where there is nothing to remind me of the past, or in Cannes, where the blue sky and the scent of the flowers brings it all back again.

Now we are cosmopolitans wandering homeless about Europe, undecided where we shall finally settle. Some of us are in Italy; some in France; some much further afield, but all united in our common sorrow.



THE GREEK ROYAL FAMILY AT THE FRONT

Prince Nicholas with his brothers, Andrew and Christopher, and nephews, the late King Alexander and King George.

THE year 1929 ought to bring us very great reforms in our musical life, but whether it will is quite another question. Most of the abuses of which we have to complain are so deeply rooted and have, as our pedantic friends would say, become so consecrated by usage, that it would be difficult to uproot them. At the same time prospects are not hopeless.

Overdue Reforms.

The greatest of all abuses in musical London is, I need hardly say, the decay—that is not too strong a word—of our orchestras. A strenuous and well-considered effort is being made to remedy this by the B.B.C. which has sought the co-operation of Sir Thomas Beecham. We have been told several times that we are on the eve of hearing important news on the subject, but at the time of writing nothing is yet known. The concerts given during the autumn by the London Symphony Orchestra, and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra have proved—if proof were necessary—that their reform is long overdue. The Gramophone companies, which enable us to hear what the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, the Vienna Philharmonic, and the Philadelphia Orchestra, to say nothing of the Concertgebouw of Amsterdam, can do, have done not a little to educate the public and make it impatient of what London can offer. Whether any reform is within the range of practical politics still remains to be seen.

Another reform that is overdue is the foundation of a National Opera. We all know what Sir Thomas Beecham is doing in this matter. It is stale news by now that the National League of Opera is hanging fire. Sir Thomas Beecham has now told us that he will really do something definite or give up the idea in April next. In this case, too, we can only wait with as much equanimity as we can. The British National Opera Company has had a more successful season in the North and in Scotland this autumn than it has had for some years, and Sir Thomas Beecham has promised in some way, not yet well defined, that he will seek its co-operation. But, again, what will become of it we cannot tell. The Carl Rosa Company continues its good work. That is all.

All over the world we hear complaints that opera is not what it was; but has it ever been? Even Berlin and Vienna are not content with the operatic situation. In Berlin there are at least three opera houses which, according to all accounts, are always full, and yet find it hard to make both ends meet in spite of subsidies. The crux of the situation is—there, as here—as Sir Thomas Beecham said some years ago, that the cost of producing operas has risen by 150 to 200 per cent., and it has not been possible to raise the prices by more than 20 to 25 per cent. Where the solution is to come from it passes the wit of man to understand.

Where are the New Operas?

The supply of good new operas seems to be running out. The German speaking countries still seem to be feeding on the dry bones of "Johnny spielt auf," which, apparently, is not very good food, and there is no other hopeful prospect of anything turning up that is likely to take the place of the old favourites which are now becoming threadbare.

The path of the operatic composer is indeed hard. In the early days he could always find a subject by looking through a



Igor Stravinsky, who is one of the most promising of the younger composers, was born in 1882 near Petrograd. Among his earlier works "L'Oiseau de Feu; Le Sacré du Printemps" is perhaps the best known.

value in itself, or holds out any promise of much better things in the future. It is useless for Englishmen to ape the neo-German, neo-French, or neo-Russian manner. They can't do it well enough.

A Parallel.

But, after all, there is no reason for despair. Unproductive periods are bound to occur in music as in everything else. It was the same one hundred years ago (do not be afraid, I am not going to talk centenaries) when the outlook seemed nearly as unpromising, but soon a change came over the spirit of musical Europe's dream, and much of the music on which we are living was created.

At that time Beethoven, Schubert and Weber were just dead, and their imitators held sway. They said the world's creative effort was exhausted.

It was not till Mendelssohn and Schumann arose in their might that salvation came. In 1829 Berlioz was writing his Fantastic Symphony; Bellini and Donizetti

were at the height of their fame; Verdi at the age of 16 was just trying his prentice hand. Mendelssohn was beginning to bestride the world like a Colossus; Schumann was still studying law, and Wagner was sixteen years old; Chopin and Liszt were pianists who had composed trifles. But the people who formed the musical public of 1829 could not foretell that these were the men who would create the great music of the end of the century. Perhaps we have young Chopins, young Wagners, young Schumanns in our midst, who will be the musical giants of 1970 and 1980.

The Poor Concert Giver.

The outlook for concert givers seems gloomier than ever. The number of recitals does not seem likely to diminish. There are likely to be about thirty every week from the middle of January to the middle of July, except for a small break at Easter. The number of those which pay their way is probably about one in every hundred. A great many of them are, of course, given in the hope of obtaining notices in the Press, but as the number of these increases, the space which the daily and weekly papers can devote to them grows smaller and beautifully less.

One often wonders why anybody should want to go to the ordinary Recital at which the programmes consist either of works done to death, or of new works by composers as little known as the recital givers themselves. And for this the concert goer has to pay as much as, or more than, the theatre-goer, or the cinema fan, who can sit and smoke in a luxurious seat in a magnificent palace.

It is in this sphere of musical activity that the largest reforms are needed, and it is here that it is most difficult to suggest new methods. What form they will take, no one can tell. Every suggested alternative is immediately met with obvious objections. There is no doubt that the supply largely exceeds the demand, and no method has yet been devised for diminishing the supply and increasing the demand, so we are face to face with an insoluble problem.

MUSICAL HOPES and FEARS

By A. Kalisch

good classical dictionary. Then came the period of the legends of chivalry or fairyland. Nowadays the composer clamours for subjects that give him scope for illustrating subtler and more varied emotions in place of the simple themes of love, villainy and self-sacrifice, which sufficed for his forbears. Subjects of modern life do not seem to strike the right sort of spark from either librettist or composer, and, therefore, they seem to be falling back upon modernised versions of classical legends and chivalrous romances, as in the case of Ariadne on Naxos, and the Egyptian Helen. They are not very encouraging, for, though they may be well enough in themselves, they cannot be said to have created models which others can safely follow. Nor does the delving into national stories seem to promise much better results. Operas continue to pour from the presses of France and Italy, but, so far, nothing has appeared which is likely to make next year in any way memorable.

The authorities at Covent Garden are reputed to be seeking for a new work, but, according to present reports, they do not seem to have found anything. In the case of opera, too, it looks as though we can do no better than adopt the attitude of Micawber and wait for something to turn up.

The Sad Case of Chamber Music.

Chamber Music also seems to be in the melting pot. The newer composers of Germany and Central Europe generally are making nothing but experiments in atonality and polytonality, which do not at present look as if they would create the long looked for New Music. In the new works which the B.B.C. has given us at its concerts of Modern Chamber Music there is nothing which gives us grounds for hoping that next year will produce anything that is likely to live. Even Stravinsky has, it appears, turned his back completely on his past to the discomfiture of his henchmen; and his latest pseudo-archaic manner has, so far, had only discouraging results.

Our own composers have not produced anything during the last year that is of any

THE new Royal Academicians, W. Reid

WOMEN'S BEAUTY IN ART

THERE are those who hold that this quality of

By R. H. WILENSKI

Dick and Augustus John, have both had many opportunities of portraying women whom the world regards as supremely beautiful. Reid Dick, for example, has made a marble bust of Lady Diana Duff Cooper, and Augustus John has painted Princess Antoine Bibesco as she sat before him looking her loveliest in a pink gown and white mantilla.

Many people think that the artist's work in such cases is easier than in cases when nature made the sitters in a less gracious mould. But in fact the beauty of the sitter is often not a help but an embarrassment to the artist in his work.

Does "Beauty" Exist?

Philosophers and æstheticians have tried since the time of Aristotle (and probably before) to decide whether the quality that we term "beauty" in nature resides in the object, or conjunction of objects, contemplated or in the eye of the beholder. We all see (excluding defects of vision that can be corrected by glasses) in much the same way. But each man and woman has a different mind behind his eye; it is the mind that enables us to reinforce mere sight to perception; and it is perception not sight that leads us to speak of "beauty" in nature. In the same way we all see the same thing when we stand in front of a picture or a work of sculpture. But when we call the work of art "beautiful" it is the mind and not the eye that makes the judgment.

What is It?

On these and similar grounds it is argued that "beauty" does not really exist as a quality in nature, but only in the mind of the spectator; and if this view is accepted we have, of course, one explanation of why a woman is regarded as beautiful by one person and as ugly or merely non-beautiful by another.

But then, though there are certain women who are considered beautiful by a few people only or even perhaps by only one man, there are others who are considered beautiful by so many people that they can almost be said to be considered beautiful by everyone.

It is impossible to leave these cases out of account; and, once they are included, "beauty" must be held to be a quality in the object; and the position then is that the only difference between the woman who is admired by a few people or one person and the woman who is admired by almost everyone, is that the "beauty" in the first case is of a kind not easily recognised by the environment while that of the other is of a kind which the environment can easily perceive.

But even if we thus accept the objective existence of beauty we are still no nearer to knowing what this "beauty" is. We can say "It is there." But we cannot answer an opponent who says obstinately "What is it?"



Lady Diana Duff Cooper. A marble by Mr. W. Reid Dick, the new Royal Academician.



Princess Antoine Bibesco, a portrait by Mr. Augustus John, another new Royal Academician. The Princess is the daughter of the late Lord Oxford and Asquith.

"beauty" in women is the expression of health. Reynolds regarded it as the expression of a golden normality which is destroyed by any stress or exaggeration of particular details. Others again regard it as the expression of that sex appeal which the American writers with friendly familiarity term "S.A."

But all the qualities that combine to make woman desirable to man, like all the qualities that arouse his sympathy, his admiration or respect, can and do exist in women other than those who are universally called "beautiful"; and we know, if not from experience, then from history, that of the women widely known as beautiful, some have sex appeal and some are without it, just as some have hard hearts and some tender ones, and some have brains and others are supremely silly. Whatever this mysterious "beauty" may be, it is surely something different and separate from "S.A."

Beauty as Architecture.

My own view is this: If the quality of beauty in woman does not derive in fact from the spectator's mind, but has objective existence of its own, then it is a quality of the same character as that which arouses our admiration when we contemplate a work of architecture in which the proportions, balance, colours, textures, and so forth are exquisitely congruous in accordance with laws which man as such is instinctively impelled to try to discover. If woman's beauty is thus considered, then the beautiful woman is one whose proportions, colours and so forth, constitute in themselves a microcosm of some aspect of universal beauty; the beautiful woman, in other words, is a symbol of that universal harmony which man has an instinct to seek.

The Artist's Problem.

The artist confronted with an apparition of this kind is in a most embarrassing position. For the artist's business is in itself the creation of a microcosmic symbol of some aspect of universal harmony in his picture or statue. Confronted with just such a symbol complete and perfect before his eyes, he is thus in the position not of a man asked to make bricks without straw but in that of a man given a temple and asked to create a temple of his own with the same stones.

This is why artists so often find women whom the world thinks non-beautiful or even ugly more stimulating to paint than women whom the world thinks beautiful; and why—though both John and Reid Dick have succeeded in these cases—so many portraits of beautiful women fail as works of art.

THOSE ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

SHALL the British Empire and the United States of America act as joint guardians of a wounded world—as strong, even-tempered men ought to do—or shall we continue to sputter meaningless sentimental platitudes across the Atlantic at each other?

Britain and America are rivals. We largely sell the same wares in the same streets of the world to the same buyers. We cut prices and bid against each other. We grab for concessions and exploit the natural resources of strange-tongued people wherever we can wedge in—wherever gold or oil or cotton or rubber or what not is found. We pledge ourselves to reduce one sort of weapon and feverishly produce more of another. Our interests clash to-day and will clash to-morrow to a greater extent. And in the face of it all, we drift apart instead of draw together. There is plenty of room on earth for both to live and labour and develop. We can—and ought to—be friendly rivals and good sportsmen. Neither of us is a people who will stack the cards or toss loaded dice. We can be open and above board or secret and sinister. We ought to be sick of “clever” diplomats. Honesty is better than “cleverness” for our purposes. We can hide our plans and thoughts under the bushel of secrecy or we can turn on the light. We need light.

But we need common sense and common honesty as well—in large and regular doses.

Anglo-American Sense of Justice.

UNIVERSAL peace—from the Utopian standpoint—is a dream. Every thinking person of intelligence knows it is impossible and they also know how ridiculous all the proposed panaceas are! Mr. Wilson, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Kellogg had sweet dreams of pacts and palliatives where birds were singing and no guns going off. That is all. The alleged beds of security are infested with international nettles of jealousy and suspicion.

Make no mistake about the attitude of the non-English speaking peoples of the earth—THEY WOULD WELCOME AN OPEN BREACH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA. It would be meat and drink to them. They would stand around like Arctic dogs in the Northern Light waiting to see signs of faltering in one of us and then spring, or they would sit tight until both were on the verge of exhaustion and then demand a ton of flesh.

If we are to witness the furling of any battle flags they will be furling because 175 million English-speaking people throughout the world make one simple, terse announcement to the agitators, the grumblers, the covetous nations, the sabre-rattlers and swash-bucklers.

“WE BELIEVE IN THE ANGLO-AMERICAN SENSE OF JUSTICE. HEREAFTER IN ANY AND EVERY INTERNATIONAL DISPUTE OR EMERGENCY LIKELY TO LEAD TO WAR WE PROPOSE TO ACT IN UNISON WITH FAIRNESS TO ALL.”

Will it raise a hullabaloo? Of course it will.

Strength in Unity

WHEN such a notice is served upon the world it should be backed up by visible, tangible, comprehensive evidence of its sin-

By Col. Fitzhugh Minnigerode
(late U.S. Army)

The author of this article is a very well-informed American. He had a long and distinguished career in the American Army, retiring just after the war. For a period he was Professor of Military Science and Tactics in the University of Alabama.

cerity and purport. Treaties and pacts and leagues are, after all, but papers dangling with seals and high-falutin phrases, deposited in some gloomy archive where the people, for the most part, forget that any such alliance or treaty exists.

The English-speaking nations should seal their determination in a more open and more convincing manner. It should be given the full glare of all the spot-lights and scrutiny the

sit as members of our navy general staff. Dovetail wherever possible. Let us forestall a crisis by anticipating it, not wait for an explosion.

Two Nations Acting as One.

THERE will be tremendous opposition from many quarters. Politicians will make the welkin ring with more stuff about “non-interference in European affairs,” “entangling alliances,” and “Monroe Doctrine” will be bandied about. Old naval officers will exclaim “Unheard of! impossible!” and rant around at a great rate. But what is an admiral’s pride when the destiny of millions hangs in the balance?

What immediate results can we see?

The enormous cost of the race for naval supremacy ends overnight. With the British-American fleets operating as one there can be no challenge by the rest of the world for decades to come. Does not that alone make it worth while? Only those who refuse to listen to reason will argue the point.

It should be carried further. It should—if it seemed expedient or necessary to cement a closer bond—be extended to other spheres—the army, the air force. We might with profit carry the Rhodes scholarship idea into Sandhurst and West Point, into Osborne and Annapolis. Fifty young Britishers in our naval and military academies learning something of us, and a corresponding number of young Americans learning your game and to know you, would do much to strengthen the ties we hold necessary for world peace.

Things to be Put Right.

NO one believes that we can become brothers in a day and wipe every misunderstanding off the slate at one swipe of a

sponge. There are many things to be put right. The debts, perhaps, are the thorniest question. The revision of debts is bound to come. Certain of the Southern States have unpaid notes—long overdue. They must be honoured, and with it a certain scaling down of England’s war debt to America. That is a question for friends to decide and must follow.

Does such an alliance leave England, who, by her geographical position, is more vulnerable to air attack, in a more difficult position than America? Admittedly so. But who is going to stop us from having a uniform united air force with the heaviest concentration at the most vulnerable point?

Raise your objections, throw all your little petty obstructions in the path, declaim and debate until you are blue in the face! Then answer this question—IS IT WORTH WHILE?

There is but one sane answer.



Washington Post.

“Try these, John, and improve your vision.”

rest of the world cares to focus upon it, and we should proceed at once to show how seriously we propose to carry it out.

During the darkest days of the late war necessity drove the Allies to a unified command. Foch came in as Commander-in-Chief of the armies in France. American battleships served under Jellicoe and Beatty. British and French destroyers shared with America the escort of troop ships across the Atlantic. Co-operation became the rule on practically every front and every sea. There was a crying necessity for such action then—for disaster loomed ahead. To-day there is a crying necessity because disaster still looms ahead.

Let us then, at one stroke, prove our words and our determination before the world. Let British and American war vessels serve as divisions of the same fleet to be under a unified command. Let Admiral Bull command the Atlantic fleet and Admiral Sam the Pacific. Let American naval officers be members of your Admiralty staff and British naval officers

WHEN promulgating the gospel of Imperial unity our publicists usually appeal to sentiment, adopting a Kiplingesque pose which, in these days of super-democracies, fails to convince. Many immerse the layman in a whirl of political and industrial conundrums quite contiguous upon Imperial progress and development, yet similarly unconvincing in their complete disregard of the true fundamentals of modern Imperialism. So seldom is the subject dispassionately presented from a purely economic standpoint that Englishmen have come to worship Empire for mere form's sake.

"Staunch Imperialists."

WE pay lip-service to the beneficence of Imperial unity without evincing practical effort towards its consummation. Whilst indulging in lavish encomiums as to trading within the Empire, captains of industry unhesitatingly import foreign-made articles or send their ships to foreign yards for repair.

Opulent financiers readily advance funds to foreign industries and States, whilst they glibly urge this country's unemployed to emigrate to Dominions whose needy Governments seek loans in New York and elsewhere; and there are staunch Imperialists (?) who purchase wherever possible the cheap, dumped, foreign-made article whilst incessantly clamouring for increased output, better workmanship, and longer working hours in England. Such is the extent of modern Imperialism—lip-service!

Economists also disregard cold facts. One school constantly reiterates the policy of open markets and free competition as the means for resuscitating British trade; whilst another insists upon re-adjustment of the fiscal code. The latest fad is to point to American methods in industry as a criterion. All fail to emphasise the vast economic changes which characterise the past twenty years of world history.

With the growth of combines, cartels and trusts, we are emerging from the purely competitive system of trading, as idealised by the Manchester school, to a monopolistic era, in which nations rather than individual trading concerns are the dominating factors. This is demonstrated by such gestures as those displayed by British rubber interests and the more recent Imperial Chemical Merger.

Economically speaking, the world is being partitioned off definitely into vast economic imperialisms, in which the British Empire and the United States of America are the outstanding figures.

The Powers of Wall Street.

AMERICA has gained a commercial impetus which makes her a formidable trading rival, and all Britishers should realise that thorough economic unity of Empire is our only hope for survival. Maudlin Imperialism is symptomatic of commercial decline—a fate predicted of Great Britain by Colonel Harvey.



New York Stock Exchange, the High Temple of the Almighty Dollar, with George Washington looking on.

THE EMPIRE AND THE DOLLAR

By "GRADIVUS"

In this outspoken article the author points out that America has become the Empire's chief commercial rival. Only by economic unity within the Empire can we hope to meet the formidable menace of the Almighty Dollar.

We righteously disclaimed this possibility. Yet, why blink at hard facts?

America, unconsciously perhaps, is fully committed to eventual disintegration of the Empire, if unchecked. She cannot help herself. Whatever sentimental politicians may plan for better understanding between the two peoples, economic factors impel a commercial rivalry which might ultimately subordinate British interests to Wall Street. Our leaders turn a blind eye to this sinister Western influence and, instead of concentrating upon Imperial solidarity, indulge in hopeful shibboleths concerning trade recovery unworthy of the merest tyro in commerce.

Rome, despite academic opinion to the contrary, was reduced by the weakness of her economic structure and consequent lack of cohesion—and history looks like repeating itself. America's expanding investments within

the British Empire so obviously make for disintegration that the complacency of our politicians seems intolerable.

Penetrating the Dominions.

INNUMERABLE instances might be cited showing that the surplus capital concentrated in New York is utilised intensively to secure American control of Dominion industries and trade; and we have the picture of British brains, labour, and territorial resources mortgaged to American opulence. At this, many Britishers are unalarmed and accept it as beneficial to Imperial progress, but those intimately associated with our overseas possessions realise its cankerous effect.

Canada affords a startling example. About 2,500 millions of American dollars are vested in Canada, equivalent to the value of British investments, and increasing each year. Canada imports goods from America to the value of 517 million dollars, as against 153 millions from the United Kingdom. This financial stranglehold, if allowed to tighten, will culminate in Canadian secession within very few years. Even small Jamaica is afflicted. American domination there is so severe that until recently the only direct steamship communication with Britain was entirely American owned, although sailing under the British flag and manned by British sailors. This line carried fruit grown by a powerful American combine, to the exclusion of Jamaican produce grown by British planters, and the island was providing unique profits for American stockholders sheltered under the Union Jack.

The Almighty Dollar.

AMERICAN finance, automobiles, implements, tools, and the invidious cinema film also invade our Eastern Empire and prove more menacing than all the Bolsheviki propaganda imaginable. Moreover, New York is a Mecca for all our overseas industries requiring capitalisation or loans. English investors respond willingly to foreign issues, such as a Greek loan, *vide*

the policy inculcated by the Manchester school of politicians, who plumped so relentlessly for foreign instead of Imperial investments that our overseas Governments, despite a profound desire for loyalty, find themselves financially and economically estranged from the Motherland.

Influenced by the utterances of benign workers for Anglo-American friendship, many Britishers will promptly discount the gravity of this menace of the almighty dollar. Yet its influence is discernible throughout the whole Empire.

Rival imperialisms exist to-day in far greater economic definiteness than the old pre-war territorial empires. The monopolistic age is upon us, and unless the doctrine of economic unity, *i.e.*, absolute free trade within the Empire, is imbibed by every Britisher, then we follow the fate of Rome.

A PROGRAMME of an alleged ribald character given from a station which was not identified one evening about a week before Christmas (which I did not happen to hear) and a repetition of the performance the following evening from a station, which, I understand, has now been identified, suggest that the present B.B.C. censorship is insufficient to protect radio morals. Just how much protection those morals require is a subject which is highly controversial, but the broadest-minded listener must admit that it is better to err on the side of over strictness than of laxity. The B.B.C., some say, adopts an unnecessarily early-Victorian attitude; no one, at least, would suggest that it ever is guilty of levity.

There is a happy medium, even in regard to Sunday programmes, which, as things are, provide somewhat heavy fare, quite apart from the religious section of the day's broadcasting; but I should imagine that one of the world's most impossible impossibilities is for the programme director of any broadcasting station to please every one of his listeners. In the case of a book of doubtful morals and teaching, it is easy enough to keep it out of the sight of those of one's family whose age or education is not sufficiently advanced to read with serious intent and broad understanding. But wireless is open to all, and undoubtedly the strictest censorship is desirable in all our interests.

Smoking-Room Stories for Children.

Unfortunately, British ideas as to what is suitable radio fare for general consumption are not necessarily the same as those of other countries. Generally, of course, a programme is given in the language of the country, and passes over the heads of the younger listeners in another country, so that it does not much matter what the character may be—so far as we are concerned, that is to say; apart from that, each country must look after its own morals. But when, as was the case on the two evenings referred to, the language used is English, and perfectly pronounced and enunciated English at that, I do think that we have a right to interfere.

Just exactly how an international censorship should operate it is difficult to say, but it does seem sound to suggest that any item in a programme that is to be given in a foreign tongue should first be submitted to a competent authority of the country affected. To me it seems essentially a task for the little group at Geneva. The red-nosed comedian, beer and other supposedly objectionable items are generally excluded from our own programmes—with an occasional lapse, by the way—but now that the cheapest of sets can be depended upon to receive quite a number of foreign programmes the question of censorship does appear to be an international one.

The unfortunate part about those smoking room stories which were told recently was that the hour chosen was one at which a large number of children would probably be trying out the distance-getting powers of their father's sets immediately after the Children's Hour!

RADIO CENSORSHIP?

By ROBERT W. BEARE

Varying Reception Conditions.

Beginners in radio are often amazed at the great variation which takes place from evening to evening in the sensitivity of their sets, and are likely, in the majority of cases, to think that the sets themselves are behaving erratically. This may sometimes be true, of course; but it is the atmosphere, or rather the ether, which is really the cause. As a matter of fact, very little is known even by the most expert as to the causes of variation in the favourability of wireless receiving conditions. Speaking generally, it appears that the worse weather conditions are, from the ordinary point of view, the better they are for radio reception—which is all to the good, since the real enthusiast has an excel-

the nearest main station and the two Daventrys was hopelessly out of range, so far as the loud speaker was concerned.

The advent of the screen grid valve in a practical form has revolutionised portable reception, however, and I have been having a most interesting time with the latest Burndept four-valver, which embodies a stage of screen grid high frequency amplification. Instead of adopting the usual practice of reducing the number of valves to three, by the use of a pentode valve for low frequency purposes, the makers have retained the two-stage L.F. system, and the result is a surprising volume on quite a large number of distant stations, combined with excellent quality of reception. The control of the set is through two tuning dials, plus a reaction knob, in the conventional fashion, but I do not remember handling a set of any kind in which the control was more delightfully smooth and sensitive.

This is accounted for largely by the Burndept slow-motion dials, which give a sufficient gear reduction for the most careful searching, entirely free from the slightest suggestion of backlash. An interesting point is that the set has, in addition to the ordinary degrees with which ordinary condenser dials are marked, a definite calibration in wave length, on both the high and medium range. It is a small matter in itself, but the result is to render the control of the set ideally simple.

Patience with New Sets.

Most sets which come my way for test require a little practice and experiment before it is possible to obtain the best results, but with the Burndept portable it is necessary only to look up the wave length of the station required, and set the dials to the appropriate figure. A little adjustment of the reaction setting, or alteration of the direction in which the aerial is pointing—the set is carried on a ball-bearing turntable, by the way—and in most cases, the desired programme is received.

The Burndept set is made in a variety of different finishes, that which I have been testing being of the folding attaché case variety, covered in hard-wearing material and designed especially for motoring use. Other models of a more decorative character, in polished mahogany and other woods, which are more suitable for home use, can be obtained.

There is one other point worthy of note in regard to this portable. Many which I have tried have not been equally efficient on both long and medium waves, some being more satisfactory on the long, and others on the short waves. The Burndept, however, appears to receive with the same degree of efficiency on either; and I might add that the addition of an external aerial and earth for use at home renders the set enormously powerful. It is a pity that at the same time it destroys the high degree of selectivity which is a feature of the set when used as a portable. This—the lack of selectivity on an outside aerial, I mean—is not peculiar to the Burndept; most portables suffer from it. But if the failing could be eliminated to some degree, I should regard this particular make as approaching the ideal for combined use as a portable or a home receiver.



Listening-in to other people's business.

lent excuse in the dirty weather for refusing to budge from the set! It is quite clearly established that an enormously greater range can be obtained in darkness than in daylight; in fact, it is of little use to try out even a powerful set until night, since many of the stations which should be available simply do not seem to exist.

But what puzzles the novice is that on two consecutive evenings, when to all appearances atmospheric conditions are identical, there may be the widest difference in the powers of the set. Atmospheric may be almost entirely absent on the one evening; on the next, crackles and crashes spoil all but the transmission of the nearest British station. The external weather, in fact, seems to have very little to do with it, though naturally rain, or still more noticeably snow, may play a part in the case of a somewhat inefficiently insulated aerial by allowing the infinitesimal energy which the wire picks up to leak to earth across the path of moisture formed on the insulators.

A Long-Range Portable.

Long distance reception on a portable set is an unusually interesting occupation, since the day is not long past when anything but

ELSTREE'S CHALLENGE TO HOLLYWOOD

British Films in the Making

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

WITH joyous crash or insinuating softness, the orchestra strikes up; the lights go down, and we of the cinema audience settle ourselves in our comfortable seats with a pleasant flutter of anticipation.

Perhaps it is a thrilling drama of adventure, such as "The Sea Beast" (just revived) that lies ahead of us; or a boxing romance like "The Ring," or the Oriental glamour of "Shiraz," or some rollicking piece of comedy. But whatever the kind of picture, we know it will move smoothly, slickly and without a hitch to its appointed end.

The film play has not even such possibilities of breakdown as a stage play presents. None of the actors can fall ill or forget their parts; nothing can go wrong with scenery or setting; there are no contingencies to contend with (except, of course, the improbable and, so far, unrecorded event of the operator suddenly going mad and swallowing the film or showing it upside down, in neither of which attempts he would be likely to get very far).

Infinite Elaboration.

BUT change the scene from the cinema to the studio, from the finished and perfected product to the picture in the making. The contrast is overwhelming. The flight is almost too much for the Magic Carpet of imagination. Preparing a play, considerable job as it is, is nothing so protracted, elaborate, untidy, and, one might say, finicky a business as, building up a picture. For one thing, there is an unlimited range of scenes in the film-world, and each must be completely realistic. For another, there are no such things as rehearsals in the usual sense, no comforting background of assurance that "it will be all right on the night." Each section or fragment of the film, when finally taken, must be as perfect as it is ever going to be.

Hence there is a prodigious amount of detail to be first attended to piecemeal and then co-ordinated; heavy expenditure of money to be faced, and of the time which is money. Exceptionally big capital is needed, and exceptional skill in a specialised kind of direction. In both these matters, for reasons one need not enlarge on now, America has had a big start of us. But things are altering; England is forging ahead and developing important film enterprises, notably the one known as British International Pictures, Limited.

Enormous Studios.

I WAS never good at figures, so the mere paper dimensions of their great and growing studios at Elstree, which I re-visited a few days ago, convey little to me. However, others may be more accomplished interpreters. There are two completed studios, each 300 ft. long and 100 ft. wide and 40 ft. high—I should have put the height at 400 ft. at least myself, after having done a tour of the building on a frail gallery with a single rail that made one feel like walking round the dome of St. Paul's, but no matter.



Filming a night club scene at the great Elstree studios. A magnificent full-size ball-room was specially built for the purpose.

In view of the fillip which has been given to the Film Industry by recent legislation, the progress of the new studio at Elstree will be watched with intense interest by the British public. In this article Mr. Maitland Davidson gives us a peep behind the scenes at Hertfordshire's new industry, and graphically describes what he saw there.

There are workshops of 200 ft. by 100 ft. (where hundreds of carpenters are busy making the scenes and "props") and a new sound studio as well, with sound-proof walls, which, when it is finished a couple of months hence, will be 320 ft. long by 240 ft. wide.

Altogether the studios tot up, I am informed, to a capacity of six million cubic feet (which has a ring well-nigh as impressive as a Wall Street magnate's income-tax return). Besides this, there are all the outside grounds, on which quite a lot of the filming is done, running to—frankly, I don't know how many acres, and, anyway, let us drop these dull figures and turn to the much more amusing affair of taking a look at what's going on in this curious place. Elstree is more than a group of studios. It is a picture city.

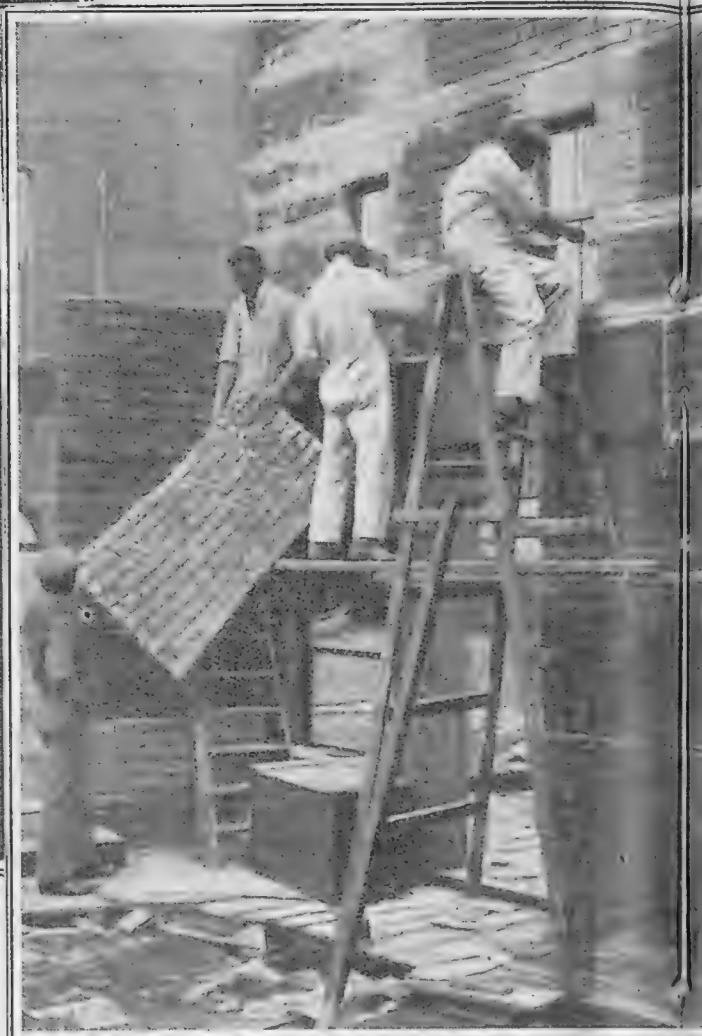
Wandering along one of the huge halls that these studios are—rather like the departments of some industrial exhibition—you find yourself suddenly opposite a charming

rural cottage, complete with creeper-grown porches and suitable surrounding shrubs. It is brightly lit up, and shows glimpses of an engaging interior, but instead of walking straight in, you execute a flank movement, and—yes, sure enough, you get a better view that way. For there is a side-wall missing, and from here you can see not only the old hearth with its log fire, salmon in glass case on the wall, sporting gun hitched to a rafter and ancient leather bottles on mantelpiece, but the temporary



Stars and producer lunch together in the fine Elstree restaurant, which will hold 300 people. John Stuart and Lilian Rich, principals in the new film "The Silver Rosary," with Mr. Denison Clift, its director, in centre.

FILMING FAM



Water being pumped up to the heights, is then dashed on to the decks to create the impression of rough seas that sweep over the gallant vessel. A realistic shipwreck scene in "The Silver Rosary," in which hundreds of gallons of water are used.

The housing problem is easily solved at Elstree where a striking imitation of Lincoln is here being run up by fixing plaster sections to wooden frames.



Over thirty years ago Sir Hall Caine's novel, "The Manxman," was a much talked of book. It will soon be an equally talked of film in which Carl Brisson and Anny Ondra take two of the leading parts.

occupants or those about to occupy this compact and picturesque little apartment.

The Virtue of Patience.

A TALL, dark, good-looking young man in dark blue suit and white spats, sits moodily on a chair by himself. A pretty, fluffy young woman, heavily made-up and with glycerine tears all ready distributed on her cheek, chats animatedly with a large man with an American accent (his, not hers), whom one somehow suspects of being a producer or director. Another lady sprawls on an armchair. Other young men, mostly in pull-overs, stand about caressing an array of contraptions that give out glaringly, staringly, unpleasantly bright lights. Let us



A scene in a cottage home in the Isle of Man, the romantic setting for "The Manxman." Carl Brisson is seen in an attitude of prayer.

OUR STORIES AT THE ELSTREE STUDIOS



Behind the scenes at Elstree where, according to Syd Chaplin, the studios are as fine as any in America or elsewhere. In this picture, a crowd of supers await their call behind a "set" whose backing timbers may be seen.

watch. The "shot" must be going to begin. Ten minutes pass. Yet another young woman arrives. She looks important. Now, surely they will start:

Well, eventually they do, but not till after a further long interval—one cannot help feeling that an infinite capacity for making small talk must be among the necessary accomplishments of film actors, unless, of course, they boldly and shamelessly evade their responsibilities, like the tall young man in the blue suit.

Leaving them at it—some one murmured to me that the picture I had just seen in progress was a new drama temporarily entitled "Life's Pretty Much the Same," with Miss Estelle Brody, Miss Marguerite Allan (a comparatively new and positively attractive acquisition) and Miss Heather Thatcher in the cast—we now proceed to make our desultory way further along the Baronial Film Halls, where other fragments of forthcoming films may be seen in similar process of preparation.

Passing by a few oddments such as the angle of a fortress wall, an arched window, a vista of clustered housetops, a full-size night club ballroom in pink and gold, and an oak-panelled study suitable for the murder or suicide of a millionaire, we go out into the extensive grounds. There we are greeted at once and insistently by the towering view of what looks like a wrecked steamship.

This ship is being used for one of the new pictures, called "The Silver Rosary." The calmer sea scenes have been taken actually on the water, but real storms are not suitable for filming, partly owing to the difficulty of lighting and partly because of the danger

to life. So when you see a thoroughly violent tempest on the screen you may be pretty sure it has been "shot" on land.

A Great Enterprise.

I THINK I have said enough to indicate, at any rate, the magnitude of this big British film undertaking—whose regular staff, by the way, runs into many hundreds, while the acting "personnel" "on tap" is infinite. Apart from the stars, that is, who include such well-known figures as Mr. Jameson Thomas, Mr. Carl Brisson, Mr. Monty Banks, Mr. Gordon Harker, Miss Anna May Wong, Miss Betty Balfour, Miss Eve Gray, Mr. Sydney Chaplin (brother of Charlie), Mr. Henry Victor, Mr. Alexandre d'Arcy, and many others.

In the year 1927-28 they turned out twenty-four pictures, and five new productions will be put in hand in the first week of January alone.

These include "Blackmail," a film of the play, with Miss Anny Ondra as star; Mr. Monty Banks in "The Compulsory Husband"; handsome Mr. d'Arcy in "A Romance of Seville," an adaptation of Mr. Liam O'Flaherty's Irish novel "The Informer"; and a "wistful" drama called "Mary Was Love."

The products of the B.I.P., it is to be noted, are now having a world distribution instead of a merely national one. Yet the concern has only been functioning in its present form for two years. It is offering a great and increasing challenge to Hollywood.



"Let joy be unconfined." A dance scene in Mr. Arnold Bennett's new film, "Piccadilly," which is full of life and joie de vivre. Will this gay party be broken up by a police raid?

CASTAWAY

By Bill Adams

FIRST DAY. MORNING.

*I wonder what Judy's doin'. Maybe she's makin' the bed ;
Maybe she's over the kitchen sink, washin' her bonny head ;
Them curls so soft an' so silky to snuggle in at eve,
Wi' her welcomin' eyes a' shinin', an' her fingers on my sleeve.
The time that I courted Judy, it seems like a dream to-day !
Ah, Judy, girl, what are ye doin'
Ten thousand miles away ?
Are ye dreamin' yer man's home-bound, dear ?
Are ye gazing up at the stars,
An' seein' my ship come rollin' wi' the glisten along her spars ?
Are ye watchin' for me, an' yearnin' out over the breakin' foam ?
Judy, girl, see, I'm cast away ten thousand miles from home !
My shipmates is all of 'em drowned. They's far down under
the sea,
An' of all o' the crew o' the homeward bound there's nobody left
but me.
God knows when I'll get to ye, Judy ; but I knows as you'll be there
Wi' the welcomin' light in yer lovely eyes an' the sheen on yer
bonny hair.*



FIRST DAY. EVENING.

*Nothin' to eat but a sea bird's egg the whole long day !
Nothin' to hear but the latherin' splash o' the rock-flung spray !
Nothin' to see but a screechin' bird, an' a passin' whale ;
An' blazin' hot, an' water scarce, an' never a sail !
Just a ribbon o' water tricklin' down to the hot white beach.
An egg. The sun. A passin' whale. A sea bird's screech.
(But all day long young Judy wi' the sheen on her lovely hair
For a shipwrecked man to dream upon to save him from despair.)*

MIDNIGHT.

*Jude ?—Did ye speak to me, Jude, dear ? Where are ye, sweetheart
mine ?
Turn over a bit i' the bed love, so I'll see yer soft eyes shine.
It's moonlight, Jude, my honey. Dear Jude, please gi' me a kiss !
(Eh ?—Stand by to let go the anchors ?—A lee shore ?—God,
what's this ?)
Ah, now I'm awake an' remember. Last night my shipmates
drowned.
Oh, Jude, dear girl, are ye dreamin' that yer poor man's homeward
bound ?
I'm thirsty, Jude, so thirsty ! Where trickles yon water by ?
I can't find the ribbon o' water. Oh, Judy, the ribbons dry !*

SECOND DAY. MORNING.

*There isn't a tree on the island. There's never a mite o' shade.
Oh, Judy, pray for yer man love ! Sweetheart, yer man's afraid !
My lips is swellin' Judy, I can't find a bite to eat.
Judy, yer man's that frightened. Oh, pray for me, Judy, sweet !*

NOON.

*Hurrah, my lads, we're homeward bound ! That's it, my hearties,
shout !
She's steerin' up for the channel, boys, an' the pilot'll soon come out !
Come on, lads ! Clear the anchors ! (Dear God, am I crazy quite ?
I must hold together till evenin'. Maybe it'll rain to-night.)
Judy yer man's mind wandered. I was thinkin' the voyage was done.
Yesterday there was a sea bird's egg, an' to-day there's only the sun !
Maybe it'll rain wi' the darkness an' my parched throat I can wet.
Are—ye—prayin'—for—me—Judy ?
Please Judy—do—n't—fo—r—get.*

MIDNIGHT.

*No, never you mind no hairpins ! I likes it flowin' free,
An' yer arms aroun' me, Judy ; for to-morrow I go to sea.
But I'll not be long gone from you, sweetheart. Just gi' me another
kiss ! Oh !
Another !—An—other—an—o—ther—Ah, Jude, but I love
you so !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Once more, boys !
My hand, Jude ! Hold it tight !
Take my head on your soft white shoulder.
There, Judy, my sweet ! Good night !*

*You had to laugh and cut your loss with Bucker
—until Hamish Brown turned up—then it was
a case of Diamond cut Diamond*

By Owen Rutter

Author of "SEPIA," "GOLDEN RAIN," etc.

VIN COMPRIS—

Illustrated by W. E. Wightman

THERE were two things you could always be sure of about Bucker Darlow. One was that if you were mug enough to do a deal with him, he'd get the best of it. The other was that he'd go and buck about how he'd done you down. That was why he was called Bucker.

He was what is known as a rolling stone. There was scarcely a country outside Europe he hadn't done some kind of job of work in. I remember his saying to me once: "Even among sailormen I find I'm travelled." And if he hadn't gathered much moss during his rolling, he had acquired a certain amount of polish, even though he was apt to lose his aspirates with his temper.

So far as I could ever discover, Bucker had never had any definite trade or profession. Gold-panning in Australia, sheep-farming in Patagonia, drilling revolutionaries in China, a bit of gun-running to the Philippine ports; nothing had come amiss to him. For a time he had even held the appointment of hangman in the Hongkong Gaol—and was proud of it. When he could find a newcomer to listen to him, he liked to tell the story of how, after he had been fired from a rubber estate in Johore for running a gambling-den for his coolies, his parting words to his manager had been:

"So long, governor, I'm going back to Hongkong. And if I meet you there I hope it will be in my official capacity."

"I could afford to treat him polite," Bucker would add with a wink. "The proceeds from that little gambling shop kept me afloat for the next six months."

WHEN Bucker eventually drifted to Borneo, he found himself, as it were, among friends. Like Bucker, most of us older hands had knocked about a bit, and some of us had struck him in his previous existences. But he was never perturbed at being confronted with his past.

"You might have had me for pinching that horse, Jim," he would say to Glyde, one time sergeant of the Cape Mounted Rifles. "But you just missed it. A bit too quick for you, I was. Parted with the brute just in time."

Parting with things in time was Bucker's strong suit. And no deal was too small for him. He'd sell you anything, from a case of beer to a dinner service. The bottles at the bottom of the case weren't always full, and the plates at the bottom of the pile Bucker displayed for your inspection might come in two the first time your boy handled them. But if you protested Bucker would simply slap his thigh and guffaw with delight, stand you a drink and offer to let you get your own back at poker. When you declined, he would hurry off to the Club to tell his cronies what a smart deal he'd done. It was no good grousing. The best thing was to laugh and cut your loss.



The morning Hamish Brown arrived in the boat from Singapore, Bucker was down on the wharf to meet him, very spick and span in his khaki uniform, sword and a row of ribbons that may or may not have been presented to him by the various grateful governments he was alleged to have served.

BUCKER'S eventful past hadn't prevented him falling into a good job in Borneo. He had an assortment of testimonials (mostly drawn up by himself, I imagine) and from them he made a judicious selection when the time came to apply for something he fancied might suit him for a while.

That, I dare say, is how he fell into the job of Chief Police Officer, Malang. It was going begging through the previous incum-

bent having been cut up by a gang of rioting Chinese coolies and it wasn't an easy one to fill. A police officer in an Eastern seaport doesn't need kid gloves. It's no job for a young gentleman just out from home. You want some tough who is up to all the dirty tricks of smugglers; someone who can hobnob in a Chinese coffee shop with thieves and other bad hats and get to know what's going on.

Bucker was tough enough, and he could do the hobnobbing all right. The Governor had been shrewd enough to see that. In fact, for all I know it may have been Bucker's murky career that got him the job, rather than those carefully selected testimonials which set forth in enthusiastic terms what a reliable chap Bucker was, and how peculiarly fitted for civil police duties.

So far as results went, H.E. had no cause to complain. Bucker did his work. There was no doubt about that. He cleaned up Malang in about a fortnight and every Chinese trader went in terror of him. I don't say that Bucker would have actually framed a charge against an innocent man for smuggling or keeping an unlicensed opium shop; but he let all the towkehs think he would, which, I have no doubt, was how he managed to keep such a good table—and such a good cellar—as he did.

What with these cumshaws (as the Chinese call that kind of present), what he made by his wits, a good salary, and a bungalow provided by the Government, Bucker must have been doing pretty well. His trouble was that he always wanted to do a bit better. That was why, when he heard that there was a new engineer coming out to the Railway Department, Bucker thought it would be a sound idea to take in a paying guest.

So the morning Hamish Brown arrived in the boat from Singapore, Bucker was down on the wharf to meet him, very spick and span in his khaki uniform, sword, and a row of ribbons that may or may not have been presented by the grateful governments he was alleged to have served.

IT was the regular thing to go down and meet the boat for a yarn and a gin sling with anyone who happened to be passing through, and I went aboard with Bucker.

The first person we saw on deck was Hamish Brown. He didn't take much spotting. He looked what he was, but uncouth, even for a Glasgow engineer: a queer, shambling chap, with a head of untidy hair, a prominent Adam's apple, and enormous hands that protruded from the sleeves of his crumpled white tunic like lumps of uncooked steak.

Bucker introduced himself at once. He could be agreeable enough when he chose, and what with the sword and the ribbons and his ingratiating smile you can't wonder that Hamish warmed towards him. Poor devil, it was probably the first time anyone had bothered to take an interest in him since he had left home. To Bucker it was as easy as shooting turkeys with a shotgun, for I soon saw that Hamish was about the callowest thing that had ever come to Borneo. It didn't need him to tell us that it was the first time he'd ever been away from Glasgow. He was

so raw that a fresh potato would have seemed half-baked beside him.

"Tell you what," said Bucker, after a few minutes skirmishing. "What about coming up to my place to muck in with me? I've got plenty of room and I like company."

"But wud I no be a bother to ye?" demurred Hamish in the sing-song accent of his native town.

"Not a bit," Bucker assured him, giving me a wink. "That'll be quite all right. I'll be able to show you round. There are a lot of stiffies about Malang you want to steer clear of. Cheaper for you, too, it'll be."

If Hamish had been an Englishman he would have been too polite to ask what his board was going to be. But though he was raw, he was still a Scot, and after thanking Bucker he asked:

"Whut'll that be costing me?"

"Costing you?" echoed Bucker, as though this sordid detail had occurred to him for the first time. "Well . . . well now, let's say five dollars a day, all in. All you'll have to pay for will be your own boy—I'll soon find you one—and I'll provide everything else."

"Fud on'y, ye mean?" persisted Hamish, determined to get the thing straight.

"No, no. Everything," answered Bucker. "Food and drink. Vinn compree, as we used to say in the French Guards." He chuckled, and gave Hamish a playful pat on the shoulder.

"I'm no' one to imbibe," declared Hamish.

"You'll enjoy it all the more when you do," Bucker promised him. "A little of what you fancy does you good out here."

Hamish let this pass.

"And whut'll I be giving the boy?" he demanded.

"Oh, about ten dollars a month, and he'll find his own food," replied Bucker.

I could almost see Hamish making a hurried mental calculation: the same calculation, I guessed, that Bucker had made before coming aboard. Hamish's salary, I knew, would be two hundred dollars a month. Thirty days in the month at five dollars a day meant one hundred and fifty a month. Then there would be ten dollars for the boy. That would leave him forty dollars over. Or thirty-five when there were thirty-one days in the month. And fifty in February.

"That'll leave you with the best part of fifty dollars to chuck about," said Bucker easily, as though in answer to his thoughts.

"Chuck about?" replied Hamish seriously. "I'm thinking I'll bank it."

"That's just as you feel," said Bucker, a bit restively. "But you'll be living well."



"I'll teach you lousy Chinks to drink my brandy!" he bellowed . . . seizing them by the collars of their tunics as you might take up a pair of puppies by the scruffs of their necks . . .

within your income. That's the main thing. Well, then, that's settled. Five dollars a day, vinn compree." He seemed to like the sound of his French. "Vinn compree," he repeated as he piloted Hamish to his cabin to collect his gear.

I watched them go. I felt that some one ought to break it to Hamish that he was being done. It was a bit stiff, if the chap was really a T.T. For, of course, he could have lived anywhere else in Malang for rather less than half what Bucker was going to take off him. But I didn't see why I should be the one to butt in. I didn't particularly want to get up against Bucker. And after all, one had to learn one's lesson. We'd all done that in our time. I was sorry for the blighter, but there it was.

TO give Bucker his due, he fed Hamish pretty well. As Bucker said, he liked things good. I often went in and had a meal with him, and I knew this to be true enough. I don't suppose Hamish, used as he was to plain fare under the paternal roof, had ever

"I've never had a liking for it," he insisted. "I'm thinking it's not having been used to it. Me feyther is an elder, an' awfu' strict."

Bucker shrugged his shoulders and let it go at that.

HAMISH had arrived just before Chinese New Year, at which season the Chinese merchants and shopkeepers are in the habit of sending their customers presents; a ham, a box of cigars, a bottle or two of whisky, and so on. Bucker wasn't much of a customer, but being the most necessary man in Malang to keep in with, he got cumshaws from the towkehs one and all; hams by the dozen, whisky by the case. His godown must have been crammed. What warmed his heart more than anything else was a cumshaw of three bottles of 1815 Napoleon brandy from

"Nay, nay," said Hamish hastily. "I'm just no' very partial to it."

"Well, don't waste it," admonished Bucker.

I was the only one who noticed Hamish bide his time, and, when he thought no one was looking, pour it under the table. A messy trick, I thought, and almost sacreligious, when you come to think of it. But I didn't say anything. Uncouth as he was, I'd rather taken to the chap, and I had an idea that he was pretty homesick. I didn't particularly envy him living with Bucker, either.

BUT the first time I really veered to Hamish's side was when, a few days later, Bucker came into the Club and joined us at the bar just as we were having a final round before clearing off for dinner.

He was grinning like a Chinese dragon rampant, and we knew he'd got some piece of news he was dying to impart.

"Hullo, Bucker," said Glyde. "Who've you been diddling this time, eh?"

"No one," replied Bucker, unoffended at this pleasantry. "Anyhow, not in the way you mean. But the Governor's got an unexpected guest to-night."

His tone implied that some piece of devilment was afoot, and we asked him to cough it up.

"Well, this round is on me," he insisted. "Boy!"

When we had got what we wanted, he disclosed what he called his bit of fun. There was a dinner-party at Government House that night. Bucker hadn't been invited. Nor had Hamish.

"But I didn't see why one of us shouldn't go," said Bucker.

"And being," as you

fellers know, a generous sort of bloke, I decided it should be our Hamish. I felt it was time he saw a bit of high life. So when he got back from the sheds I told him the Private Secretary had rung up to say that H.E. would be glad of Mr. Brown's company to dinner. He was all of a doo-dah. "Me dine at Government House?" he said. "I canna do that. I'd much reither not!"

Bucker had got Hamish's accent rather well. He'd been listening to it for a good many days on end.

"I told him he couldn't refuse an invitation to Government House," Bucker went on. "It's as much as your job's worth," I said. "It's a command. Of course, you'll have to go." The long and short of it was that he dug what he called his party clothes out of a box. I had to lend him a dress tie and tie it for him myself. I couldn't see him going off to Government House in the made up thing he'd brought with him. Then I set him on the road, his boy carrying the hurricane lamp.

Bucker banged the bar with his fist,



—we heard the voice of Hamish saying.—"Bide a wee, Bucker, bide a wee, I ken find where it's gone."

lived so well in his life. Bucker wasn't stingy about his liquor, either. Hamish could have had what he wanted.

In fact, one evening when I was there Bucker actually pressed him to have a whisky and soda. I knew very well it wasn't done for my benefit—Bucker didn't bother about my good opinion, or anyone else's for that matter. And I don't imagine that it was because he had any qualms about taking Hamish's five dollars a day. But he was a sociable chap, and it didn't seem natural to him to see a man perpetually drinking water or lime-squash.

"Everyone drinks in this country," he said. "Come on. If you won't have a whisky, have a beer."

But Hamish declined.

old Lin Sui, the keeper of the Gambling Farm. Where on earth Lin Sui had raised them from I don't know. But he was rich and he wasn't taking any chances with Bucker.

Bucker came and bragged to me about this marvellous brandy and asked me up to sample the stuff. He was hospitable enough—on other people's bounty. He was always good company, too, and we had a cheery evening. Not a riotous one, for Bucker, though he liked his liquor, never overstepped the mark (he knew the danger of giving way too much in his cups, I suppose) and though he was a good host he was too careful to encourage his guests to get tight at his expense.

But, of course, we sampled the brandy and Hamish was persuaded to try a spot. He took a sip, made a face, and set the glass down again.

"What's up?" demanded Bucker.

"Nothing wrong with it, is there?"

clutching one leg round the other in an ecstasy of glee.

"The shame of it is," he gasped, "is that we can't see the arrival. What wouldn't I give to be a mosquito on Government House wall at this moment."

They all joined in and seemed to find it darned amusing. So it was, in a way. For a moment I couldn't help being tickled at the thought of that large-boned, shambling, tousled-headed creature butting awkwardly in to the stiff and solemn gathering at Government House. I could see him, overawed and stuttering out "Your Excellency," his red hands plucking at his cuffs to bring them down, fingering the tie Bucker had fixed for him, his collar, as like as not, on the wilt after the stiff climb up the Government House hill.

I FELT that, like Bucker, I would have given a good deal to watch the consternation his unexpected arrival caused. But I couldn't help thinking of Hamish's side of it too. I knew that even if he had been invited good and proper, his moral courage would have been hard tried, for, as he would have put it, "he wasna used to grand gatherings." But what would his feelings be, I wondered, when, having gone through with the ordeal, he found that it was all a ghastly mistake . . . that he wasn't expected . . . that he'd been made a colossal fool of?

There seemed no chance of his having found out in time. As Bucker explained, he hadn't let Hamish go till the last possible moment, in case he should arrive early and be hurried away by Perkins, the Private Secretary. When Bucker planned a coup, he planned it carefully. His idea had been for Hamish to reach Government House just before the party went in to dinner. But supposing he had turned up after they had all sat down? I pictured him being ushered into the dining-room, standing in the doorway, tongue-tied by the astonishment that would greet him.

"I like a rag as much as anyone, and I've done my share of breaking youngsters in. But the thought of Hamish's utter abasement when he found out was too much for me. As I've said, I couldn't help liking the chap, he was so simple-minded, so unpretentious, with a sort of inarticulate shyness that must have been a torture to him at times. I'm not soft, but I confess that I felt sorry for him. More than just sorry—compassionate, almost. Suddenly Bucker and all his fulsome stunts made me feel mad. I put down, untasted, the gin pahit he had ordered me.

"You can laugh, you people," I said. "But personally I think it's a rotten trick to play on a chap."

That sobered them a bit. They dried up like a bunch of yowling cats you've flung a brick at.

"Well, perhaps it was a bit thick, Bucker," suggested Glyde.

"Only a bit of fun," protested Bucker, blustering.

"You'll be for it all right when H. E. finds out you sent him," I said.

"Don't you worry," Bucker reassured me. "Our Hamish won't give his stable mate away. And even if he does, a little explanation will make that quite O.K. I've explained away harder things than that in my time."

Which, we admitted as we broke up, was true enough.

AS a matter of fact, things turned out better than I'd expected. Hamish arrived at Government House and was ushered

in, all hot and bothered, just before dinner was announced. If the Governor hadn't been a gentleman Hamish might have spent the kind of evening I had feared he would. As it was, H. E. took in the situation at a glance. I suppose you'd only got to look at Hamish just then to see that he wasn't there because he liked it. It must have been obvious that he was out to pull no one's leg that night. H. E. realized that either there had been some mistake about the invitations, or someone was trying to be funny. And since poor stuttering Hamish wasn't the funny man, H. E. greeted him cordially, passed him on to the Resident's wife, and spoke a few privy words to Perkins.

The result was that when dinner was announced, Hamish found a place with a card inscribed "Mr. Hamish Brown" between the Chief Justice and the Resident, had a good dinner, was singled out by H. E. for a chat over the port, and went back to Bucker's bungalow swinging his hurricane lamp, more pleased with himself than he'd been since he'd left Glasgow.

But, of course, the matter didn't stop there. Governors are Governors, and stand upon their dignity. A few artless questions to Hamish had put Perkins in possession of all he wanted to know, and next afternoon, Bucker got merry hell, just as I'd prophesied he would. His ingenious explanations about having misunderstood a telephone message cut no ice, and he was given to understand, in a personal interview with H. E., that if he didn't confine his bits of fun outside the limits of Government House he'd go.

Bucker didn't want to go, so he took it lying down. But on the way back he found Hamish in the Club and began to vent his spleen on him in front of us all.

"Wot the 'ell d'yer want to rahnd on me for, yer rasted young sparrer?" he demanded, polish evaporating before the warmth of what, no doubt, he considered righteous anger. "Couldn't yer see I was only 'aving a game?"

"Whut are ye hawering aboot?" asked Hamish mystified.

Bucker became more explicit. As he listened, Hamish kept making queer gulping sounds in his throat. I could see his Adam's apple working up and down. It fascinated me.

"Then I wasna' asked at a'?" he said at last.

"Of course yer weren't asked," Bucker told him brutally. "'Oo d'yer think you are, to dine with the nobs? The Mayor of Glasgow on a visit to this perishing country?"

ONCE he realized the truth, Hamish suffered all the shamed humiliation that the Governor had saved him from the night before. It seemed to buffet him like a breaking wave. Without another word he rushed out of the Club, hatless, to get away. Some impulse moved me to go after him. I could see there'd be trouble unless one of us did something about him. As no one else was likely to, I took on the job myself, though I confess I wasn't keen.

I caught him up half-way down the hill. His great fists were opening and closing as he strode along. As he turned at my hail, I saw he was almost in tears.

I managed to get him to my bungalow, sat him in a long chair, calmed him a bit, and let him get the whole thing off his chest.

"Naibody 'ull ever forget it," he kept repeating. "And His Excellency sae kind to me an' a'."

I promised him it would be all right; told him that it was only a rag and that no one thought any the worse of him.

"But you'd better clear out of Bucker's place," I added. "Come and stay here for a bit if you like."

"I canna do that," he said. "I telt him I'd bide the month, and I'm a mon o' my wurrd."

"Well, clear out as soon as the month's up," I advised him. "Living with Bucker isn't economical for you, anyway."

He pricked up his ears at that.

"Hoo much aucht I to pay?" he asked. "Most cooks would do you for two dollars a day," I told him.

There was a pause.

"My, and I'm paying Bucker five!" he gasped.

"Three dollars too much," I insisted. Now that I'd started I wanted to rub it in, hoping that he'd clear.

"But that includes drinks," he murmured, half to himself.

"You don't drink," I reminded him.

"That's true," he agreed bleakly.

Once more I urged him to move. But there he was obstinate.

"I telt him I'd bide the month," he persisted. "But noo I ken what like o' mon he is I'll be even with him yet. I'm thinking I'll get ma money's worth."

Then, with a word of thanks, he drifted out into the night.

As I listened to his steps crunching on the gravel path, I made up my mind I'd have it out with Bucker myself. It wasn't my job to fight other people's battles, but I felt he was really going a bit too far.

Next morning, however, I discovered that he had found some police inquiries were urgently required up the line, and guessed he had taken himself off until the affair of the dinner party should have blown over.

BUCKER came back two days later. He was a resilient creature and if his tail had been between his legs when he went, it was wagging away on his return. He decided to celebrate his home-coming by giving a dinner party. He wanted the Club to sample Lin Sui's brandy, he said.

I went with the rest of them. I hadn't seen much of Hamish during Bucker's absence. I noticed he looked a bit tucked up and white about the gills. But apparently he bore Bucker no ill will. In spite of his washed out appearance he seemed cheerful, for him almost expansive.

I wondered what he'd got to feel so bright about. And I wondered still more when, just before we went into dinner, Glyde whispered to me:

"We're going to initiate Bucker's sucker into the Toughs' Club after dinner. We've got the *topi* ready."

I knew what that meant. Bucker was then self-appointed President of the Toughs' Club. It was a kind of rough-house society and the initiation consisted of blindfolding the victim and clapping a *topi* full of squashed banana on his head.

"Why can't you let the poor devil alone?" I whispered back.

"Oh, shut up, killjoy," said Glyde.

Before I could remonstrate further, dinner was announced and we trooped in. As usual, Bucker did us very well and when the coffee came round he called out impressively to the China boy:

"Boy, bring the brandy."

I could see he was almost bursting with importance in the anticipation of the treat he had in store for us.

But the boy hesitated. Bucker, who was used to servants jumping to his orders, called out:

"Come on, look sharp!"

The youth stood stock still. He looked as though he wanted to speak, but couldn't get it out.

"The brandy, d'you hear!" repeated Bucker, sharply. "Lekas!"

"Brandy finished, Tuan," announced the boy.

As though I were sitting there now I can hear the gasp of astonishment that ran round the table.

Bucker rose to his feet, pushing his chair behind him and clutching his table-napkin in one hand.

"Finished, you son of an insect," he shouted. "'Oo finished 'em? You and that perishing cook out there?"

The boy was standing quite close to me. He looked terrified. I remember the way he kept fidgeting with his big toes.

"No, Tuan. No, Tuan," he kept quacking. "Not me. Not Cookie!"

"Of course it was you," roared Bucker, his guests forgotten. "The two of yer. Where's that rasted cook? Fetch 'im 'ere!" Then raising his voice he bawled out, "Cookie! *Mari sini*, you son of a pig!"

Everyone looked very uncomfortable, as one does when one's host raises a song and dance in his own house. Yet one could understand it. It was a bit thick. Bucker had been talking about that blessed brandy for the last week. We'd all been invited specially to drink it. Now it had gone. One couldn't wonder Bucker got excited. Well, excited is hardly the word. I don't think I've ever seen a man quite so angry. The idea that he, the Chief Police Officer of Malang, should have his own precious liquor drunk under his nose made him almost beside himself. His face was always the colour of a glowing cigar end, but now even his ears were crimson with passion.

A patter of feet came from the back. The cook appeared, struggling into a white coat. Bucker advanced upon him.

"I'll teach you lousy Chinks to drink my brandy!" he bellowed. "I'll teach the pair of you!"

Without giving them time to say another word, he seized them by the collars of their tunics as you might take up a pair of puppies by the scruffs of their necks. He was just going to bang their heads together when we heard the voice of Hamish saying:—

"Bide a wee, Bucker. Bide a wee. I ken fine where it's gone."

Bucker turned his head, still keeping a firm grasp upon his squirming henchmen.

"Ho, you do, do you?" he exclaimed, "Well, where is it, then?"

"Yon boys hav no' drunk it," insisted Hamish. "Just you take your hands off them."

"Then why didn't you say so before?" asked Bucker, releasing the Chinese.

"Hooever cud I?" retorted Hamish. "You've been doing a' the blithering." His eyes were bright as if he were terribly excited and trying not to show it. His great red fists were clenched.

Bucker's face darkened as a sinister suspicion crossed his mind.

"'Ave you been 'aving the 'ole of Malang up 'ere to binge at my expense?" he demanded. "That won't wash, you know. I never said anything about yer blinkin' guests."

"I've no," replied Hamish. "You're recht. That wadna have been in the baigain."

In a gust of fury Bucker seized his table-napkin again and brandished it in his rage.

"Then I know what you've bin up to, you young greaser!" he stormed. "You've bin trying to get quits on the Government House dinner party. You've bin and poured the stuff away!"

"I've no," repeated Hamish tensely. "I bear ye no ill will for that, Bucker."

There was a pause. We sat silent, uncomfortable, fiddling with our glasses, wondering what was going to come next. The servants took the opportunity to slink out to the back. Bucker threw out his hands with a gesture of maddened despair.

"Then why the 'ell can't yer say what's happened?" His tone was almost imploring. "Come on, I shan't eat you."

"Well, ye see," explained Hamish. "As the five dollars a day was vinn compree I thought I hadna' had fu' value. An' as I'm no' one to get the wurst o' a bargain, I just went on till I'd finished yon bottles."

Bucker's rage seemed to be knocked out of him just as if he'd had a punch in the wind.

"But . . . but I thought you was a T.T.," he expostulated. "You must 'ave bin blind all the time I was away."

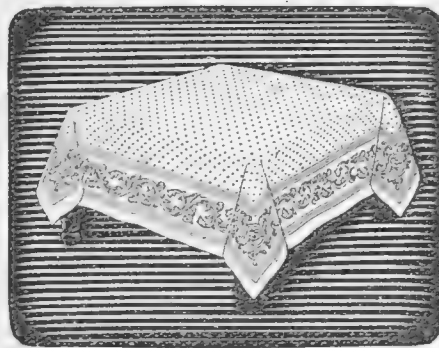
"I was no' blind," asserted Hamish with dignity. "I once heard it was a fine thing to tak' a wee drop of oil if one was feeling overcome."

"Oil!" gasped Bucker. "I wonder you wasn't as sick as a dog."

"I was sick," admitted Hamish. "I was awfu' sick. But I felt fine next morn. You're not the only one, Bucker, that likes his bit of fun."

There was a laugh at that. Hamish looked round the table defiantly, his Adam's apple working. But he needn't have worried. They weren't laughing at him, but with him. Hamish had got his money's worth. And that night the initiation into the Toughs' Club did not take place. Even Bucker was constrained to admit that he was tough enough.

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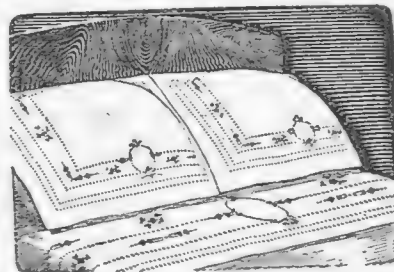
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BRITANNIA'S PULPIT

The REV. DUDLEY SYMON THE HEADMASTER OF WOODBRIDGE SCHOOL

"AN embodied perfection," says Mr. Lytton Strachey, "is distasteful to the majority of mankind." The incident responsible for this aphorism is Queen Victoria's deification of her late husband, the Prince Consort. He was perfect in her eyes, and she was determined that he should appear as nothing less in the eyes of her subjects. But the result was unhappy, for people ignored his real virtues and came to look upon him as a tedious and priggish milksop. "The white flower of a blameless life" produced not reverence and admiration, but a smile and a sarcasm.

Certainly no age likes "embodied perfection" less or is more disinclined for hero-worship than our own. Established reputations are to-day mercilessly examined, and the literary world seems full of writers whose mission in life is to insert blasting-charges under the pedestal of any complacent Victorian standing thereon. Living personages are dealt with up to the extreme edge of the law of libel, and *De mortuis nil nisi malum* seems to be a well-recognised principle of modern biography.

A recent *Life of Dickens* delights in portraying him as conceited to the point of absurdity, abominably selfish and disloyal as a husband. It is difficult to understand either the object of the author or the indignation of a section of the public. Dickens may have been as depicted, but his enormous genius and his position as the greatest English humourist are in no way affected. No sane person will read the *Pickwick Papers* with any less pleasure because he knows that Dickens may have been interested in some other woman besides his wife!

Illusions about the Great.

But the frame of mind that the book indicates is widespread. We are restless under the assumption of too much virtue—sometimes of any virtue at all! Public poses don't take us in. Youth especially is critical of our solemn pundits, our "elder statesmen" and "men of mark," and merely inquires derisively, "Are they the same at home?"

Why is this? Is this an age without great men, which, accordingly, fails to recognise greatness? Are we now all more realistic, less romantic? More desirous of the truth, less tolerant of pretences? Is it simply a reaction from the exaggerated hero-worship of the past? or are we becoming narrow-minded and petty, giggling like nasty-minded schoolboys over anything unsavoury, throwing our mud about out of sheer spitefulness?

Possibly all these elements enter into our mental and spiritual ensemble to-day. One can't help thinking that much of the "literature of the war" has had a depressing effect on the public mind. During a war—especially one like the last—it is almost a necessity that the nation as a whole should cling to romantic illusions about its generals and politicians. Usually some one general has to be a super-



form, are, in their essence, blasphemies against the Holy Spirit.

It might be imagined that something similar would have happened in the case of Christ. Mankind might have decided by now that it was repelled rather than attracted by his "perfection," by the claim made that he was without sin, and by his moral grandeur and excellence. Yet this is not the case. His personality, in our age just as in all others, can call forth love and passionate devotion, nor do the modern attempts to "lower the temperature," as it were, of his being, and to insist on his complete humanity, to the exclusion of all other factors, succeed in making him any more attractive.

The reason seems interesting. Though the "moral perfection" of Our Lord, held by the great majority of Christians, is an important theological doctrine, it is never in the forefront of our thoughts about him; nor does the Church call upon us to reverence and worship him for that reason. "We love him because he first loved us." "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin

of the world." These words contain the secret of His eternal attractiveness for men.

THE SOUL of GREATNESS

man of colossal wisdom, insight and skill, who is bound to triumph finally; politicians must be a band of brothers, all working harmoniously and collectedly towards a common end. So France must have her "papa" Joffre, and Germany her Hindenburg. No people could have endured the strain of such a war as the last without the comfort and stabilising effect of such illusions.

Unfortunately, no one in history has ever been succeeded by such a devastating flood of revelation. The generals are discovered to be no supermen, but individuals, often enough, of mediocre ability, trying to do their best under unheard-of difficulties; the politicians as no united Council of Grave Senators, but a group of very ordinary men, displaying, often enough, the worst human frailties, disfigured by jealousies, self-seeking and intrigues. It is not surprising if the reaction experienced by the public has been far-reaching.

Leadership and Loyalty.

This is a mood which, however natural and understandable for the time being, would be dangerous and unwholesome, were it to last. We must have leadership: leadership cannot exist without loyalty, and loyalty cannot exist apart from the normal idealising faculty of mankind.

It does not matter very much that we may have to conclude that some individual is not, after all, a really great man: it does matter very much if we are inoculated with the idea that greatness itself is a myth, and that those accounted great in the past were probably all frauds and humbugs. This is an unhealthy state of mind both in the individual and in the community. For cynicism, pessimism and despair, in whatever

What Constitutes Greatness.

Greatness, then, in order to be permanently attractive, must rest on a spiritual basis: the more universal it is in its appeal, the more firmly-rooted and enduring it will be. Shakespeare was a master of the English tongue and of the technique of the drama; but his greatness does not depend on this. It is rather because.

"All pains the immortal spirit must endure,

All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,

Find their sole voice in that victorious brow."

Language and the dramatic art were the tools of his greatness. Aristotle, "the master of those that know," was great not merely because of his encyclopædic grasp of all extant knowledge, but because of his insight, his power of comprehension, and the superb balance of his mind. Darwin was great, not by the mere fact that he discovered and developed the evolutionary hypothesis, but because he was the embodiment of the Spirit of the Quest, the pure soul of Science.

England, in the past, has been rich in great men. Above all, she has produced them when her life has been full and vigorous, when faith and hope were strong, when there was a unity of purpose and the thrill of great endeavour. It is these things in a nation that are the nurse of great men, and that these may return to us in ever-increasing measure should be our desire and our prayer. For

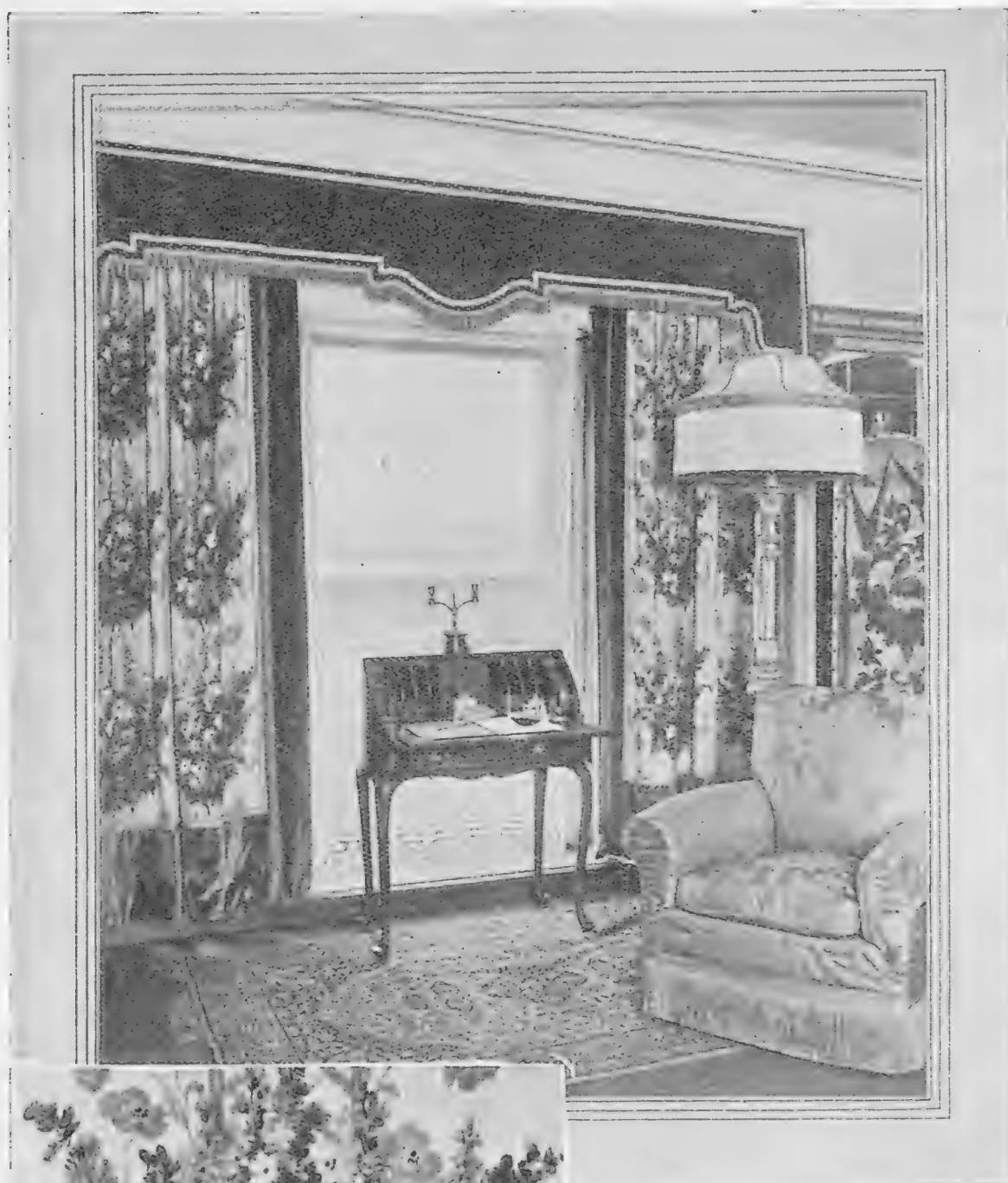
"Herein lies wisdom, beauty and increase;

Without this, folly, age, and cold decay."

OUR WOMAN'S SECTION

EVERY regular reader is invited to make full use of Britannia's Service Department. Those who wish to avail themselves of this Service should enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their inquiries. All letters should be addressed to the Julia Cairns Service Department, Britannia, Inveresk House, Strand, London, and envelopes should be marked "Furnishing," "Colour Schemes," "Beauty," "Fashion," etc., according to the nature of the inquiry enclosed.

EDITED BY Julia Cairns



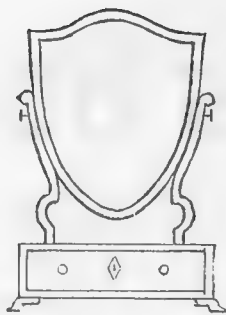
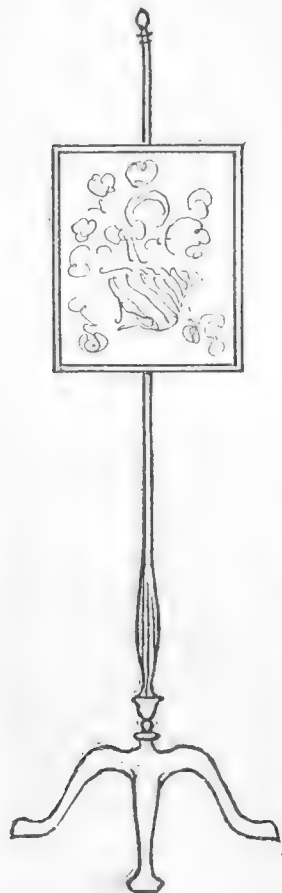
DELPHINIUMS. Maybe you have plucked them and gathered them together as they have been gathered on this cretonne, in huge flowery bunches of many-shaded blossoms. They form the centre panels of the beautiful velvet curtains which hang at the well-proportioned windows of this interior.

The deep blue-purple of the curtains and pelmet re-echo the delphinium colourings, at the same time further enhancing the richness of their tones, while each thread of the braid which edges the pelmet again emphasises the restful mauves and blues.

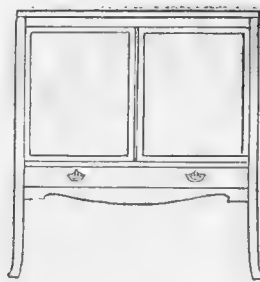
Not only does this treatment give a delightful colour touch in this particular instance, but it suggests an idea which can equally well be carried out to good effect by using, if desired, a less expensive material, such as fadeless casement cloth or a simple linen, bearing in mind, of course, that in the case of a window of smaller proportions, a cretonne with a relatively smaller motif should be chosen. But to revert to the room illustrated here, the walls and ceilings are painted in antique, whilst the mouldings of the door and fireplace (not seen here) are "picked" out in a slightly paler shade. The floor is fitted with a plain beige art felt, which not only harmonises to perfection with the colourings of the walls, but also forms an admirable background for the Persian rug, whose colouring again re-echoes the main colour thoughts of the window fabrics.

WHERE FABRICS LEND CACHET
TO FURNISHING

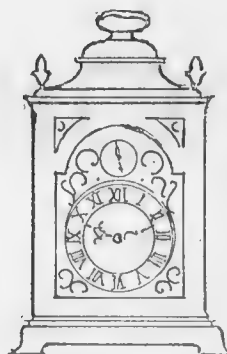
THE banner or pole-screen may be of various shapes—oval, heart-shaped or circular. They are usually fitted with costly embroideries.



A DRESSING mirror of which Shearer and Sheraton designed a great variety. Many are beautifully inlaid with satin, and other fine woods.



THIS small cabinet of country-make would make a handy collaret for wines, etc. It is distinguished by a fillet of inlaid box-wood round the panels.



A BRACKET-CLOCK of the second half of the eighteenth century. They usually have silvered faces and rococo scroll-work.

INEXPENSIVE ANTIQUES

By

H. Granville Fell

TO furnish the small house or flat with unambitious but genuine specimens of old mahogany need be neither difficult nor expensive. With discrimination and some seeking,—without which there would be no fun in collecting—we may come across desirable things within the range of the average pocket which assort very well together, give individuality and distinction to a home, are a source of pleasure, and if well chosen, bring ultimate profit.

In this article we are ruling out all elaborately carved and costly examples,—kneehole writing tables, china cabinets, book-cases, four-posters and chairs in complete sets. The last are very rare indeed and costly in the extreme. The best hunting ground for our purpose, as for most things, is London—though there is no provincial town, nor indeed any part of the country in which covetable and jolly things may not be discovered.

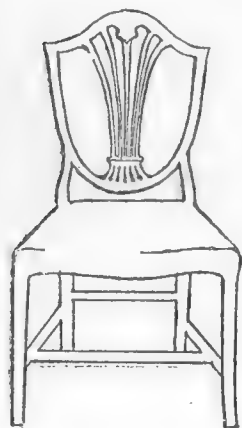
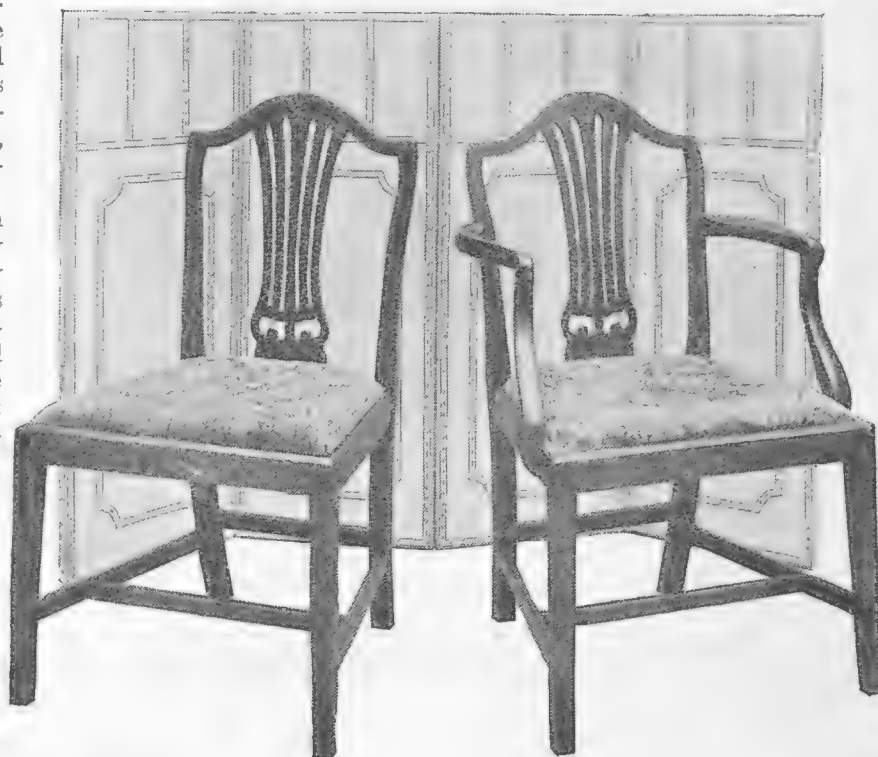
THE mahogany era, itself divisible into three periods, begins in 1720 and lasted about 100 years, so that we may say quite correctly that the furniture we are now considering is Georgian throughout. Mahogany, of course, remained in use, but towards the close of the Regency a marked decadence set in. Fine examples of Georgian furniture are unapproachable for good taste, excellence of workmanship, design and quality of material.

When first imported from Central America the new heavy wood was looked at askance by cabinet-makers until its beauties were perceived by wealthy patrons in search of something novel which lent itself to elaborate treatment in carving. The most characteristic style of the mahog-

any period is that associated with the great name of Thomas Chippendale. Though immensely prolific as a designer, not a tithe of the work attributed to his hand could ever have come to light in his workshops.

THE earliest pieces followed the characteristic manner of the Queen Anne period and were invariably solid. If you find a genuine mahogany chair with cabriole legs and an unpierced splat or fiddle back, you are lucky. This is the earliest form of mahogany chair. Later the ingenious Mr. Chippendale invented the straight leg of square section, restored the cross-bar and opened up the splat into the most surprising rail forms, knots and flowers, ladder-backs, loops and rosettes, cartouches and ribbons. The carving and cabinet-work of this period—including that of Sheraton, Heppelwhite and even the lesser lights—have never been rivalled before nor since. Every piece has an individuality impossible in these days of mass-production, and will certainly outlast by generations practically all present-day specimens.

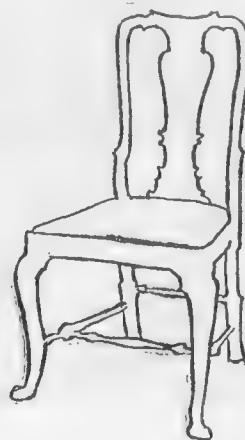
THE tests to be looked for in old mahogany are its great weight, hardness of grain, fine colour and patina, perfect joinery and good proportion. Patina is regarded by all connoisseurs as of the highest importance. It is the hall-mark of antiquity. Hot and ruddy-coloured specimens, crudely French polished, should be avoided like poison. Mahogany, in colour, should range from a deep purple-brown to the lighter and more golden tint favoured by Sheraton and the later workers. Even in cottage or farmhouse pieces this patina should be looked for. It is the result of prolonged exposure to light, weather, dusting, human usage and the slow polish of time. That rich gloss, soft to the sight and agreeable to the touch, age alone can produce. Newly polished furniture betrays itself by its hard metallic glitter, especially when confronted with the genuine article.

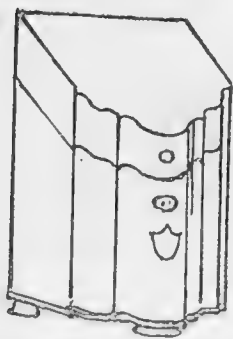


A CHAIR of the Heppelwhite type. Lyre or heart-shaped backs, often with wheat-car carving are typical.

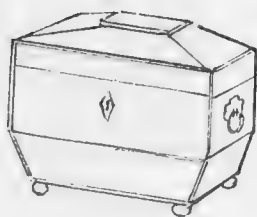
LATER, came the Heppelwhite style with straight leg of square section with cross bar and opened-up splat back.

THE earliest mahogany chair with cabriole legs and solid splat back, followed the Queen Anne walnut model.

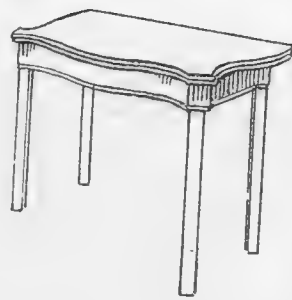




A MAHOGANY knife-box fitted with upright grooves to hold knives. They often have serpentine fronts.



A COFFER-SHAPED tea caddy of Sheraton type. Fine specimens of 'prentice work are to be met with, beautifully made with brass mountings and stripped in edges. They appear in inlaid satinwood.



A FOLD-OVER card-table with flutings on the frieze is a very useful piece. They make very handy little side tables.

A TORCHÈRE or candlestick stand is useful for a variety of purposes. They stand about 3 feet high and carry a vase of flowers.



for the PRACTICAL COLLECTOR

The Mahogany Age

IF there is any carving, test it by the touch and examine it closely. It should feel softer where exposed to friction, and sharper and less worn in the more protected parts. The crevices and interstices of the wood should show darker. The dust of generations which has cemented itself in, is responsible for this clue.

The wood of old mahogany furniture is of close grain and perfectly seasoned. The old cabinet-makers never touched a piece of timber until from eight to ten years after being felled. Long immersion in its native waters also helped.

Look carefully into the grain. Wood is always "alive" until it is rotten. That is to say it is constantly changing, however imperceptibly. The grain of mahogany is vascular, or veined, and in old wood you will note—use a magnifying glass if necessary—that there has been a "tightening-up" or shrinkage of the softer parts in the long section between the tougher splinters of the grain.



THE carved mahogany fret table above is a typical example of Chippendale work.

NEVER be induced to buy in a dark or ill-lit shop. Have your prospective purchase brought out into the sunlight if possible. Compare old and new wood and note the different appearance of open-grained fresh-sawn mahogany and the close-shrunk grain of the old. Sometimes when a piece has been spoiled by a treacherous French polish and its surface ruined it may be possible to restore the original colour by having the varnish removed with a hot soda bath and placing it in an ammonia fume-cabinet. It should then be rubbed over with boiled linseed oil and carefully polished with a mixture of beeswax and turpentine. As a furniture polish nothing better than this has been invented.

Unless you can trust your own knowledge, buy of a responsible and established dealer; one who has a reputation to keep—or lose, and always ask for a written description on the invoice. Knowledge, of course, is the only perfect guide and the *caveat emptor* principle applies just as much here as to other commercial transactions. Put in a regular attendance at the best-known auction rooms where you may handle specimens and gain a knowledge of current prices. The Victoria and Albert Museum is now happily much improved in respect of good specimens. Profitable visits may be made to the Geffrye museum in the Kingsland Road, where there is an interesting collection representing the development of furniture design.

SMALL pieces of exceptional workmanship, though very desirable, are comparatively more costly than large specimens because more rare. Georgian rooms were larger than ours, but there are plenty of small things of good quality and reasonable price to be found, suitable for the flat dweller. A flap-table commends itself where space is a consideration,

though not comfortable to sit at when the flaps are down. A few well-matched chairs with "drop-in" seats, though of different designs (sets being all but unprocurable) should be picked up without difficulty. A genuine sideboard would be more expensive, and could wait. One of those charming little semi-circular topped side tables might do duty instead. Upon this an upright coffer or urn-shaped knife-box might rest. Card-tables with fold-over tops are fairly plentiful at present and so are tall wooden candlestick stands—very useful for many purposes. A corner cupboard for displaying or storing china will be a little more expensive, unless of the very simplest order. A pole-screen for the fire-place will give a distinctive accent in Georgian period furnishing. Next, a chest of drawers,—bow-fronted for my taste—but take the drawers out and examine them well. They should fit snugly, ride easily and the dovetailing should be impeccable.

Wash-stands were small and the opening for the basin restricted according to modern ideas, but there is no harm in having the rim of the basin well above the surface of the wood. A three-tier dumb waiter need not be expensive, and almost anywhere you can pick up a delightful old tea-caddy or work-box inlaid with satin wood, of Heppelwhite or Sheraton type with ivory keyplate and ormolu handles. Dressing-

table mirrors, heart-shaped or oval, mounted above a plinth of small drawers, often with turned ivory handles or drop-handles of ormolu are also frequently met with.

A good rule is "never buy a restored piece." If a specimen requires renovation, buy it untouched and have it restored under your own supervision. You will at least know how much of an old piece you have got and you will be able to note all the points of divergence between the old and the new. Look not only underneath the bodies of tables, chairs, etc., but underneath the feet. They should show the long grain of the wood well smoothed down from constant friction with the floor.

One of the best living judges tells me that chairs should always be tested by sitting upon them. If a chair is rigid and unyielding and does not "give" under pressure, it is of modern construction. Another point is that all eighteenth century chairs with splat backs have their splats inset in a "shoe" or separate piece of wood resting upon the seat rail. Always look for this. If the splat joins directly upon the seat rail the chair is a fake.

REMINDERS ABOUT REMAINDERS

Remnant Week need be no bad week for the 'Cute "Cooker"'

By W. Teignmouth Shore

REMEMBER the remainders and treat them kindly, for their sake and your own! They will welcome such treatment and reward you and yours with many welcome dishes. "Hang it!", says many a housewife as she glares at the cold mutton or left-over cold boiled fish. "I'll be good to it," ought to be her thought.

Cold remainders should not be really re-cooked, but re-heated. It is when you do the former that they become tough and lose their nourishing quality. Bearing this point in mind, left-overs afford the enterprising "cooker" splendid opportunities for showing both her skill and her ingenuity.

That Cold Fish!

IN its original dish cold boiled fish is not pretty to look on. Don't look at it, "go" for it, fully assured that its last state may be made even better than its first. Here is a somewhat elaborate way of converting it to beauty, which you can modify or adapt to suit your time and your taste. Pick the meat off the bones, eliminating every scrap of skin, and break it into smallish pieces. Brown two tablespoonfuls of butter in a pan, adding a tablespoonful of finely chopped onion, a Spaniard or otherwise. Put in the fish, stirring gently for five minutes. Then pour in this previously made mixture; three well-beaten eggs, or, better still, four, with a dessertspoonful of cut capers, dashes of pepper and salt, a tablespoonful of very finely chopped parsley, a dessertspoonful of strained lemon-juice and two tablespoonfuls of meat essence. Stir the whole gently over a gentle fire until the eggs are, so-to-speak, scrambled. You can un-elaborate this dish by simply scrambling some eggs, mixing in the fish and touching it up with tomato ketchup. Or, by putting the fish into a shallow fireproof dish, covering it with a savoury custard, that is one flavoured with anchovy sauce, or fish paste or what-not, and quietly baking it. Thus and in many other ways that should suggest themselves can you be happily "fishified."

That Cold Meat

YOU can be happily "meatified" also, even with the unjustly-vilified cold mutton. Cold meat cut into slices, with every bit of skin, gristle and fat removed except, of course, such seemingly fat as you wish to eat, and put upon a pretty dish, with quartered tomatoes or hard-boiled eggs as decoration, or with both; and with a sprinkling of chopped anchovy fillets and capers, make a quite jolly dish. Also, diced cold lean meat is a fine addition to a vegetable salad. You can, if you like, add slices of cold ham or boiled bacon. There are lots of other "alsos." But if you wish to do a "hot-up," bear this general rule in mind, always cut away any brown-black, hard, edgy pieces; they are horrid! Remember too, as far as possible do not re-cook, but only re-heat, using when possible a "hot bath," or a make-shift for the same, which is to stand your cooking vessel in a pan or tin of very hot water which must be kept at

the boil. Also, when you make a mince or a hash of it, let the meat soak for some time, say half an hour, in the sauce in which you are going to re-heat it. Hashes must not be watery, but savoury. Your sauce, or liquor, can be made in many ways, of course; here is one which will serve as a good "hinter": a little minced, fried onion, a little butter or dripping, some "made" meat essence or strong stock, a few white peppercorns with, as additions or alternatives, chopped celery, minced carrot, grated lemon-peel, lemon-juice, mushroom ketchup—my dear cooker-friends, the only difficulty is to make the

this theme. As—keeping the mince dryish, covering it with butter or topping it with poached eggs, with a few drops of tomato ketchup in both cases. Or you may put on a thick lid of baked breadcrumbs, a few shavings of butter, and then a sprinkling of chopped parsley or grated cheese.

Cold Meat Pudding

LET'S take another line altogether. What say you, my merry cooker, to a Cold Mutton Pudding? It is good. Mince very finely a pound of cold lean mutton, no skin, no fat, no gristle, and half that quantity of lean ham or bacon, no fat, no gristle. Then mix as follows: just moisten with milk three tablespoonfuls of soft breadcrumbs and mingle thoroughly with four well-beaten eggs; then a pinch or two of salt, a dessertspoonful of chopped capers, half-a-dozen sardines, boned and mashed and a dessertspoonful of mustard made with lemon-juice in place of water. Work in the meat until it and all the ingredients have become very familiar. Boil or steam the pudding in a buttered bowl. It should not take much longer than half-an-hour to boil. If you would like to eat a sauce with it, why not onion? Other meats can be similarly puddinged, but with veal there should be the same amount of the ham or bacon. Or the mixture can be baked, covered in breadcrumbs and a few shavings of butter. Also, it can be made into balls, or "bolsters," or squares, and then egged-breadcrumbed and fried.

Those Cold Vegetables

VEGETABLES as well as meats and fishes sometimes get "left." Good. Roots can be diced, separately or mingled, and warmed up with a little butter, finely chopped parsley, possibly a few capers and maybe a slight touch of Worcestershire sauce. Indeed, it is no bad policy sometimes to cook a few more roots that are needed so as to be sure of a remainder. Such things as Jerusalem artichokes can be treated thus: mash some left-overs with just enough milk to fill a pie-dish, cover it with the broken-up remains of some cold boiled white fish or chicken, topping up with a lid of baked breadcrumbs, shavings of butter and minced parsley. Chopped cold greenery can be used in the same manner.

OR here's another way: mash the same amount of cold potatoes and of any greenery, adding a tablespoonful each of finely chopped onion and of parsley, and a teaspoonful of mixed herbs. Then mix in a breakfastcupful of soft breadcrumbs and the same amount of strong stock or of made meat essence. Put the mixture in a buttered pie-dish or any shallow fireproof, and bake sharply for a quarter-of-an-hour. Of course, the above quantities can be varied.

So on and on we might go, if space permitted, with delightful ways of showing our appreciation of Remainders.

A MID-DAY MENU

Fish Custard.

*Cold Meat Pudding.
Baked Vegetables.*

*Rice Croquettes with
Blackcurrant Jam.*

*None of these Left-over Dishes
need be left over!*

choice! The liquor should be made hot, tasted till it fits your taste, strained, thickened slightly, and then the meat should be first soaked and then heated in it, and you are, of course, doing it in a fireproof vessel that can be put on the table! If you want to be awfully jolly, what about a few drops of Marsala or Sherry? Or red-currant jelly? Or the beaten yolk of an egg? Or Worcestershire sauce? Or some finely-minced cold lean of ham or bacon? A mince can be contrived on much the same lines. Plenty of variations can be played on

NEXT WEEK'S BRITANNIA

WILL INCLUDE

JANUARY SALES NEWS

IN

FASHIONS & FURNISHING

GOING BACK TO SCHOOL

SPRING TERM OUTFITS FOR
THE YOUNGER GENERATION

AND

Why Educate Girls like Boys?

A SPECIAL ARTICLE BY FLORENCE LOW.

LET'S PRETEND it's SPRINGTIME



IN drear Mid-Winter, when trees are bare and lifeless, a hint of Spring with her fresh green foliage and shy blossoms comes to welcome you in a basket filled with flowers in their natural colours, to remind you that the earth will bloom again. They are so lifelike that it is difficult to realise they are of wax. Price 25/-

THESE red and yellow tulips are so happy living in their snug bowl-like home. They really want to keep you company with their whisper of Spring, until the real flowers dare to venture above the ground in the coming year. Price 18/6

CREAMY-YELLOW water-lilies are here seen clustering together, like the real lilies do in a cool, shady pool. And the bird on his perch above, in a setting of coral pink tulips and palm, appears to be almost singing his full-throated Spring song of budding blossoms, and young green trees. Price £2 2 0





NAVY-BLUE wool Romaine is used for the morning frock above, trimmed with open-work stitching and a velvet lace jabot and cuffs.

IN France, Christmas used to be known as the Feast of New Clothes, from an old custom of presenting new cloaks to the Court on Christmas Day. And modern woman, too, holds her Feast of New Clothes round about Christmas time, for it is then that Paris launches a particularly grand array of models on an expectant world—the new fashions for the New Year.

From the point of view of the feminine contingent there could not be a more suitable moment, for January is mid-channel, so far as winter is concerned, with the worst part of the crossing to come. Wet weather, foggy weather . . . and a round of gaiety have taken toll of the clothes that were ordered in the early autumn. There are many cold days to look forward to . . . and the spring.

ARE we returning to clothes that are more complicated? I think so.

"So simple, Madame, see, no trimming at all," says Madame La Couturière, but this simplicity is more apparent than real. Those inserted panels, those stitched effects, that follow a geometrical pattern, the circular skirts that look, oh, so simple and are so terribly difficult to cut . . . they all require

expert treatment and the home dress-maker may well sigh for the "Little frocks that are things of the past."

AVERY short while ago it was only evening gowns that dared to dip in all sorts of unexpected places; now afternoon frocks are just as irregular of habit or are gracefully draped. Even the new sports dresses, though not exactly uneven as to hem line, have the effect of being so, with skirts

NEW FROCKS FOR THE NEW YEAR



A BLACK and white scheme has never been seen to better advantage than in the dinner frock on the left, made of black Chantilly lace over white georgette and bordered with white fur.

NO woman can afford to be without a Fantaisie velvet frock this winter, in which colourings grow lovelier and lovelier. The one below is carried out in a delicious medley of rose and black.



Models by Schoolbred, Leila Read and Thea.

that flare at the back and are straight in front.

Necklines are unexpected and irregular, and scarf treatments are making themselves felt everywhere . . . on suits and overcoats, as well as on dresses.

There are touches of lingerie on the neck and sleeves of otherwise plain frocks. . . . "Girlish" dresses, shall we call these? in opposition to the "boyish" style that has prevailed for some considerable time.

AMONG evening gowns three distinct styles stand out . . . the picture frock, so called, of which the skirts are growing longer and longer, generally carried out in taffetas or net or in a combination of the two. . . . the narrow, sheath-like frock, on which fullness, posed in the form of floating panels and other types of drapery, so that slim lines and grace go, so to speak, hand in hand . . . and the frock that, all aglitter with paillettes, embroidery, etc., moulds itself to the figure and has an irregular scalloped hem line.



With skirts dipping at the back (and very many do), the décolletage follows this line, and is tending to become very low indeed, and perhaps because of this, shoulder straps have lost favour, so that many of the new models have their shoulder pieces in one with the corsage.

PARIS is looking forward to the Spring, and suggests black satin in place of black velvet for the afternoon ensemble. The graceful affair below, has both frock and coat trimmed with fur of the fashionable colour brown.



THE newest dance frocks show closely embroidered effects and skirts arranged in the form of petals.

ALL the world is playing bridge in Georgette evening gowns completed by bead embroidered coatees.

SOMETHING new in three-pieces is shown on the left, taking the form of an all-pleated frock of wool-marocain and a matching coat of fancy woollen fabric.

And no wardrobe is complete at the moment without one of the dinner, as opposed to dance frocks for informal wear, at home and at restaurants. These are always long of sleeve and generally have a touch of fur.

THE feeling for being *en suite* shows no sign of diminishing. It tends, indeed, to increase. Handbags match shoes, both for day and evening wear; sometimes hats match bags and scarves; or are trimmed with the same fur that carries out the tie or collar. Vanity case, cigarette case, matchbox, or lighter, jewelled and enamelled are often of one family. Even sports stockings are matched to tweed and knitted suits in design as well as colouring.

MARJORY CHARLTON.



All Alone

Rupert was the most tractable child
in the world, but he was a
little rebel at heart

READ WHAT MARY CHADWICK
HAS TO SAY ABOUT THE SUPER-
SENSITIVENESS OF THE ONLY CHILD

*"ME and my 'bus are
such awful pals.
She goes to bed quite close
to me, and is always there
first thing when I wake
up in the morning."*

THERE was not a sound in the room where I had heard Rupert was playing. "One good thing about that boy," his mother always says, "is that he can play quite happily by himself for hours, and he never minds going to bed. He has always slept in our room ever since he was tiny, and I've never known him afraid. He's the most tractable child in the world."

I had rather wondered how it had happened that the child was always so content to be by himself, and thought it would be rather interesting to find out. The next thing to do, after listening at the door, was to tap quite softly upon it. Still no sound but a little shuffle, that I should not have heard at all had I not been so intent on noticing what I could. I then turned the handle and went in. Rupert was standing against the window, his finger on his cheek, a favourite attitude of his when he did not know what to do next. He looked surprised and I thought, not best pleased at my intrusion. "May I come in and look at your toys, Rupert? Mummy tells me you have a new omnibus."

THE little boy advanced and shook my hand politely as he had been taught to do; but he was not conversational, and he made me feel distinctly unwelcome. I made up my mind to go straight for the subject that I wanted to find out about.

"Aren't you ever lonely, playing by yourself like this, old boy?"

"Never! It's jolly being all alone," he said, standing first on one foot and then on the other. "Me and my 'bus are such awful pals. She

goes to bed quite close to me, and is always there first thing when I wake up in the morning. And do you know, some nights we go out together? I get quite, quite small and creep right inside. Then off we go round the world and back again to see all sorts of wonderful things before it's time to wake up."

Rupert was getting more friendly, I was pleased to hear.

"Don't you think you are dreaming then, Rupert?" I ventured.

"Do you ever take a passenger? You might take me sometime. I should love to see what the world looks like on the other side."

"No," said the little boy firmly. "Passengers is not allowed. There's no room; look." And he tried to fit a windmill on to the top of the 'bus, where it did look as though it had a most precarious perch.

"But couldn't you make me quite small too, and then I could get in with you. Please take me too; I'd promise to do everything you told me."

Rupert shook his head, and for a moment or two did not speak. He just went on trying to balance the windmill. Then he looked up, a rather puzzled expression on his face.

"You see, it would just spoil it all. Nobody must go there but me. It's all my very own country. Here it's all Mummy's and Daddy's, and I must put away tidy all the time. Nothing is really mine, but my 'bus. So when I get in there and we go away round the world to my country, it's my very own. If a grown-up comes, they might say it was their's, and where'd I be then? I like being all alone. That's what I don't like about my new school in the morning. There's so many other little boys and girls that bother. You always have to leave off what you're doing to play with them."

HERE was a problem that I hadn't expected. One was accustomed to pity the only child and to imagine that he was longing for the society of other little playmates; but this one wasn't. They worried him. I tried a step further to see what more one could get by a little mind dredging.

"BUT why don't you like playing with the others, Rupert? You can play cricket and such nice games with other children. Games that you can't play all alone or here indoors."

"I hate cricket, anyhow," burst vehemently from the little lad, his face suddenly scarlet. "It's a horrid game. They always say I drop the ball or I don't play fair. And it is so dull, always playing the same thing the way other people have made up. I want to play my own way and different every day. You can't even put up the stumps the other way round. Always three in a row; why not another way. But they say you mustn't. I always have to play their way, and they never will mine. Because I'm the littlest, I have to do what the big ones want. And they only think of such stupid things. One day they said: 'Now, Rupert, you choose.' So I said, 'Let's play the Other Side of the World game, where everything's the wrong way round and upside down.' But they only laughed, and Miss Robinson told me that things weren't the wrong way round or upside down, but people walked about the same as us on the other side of the world. I don't want it like that."

"How do your people go when you travel there; do tell me? I want to hear about it awfully."

"Well, you see, it's like this. They walk backwards or on their heads, sometimes on the sky, like flies on the ceiling. When you've got to be very polite you put out your tongue. You say No when you mean Yes, and Yes when you mean No. The children manage everything. The littlest is always the most important, and always tells the Mummies and Daddies to go and wash their hands for dinner, and when it's time to go to bed. And oh! yes, and to put their things away and don't leave anything about, you untidy little person. You mustn't use anything the right way, what it's meant for. You put your shoes on wrong feet, and use your left hand always. It's such fun. And no one says don't but me."

NOW I know why Rupert wanted to play alone, and why the company of contemporaries or grown-ups was equally tedious, because he had to do things their way. Yet this little rebel at heart gave us all the impression of being the most tractable child in the world. Only at night in his dreams he went off in his 'bus to the other side of the world, to his Kingdom of Things the Other Way Round, where he reigns supreme—because all alone.

BEAUTY—and the Party Season

By Sonia

THERE are just two things I want to do. One is to wish you a very happy New Year; and the other is to utter a word of warning—it is this: please take care of your Beauty during this party season.

Taking care of your beauty does not necessarily mean, don't eat too many mince-pies, or sweetmeats, so that a blotchy complexion results, or don't try to manage with only a few hours' sleep every night and expect to look, and feel, quite fresh next morning. Those sins I expect you to have left behind with all other childish things—in the nursery. But what I *do* mean is this: it happens to all of us this time of the year that we meet friends and relations we haven't seen for some time. However kindly disposed we may feel towards them, nevertheless we view them—as they view us—with critical eyes, such remarks as these are too often heard: "How much older so-and-so looks than when I last saw her." "She is not nearly so attractive as she used to be." So, *please* take special care of your beauty, and don't let such remarks apply to you. Just because you have, perhaps, had many late nights, do not neglect the beauty habit. Do not forget any aspect of your night and daily toilet, thinking, maybe, that "it doesn't matter for just one night." It *does* matter—and it matters a very great deal, especially Now.

HOWEVER busy you may have been during the day, try to get at least half an hour's rest before you start to dress for the evening. Lie down in a darkened room and rest. Relax, mind and body—for remember, relaxation is one of beauty's innermost secrets and one of old age's greatest foes.

TAKE two pads of cotton-wool soaked in milk and place them over the eyes. Even in so short a time as ten minutes relief will be felt—this treatment is especially important for those of us who are, shall we say, on the "other side of forty," because when we are tired small lines are apt to appear underneath the eyes thus, but we can rid ourselves of them.

A warm bath will help to prevent fatigue during the evening (not a hot one, because that would merely prove enervating), and a little eau de cologne rubbed gently into the soles of the feet will help to keep them cool and fresh.

It is rarely that a woman looks attractive when she is tired, but if she takes a few precautions there is no need for her to fear even the most piercing ray of artificial light.

If you wish to ask my advice with regard to your Beauty problems write as directed on page 1161.



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SEND

BRITANNIA
TO YOUR FRIENDS OVERSEAS.

IT is the intention of BRITANNIA to conduct a weekly Bridge Competition as a standard feature of the paper.

Problems of bidding and play of the type that constantly recur in the card-room will form the subject-matter of this contest, rather than obscure points whose infrequency renders them fit only for the consideration of the super-expert or the pages of an exhaustive treatise.

The competition will take one of two forms:

(a) A hand from the Card Editor's actual experience, which must be played over card by card; or

(b) a series of hands, on which bid or lead must be suggested.

The solutions will be published in the second issue following that in which the problems appear.

The answers to the problems must reach this office within one week of the problem's publication. They should be addressed: Bridge Competition, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.

The decision of the Card Editor is final.

PROBLEM I.

2.
8, 3.
K, J, 7, 3.
A, K, 8, 7, 6, 2.



10, 9, 6, 4.
K, J, 6.
10, 9, 6.
J, 9, 3.
8, 5.
A, Q, 10, 9, 4.
5, 4.
Q, 10, 5, 4.
A, K, Q, J, 7, 3.
7, 5, 2.
A, Q, 8, 2.

BRIGHTER BRIDGE

An effort to improve the Average Player's Game. Conducted by G. H. W. RAMSEY.

South deals, and calls Three Spades. West, North, and East all pass.

West leads the Ten of Diamonds.

How should South play the hand to the best advantage?

N.B.—The solution should be submitted in the following form. Suppose that South, for example, wished to win the first trick with the Diamond Queen.

WEST. NORTH. EAST. SOUTH.
D.10. D.3. D.5. D.Q.

The card winning the trick should be underscored.

The card immediately below an underlined card leads to the next trick.

The Requirements for the Negative Double.

More trouble occurs in the card-rooms of the world through the abuse of the

It is not the policy of BRITANNIA to organise competitions for large monetary prizes. We realize, however, that a small inducement lends zest to the solution of problems, and we therefore offer fifteen free annual subscriptions for the first five correct solutions to our Bridge, Crossword and Chess problems respectively. The Editor's decision must in all cases be final.—Ed.

Negative, or Informatory, Double than from any other cause.

Without the cards to justify it, a Double of this type must not be made.

To force one's partner to make a (probably) weak call on the strength of one's own hand, and then to lay down an Ace, a King, a hope, and a prayer, is asking for trouble—and getting it!

To deal with the subject from the beginning. Never double One No Trump unless you have a hand on which you are prepared, if necessary, to go Two No Trumps. There is a great chance, against venturesome players, that your partner will leave your double in—and he will be right.

Do not double a suit contract negatively unless you are prepared to support any one of three suits bid by your partner, even though he call on four cards headed by the Seven. You will be surprised how often such a suit has to be bid in answer to your command.

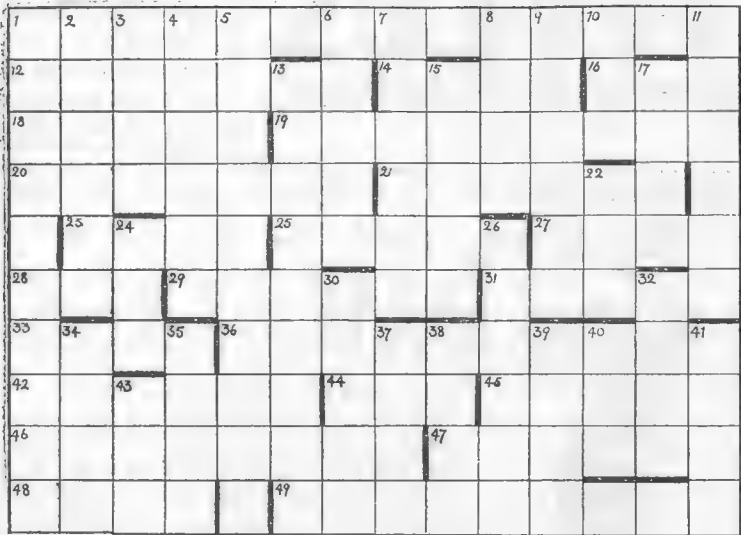
Do not double a suit call on a hand composed of two suits; bid it as a two-suiter, calling the suit of higher value first.

Do not double a suit call unless you have a minimum of four cards to support your partner's call, unless you hold Tierce Major in one suit.

Remember always that a bad pass is far less harmful than a bad double. If you have a good negative double, game will seldom be scored against you. If you make a weak double, you will go down hundreds of points on the particular hand in question and forfeit the good opinion of your partner—and your opponents who may be your partners in the next rubber.

Do not double without six tricks in hand. Specimen hands will be given next week.

BRITANNIA CROSSWORDS—No. 5.



CLUES:

Across.

- 1. Steel engraver.
- 12. Likeness of origin.
- 14. Saintly distinction.
- 16. — Graves.
- 18. Stamen-bearing plants.
- 19. Lucullus was one.
- 20. Fruitful.
- 21. Wanderers.
- 23. Depravity.
- 25. Rose-nobles.
- 27. A wheel.
- 28. Everything.
- 29. Affirmed.
- 31. Cowsheds.
- 33. Steals.
- 36. Done for show.
- 42. The mignonette family.
- 41. Fabulous bird.
- 43. Money (slang).
- 46. Fresh.
- 47. Written decrees.
- 48. Oxford examination.
- 49. Science of rain charts.

Down.

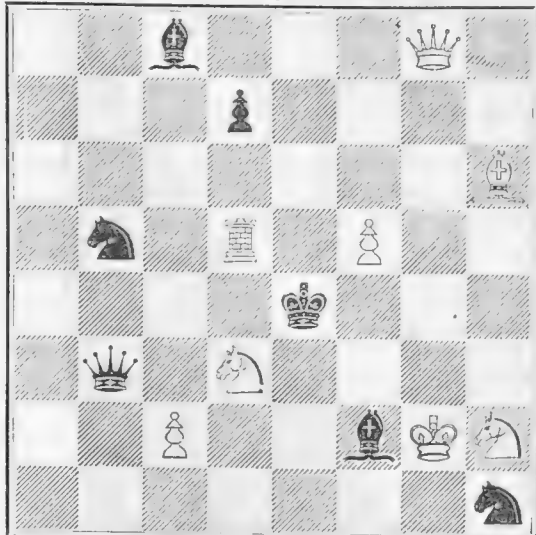
- 1. Image.
- 2. Drab colour.
- 3. Paid every Friday.
- 4. Intellectual help-meet.
- 5. Firmly.
- 6. A nomad.
- 7. One of main divisions of sharks.
- 8. A good thing.
- 9. Noting the hours.
- 10. A confection.
- 11. Light Burmese carts.
- 13. Nerve specialist.
- 15. Archaic cold.
- 17. Necessary to suture.
- 22. Kind of mouse.
- 21. A marsh.
- 26. Italian police officer.
- 30. Domestic endearment.
- 32. Obsolete eyes.
- 34. Thin muslin.
- 35. Oceans.
- 37. A dandy.
- 38. To issue.
- 39. A 6 fellow.
- 40. Fit time in Scotland.
- 41. Cosh.
- 43. The Pope.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD No. 4

- 1. Irrestrainable. 13. Roil. 14. Ur. 16. Onset. 17. Fox. 18. Randalow. 19. Nous. 20. Eve. 21. Irks. 22. Klepht. 25. Eric. 26. Tsetse. 27. Lour. 28. Ever. 29. Alright. 33. Onager. 35. Nys. 36. Caaing. 37. Lana. 38. Tost. 41. Illegal. 45. Tie. 46. Superfluous. 47. Ans.
- 1. Irritants. 2. Roars. 3. Rinkers. 4. Elastic. 5. Sulks. 6. Rowel. 7. Ann. 8. Iso. 9. Neutral. 10. Atse. 11. Lovie. 12. Excerates. 15. Role. 17. Fervent. 23. Poon. 24. Hung. 28. Egal. 30. Gair. 31. Half. 32. Till. 34. Rain. 39. S.P. (Samuel Pickwick). 40. Te. 42. Eu. 43. Go. 44. Au.

CHESS. By T. C. EVANS.

Problem No. 5. By Comins Mansfield.



White to play and mate in two moves.

Specially composed for this paper. A special contribution by Mr. Mansfield lends distinction to any Chess column.

SELECTED GAME.

Game No. 5. From a blindfold simultaneous display given by the World Champion in Paris against 8 players. Alekhine won every game.

Queen's Pawn Opening.

- White Alekhine 1 P-Q4 2 P-QB4 3 Kt-QB3 4 Kt-B3 5 P-QR4 6 P-K4 7 BxP 8 B-Q2 9 O-O 10 KtxP 11 BxPch! 12 Q-Kt3ch 13 Kt-K6 14 B-B4
- Black Lewitzky 1 P-Q4 2 P-K3 3 P-QB3 4 P-K4 5 Kt-Q2 6 B-Kt5 7 Q-R4 8 P-K4 9 PxP 10 Q-QB4 11 KxB 12 K-K7 13 Q-K4 14 Kt-B4
- White Alekhine 15 QxB 16 QxKt 17 KR-K7 18 Kt-Q51 19 Q-B3 20 Kt-B7 21 B-Kt3 (b) 22 P-R3 23 QR-Q7 (c) 24 B-Q6 25 P-K5 26 P-K6 ch 27 KtxB
- Black Lewitzky 1 Kt-K6 2 Kt-K7 3 P-Kt3 (a) 4 K-B2 5 Q-Kt5 6 Q-K2 7 Q-B3 8 Q-B4 9 BxP (d) 10 Resigns

- (a) Obviously he must not play PxKt, because of 19 PxP losing the Q.
- (b) Alekhine has a better use for his Kt than KtxR.
- (c) The Champion develops while the "Old Lady" gets hot and bothered.
- (d) Best of a bad lot.

Solutions (postcards preferred) should be addressed, Chess Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.

Problem No. 4 (Harper) Key P-B4 (threat Kt-B6).

A piquant key despite the fact that the Pawn is a "suspicious looking character." The checking var. (PxP e.p. ch) shows line vacating of WP!! with interference. B-B3 gives an interference followed by a shut-off! and Q-K5 is another fine variation.

End-Game No. 4:—8; 8; 8; 1kt6; 6R7; 8; p2K4; bk6. (White to play and draw). A novel entertainment. Solution of End-Game No. 3:—1 Kt-R2ch, K-Kt8; 2 R-KR7! QxKtch; 3 Kt-B3ch, K-B8; 4 R-Rich, K-K7; 5 R-K7 mate. Delightful strategy, and a model mate!

Solvers have questioned the legality of Ps in Prob. 2. They will find that the Black Ps must have made 5 captures, and also that 5 White pieces are missing. The "change" is therefore correct, "but only just" as the Scotchman said!

A "Ladder" Solving Tourney will commence shortly.

An inexperienced solver may secure a prize in a tourney conducted on these lines.

We hope to begin publication of our Composing Tourney problems early in the New Year. Solvers will thus be enabled to solve problems by most of the world-famous experts.

Correct solutions of Prob. 2 are acknowledged from: J. L. Beaumont (also No. 1), J. H. M. Gray, J. W. Polito. Several stumbled at near tries. If 1 BxB, Black replies Kt-K6! Not PxB?

MY ADVICE on the ALPS

"TRAVEL," said a great man—I'm not sure it was not myself—"is good for the Britisher. It knocks the corners of insularity off him." It may do, but winter sport knocks the corners off anybody, be he insulated or not.

Life is full of contrasts, and I often wonder how a fat old man who gets into his car every morning like a homing cheese-mite, sits in a revolving chair all day and eats like a horse at ever available opportunity, contrives to survive the rigours of winter sport.

Now take my friend, Lord Reginald Buffington (one of the old Buffs of Buffly Park, Buffs, recently raised to the Beerage). He creaks while he shaves. He is so made that he cannot really sit in a bath. He either kneels or just simply paddles. Yet will you believe me when I tell you that I have seen him bouncing down a precipice like a pebble without apparently experiencing the least breakage, smashage or disembodage of any kind?

A Bouncing Woman.

THEN there is my cousin, the Hon. Newmonia O'Hahaha, generally considered to be the most fragile and breakable woman that ever took a Bronx at the "Five Hundred." I have seen that woman fall on the ice time after time in a forlorn attempt to execute a forward three—a simple manoeuvre—and a four (admittedly more difficult) on her back inside edge, and bounce up on to her feet again

like they do on the cinema without so much as displacing a femur or ricking a scapula. I have seen her crash upon her face on that cold, relentless surface without it making the slightest difference, that is, as far as we could see.

There seems to be something in the Alpine air that blunts the senses, hardens the tissues, and renders the corpuscles more hardy. I have many a time stood at the winning post of some big race, like the "booster" trophy, kindly offered by the Mayor of Pootle on condition that his initials should not appear on it out of sheer modesty, and seen competitor after competitor flash through the flags grinding his teeth with a deafening roar, a devilish grin on his face, oblivious to the fact that at least three ski-sticks were protruding from various parts of his anatomy, and probably both his arms broken and a collar bone missing.

Why, only last year, Sir Cresselforth Snogg (he's either a Bart. or a profiteer) got right through dinner without noticing that in the excitement of a collision with another competitor he had swallowed one of his ski-boots.

That's what winter sport will do for you.

Beware of the Bears.

NOW to those who are going to indulge in winter sports for the first time, I should like to offer one or two hints. So many



Bouncing down the precipice like a pebble without apparently experiencing the least breakage.

broken leg on the spot than to run the risk of breaking the other getting the first one home.

The ski-runner, too, who ventures into the primaeval forests that abound in the Alps and in North Lapland, may, at any moment, find himself confronted by a bear with no sense of humour, as we understand it. These bears are tremendously savage, and will attack at once in the hope of getting at the ham sandwiches with which the hotels provide their guests. (The teeth of the Alpine bear are renowned for their strength.) For this reason a good pitchfork should be carried in the hip pocket,

or a punt pole or some such weapon to ward off the bear while one of the party goes back for a gun.

Bob-sleighters are frequently forced to spend the night out on the run owing to the breakdown of the bob, and for this reason it is always advisable to have a number of tins of condensed milk to carry on with until the breakdown gang arrives, or till the spring thaws the snow and enables the bobs to walk down and book a passage for home.

The Eagle's Sport.

ANOTHER source of trouble to the bobby is the eagle, a bird with no sense of perspective whatever. I am told that the Swiss Government are taking the thing up with the Eagle Fanciers' Association, and it is even whispered that the League may interest themselves in the matter. But a good many eaglets will yet hatch out, I fear, if it is left entirely to them. Be that as it may, there is nothing more irritating to the bobby descending at the rate of 70 miles an hour than to have a large eagle, flying above him, pecking his neck to pieces, especially if he is concentrating on braking or steering.

I remember Lady Frowster telling me of a case in which the brakesman was pecked to death en route, which, of course, made it doubly dangerous for the rest of the crew. Fortunately, the brakesman was insured with *The Daily Depress*, so it didn't matter, as his wife pointed out when she showed me the cheque for £100,000 which was sent to her without question. But the others were quite unprotected. By

Written and Illustrated
by D'Eauville

holidays are spoilt by being unprepared for the rigorous conditions of winter and the dangers attendant on winter sports.

To begin with, no ski-runner should venture out without taking a portable medicine chest with him. It is much

the way, always become a registered reader of one of these papers. Then your mind is at ease when the eagles peck you or the bears hug you.

If you are taking up skating, you will find the appliance shown in the accompanying illustration very handy.

It is better not to be too ambitious at first. Don't start with a three. Start with a one and work upwards. This will give you confidence, and you will be surprised how quickly you will be able to do a 5 or even a 19.



Confronted by a bear with no sense of humour.

The Proper Way to Toboggan.

TOBOGGANING, of course, is great fun. I've known a man knock as many as five women over at a time, and keep his seat. It is better to lie face downwards if you can. Some people, of course, cannot do this, as their figure, when in this posture, prevents their hands reaching the sides of the toboggan. I can recommend that excellent little brochure *Das Toboggangeschnitzelwurst*, by Count Strafer von Donner und Blitzen, and published by Sauerkraut, Berlin. It was the Count who won the three-legged toboggan race at Karlsbad in 1883 at the age of ninety. He had lots of wrinkles. They are all in the brochure.

Above all, don't rise too early. Let the sun rise first. Nothing is so disappointing as snow in the pitch dark. It might easily not be snow at all.

A Touch of Scotch.

Just a word to those who have passed the age when they feel a strong desire to break themselves up one way or the other during the season. In other words, to those to whom the Scotch game of curling means something. Remember that in curling—unlike other sports—the game is not the thing. You must look Scottish. Never mind what happens to the stone, concentrate upon your appearance.

You must cultivate some form of headgear which, when seen against the background of Swiss chalets, is calculated to make you look as ridiculous as possible. Utter strange sounds, such as "Och! Hoots awa, mon! A canny stone, by St. Glasgae!" Never mind what it means, it is not what it means that matters, but what it sounds like!



If you are taking up skating you will find the appliance shown very handy.

WEIGHED IN

THE year 1929 promises to loom large in the chronicles of racing when it comes to be written up, for it will witness, for the first time in the history of the British Turf, the operation of the machine book-maker in opposition, or perhaps I should say, competition with the human species.

Doubtless a big effort will be made to get some type of machine installed at Newmarket first, but few people will be surprised if the Doncaster St. Leger meeting has the honour of introducing the system to the public.

Chief of the difficulties perhaps was the attitude of the racecourse owners, who, formerly indifferent, if not actually hostile to the scheme, were now acting in concert with the Board, following the assurance that they would not be called upon to provide the money for the installation of the machines, and that even the cost of finding alternative accommodation for the bookmakers would be covered by the Board, or in other words, the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The whole business, of course, bristles with difficulties, and nothing is more difficult than the question of what percentage shall be deducted for the purposes for which the scheme was devised.

As Sir Clement Hindley has said: "The whole enterprise might be wrecked if, on the one hand, we were to fix the percentage so low that our objects could not be carried out, or, on the other hand, we fixed it so high, that the Totalisator could not give attractive odds."

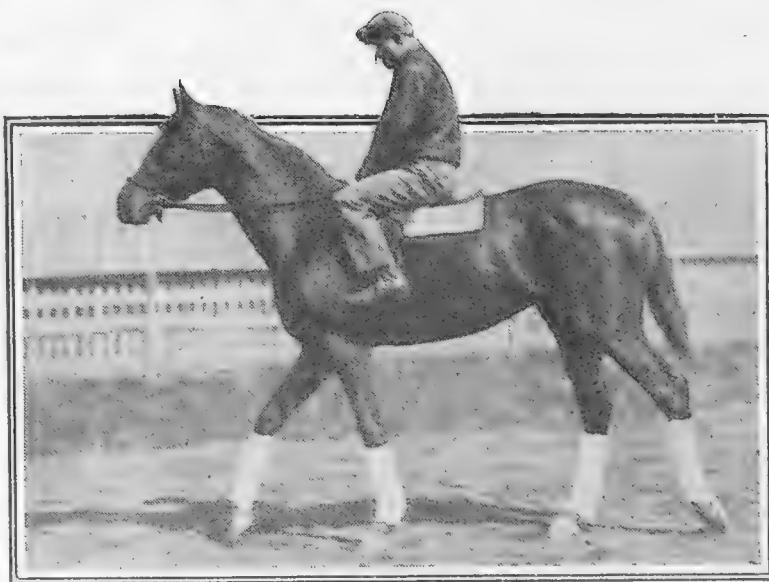
The "Blowers" Aid.

Exactly; and to achieve that object they must copy the example of the successful multiple shopkeeper who is able to undersell the little tradesman and yet show better profits by virtue of his huge turnover. That can only be done by getting a proportion of the money invested away from the course regularly diverted into the machine.

The Control Board have recognised this from the first, and it will in no way surprise me if the big "Blower" agents are offered some inducements by the authorities whereby this can be accomplished. Steps may have been taken already to that end, in fact. I happen to know that the biggest "Blower" firm in the kingdom is shortly opening several new branches in northern towns hitherto unrepresented. That may be what is sometimes termed "intelligent anticipation."

I see Mr. Philip Snowden has opined that the Betting Tax should be abolished; first, because it has led to wholesale evasion and driven betting into illegal channels to a greater extent than ever; and second, because the bookmakers are paying an undue proportion as their share. Neither argument seems convincing.

One might just as well argue, in regard to the evasion question,



Reigh Count, winner of the Kentucky Derby and other important races in America has arrived at Newmarket with a view to running for the Ascot Gold Cup in 1929.

that because people are inclined to make errors, favourable to themselves, when making their return of income that the Income Tax should be abolished. I fancy when Mr. Snowden was Chancellor of the Exchequer he was never against any proposal to set machinery in motion in order that these delinquents could be brought to book. The machinery in the present case is the Totalisator.

With regard to his second point—that bookmakers are paying more than their share, I question whether he has any real basis for such a statement, unless it be the knowledge that some of the big offices are paying the whole tax themselves as an inducement to secure the clientele of their less opulent brethren. But surely that is purely a business matter for the firms concerned and has nothing whatever to do with the justice or the injustice of the Tax itself?

America and the Gold Cup.

International rivalry seems likely to be most marked next season. In addition to our old friends from France and Belgium we shall have America more strongly represented than for years past. If report speaks true

By "Blackfriar"

Reigh Count is going to take a tremendous amount of beating in the Ascot Gold Cup, and as the crack French three-year-old, Kantar, the conqueror of Finglas in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe last October may also be in the field, we shall need to turn out a real champion to prevent this most coveted trophy again leaving these shores.

Reigh Count, who belongs to Mrs. J. D. Hertz, a Chicago society woman, is a three-year-old who won all but one of his races in which he took part this year, and last season was only just beaten by a stable companion for the Futurity Stakes, which is akin to our Middle Park Stakes, though worth a great deal more.

His strong point, however, is his stamina, and although he has not greatly impressed the Newmarket critics since his arrival at Tom Leader's establishment, it may be taken for granted that he would not have been sent all the way from America without there were exceptional grounds for belief in his ultimate success.

Grand National Aspirants.

With the turn of the year steeplechasing will begin to assume a more serious aspect. Henceforward the likely contenders for Grand National honours next March will be watched with ever-growing interest, and stables like T. Leader's, J. Anthony's, Aubrey Hastings and one or two others known to shelter first-class chasers will be subjected to keen observation. Leader, of course, has a great string of potential winners like Sprig, Mount Etna, Bright's Boy and Gugalach; while Jack Anthony has charge of that versatile performer, Easter Hero. From Wroughton I hear that Billy Barton, so desperately unlucky to lose last March, is progressing well under the watchful eye of the Hon. A. Hastings, while in the same neighbourhood are the brilliant if erratic Koko and Knight of the Wilderness, who seems to have improved out of all knowledge since he came into the possession of Mr. Frank Cundell.

Koko and the "Knight" are engaged in the Lambourn Handicap Steeplechase at Newbury to-morrow, and the mere prospect of seeing this smart pair in opposition should draw a crowd.



Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hertz, the owners of Reigh Count. This three-year-old won all but one of his races last year.

Week-end Selections.

NEWBURY, FRIDAY.

Reading Steeplechase.—Kakushin.
Didcot Handicap Hurdle.—First Magic.
United Services Handicap Steeplechase.—Rathluck.
Juvenile Hurdle.—Sunny Trace.
Theale Selling Handicap Steeplechase.—Tully.

NEWBURY, SATURDAY.

Andover Handicap Steeplechase.—Labrador.
Lambourn Handicap Steeplechase.—Koko, if absent Knight of the Wilderness.
Moderate Handicap Hurdle.—Dovedale.
Wroughton Selling Handicap Hurdle.—Tuscan.
Berkshire Hurdle.—Gainsharp.

AUTO RESOLUTIONS for 1929

Resolved—

AND carried, *nemine contradicente*: That, in the New Year which is almost upon us, we, as motorists, will do fewer of those things which we ought not to do—and *vice versa*. As a matter of fact, not very many of us will make good resolutions applying to road behaviour, car maintenance, garage tidiness, and so forth. So far as the first mentioned item is concerned, those who err mostly do so unwittingly, and when told of their errors are apt to believe that the teller must have climbed out of bed on the wrong side that morning! In regard to the care of the car, probably most motorists are conscious that they could be more precise and thorough in their attentions to the vehicle, especially in connection with the lubrication of some of the less accessible portions of the chassis. It is, therefore, quite a good idea to make

By the HON. VICTOR
and MRS. BRUCE

task on the car has been performed, and besides, there isn't time at the moment. The mud which has dropped off the mudguards combines with the water that has been let out of the radiator on a frosty evening; those tools which are not smothered in grimy oil have a coating of rust—if one could find any particular tool in order to examine it!

Be Systematic.

BUT what a dreadful picture to paint. No single (or married) motorist could possibly be guilty of all these faults, though it is to be feared that most of us commit some

misunderstood matter. The instruction book says that this part must be lubricated with the grease gun once a week; that once a fortnight, and the other every thousand miles. Some of us religiously follow those instructions; others don't! But in any case, it must be remembered that when the manufacturer says a week, he means a week of normal running—perhaps a couple of hundred miles or so. It is rather a pity that these instructions are not expressed entirely in terms of mileage, but in any case the proper lubrication of the chassis only calls for the use of a little intelligence.

Little and Often.

AND another thing—because it is claimed that the engine consumes a gallon of oil per thousand miles, it doesn't mean that a gallon should be poured in every thousand miles, and none added otherwise. As a matter of fact, many modern cars will show very little drop in the oil level, as evidenced by gauge or dip stick, in several hundred miles, and they certainly would not be entirely empty at the end of a thousand. "Little and often" is the secret. Keep the oil level constantly at the maximum mark; and do not try to make the existing oil last too long. The apparent expense of draining the sump every few thousand miles and refilling with fresh oil is money very well spent. It is a task which most owners unfortunately neglect, owing to the absence of facilities in their motor houses for catching the old oil as it drains away. A shallow receptacle—depending for its depth upon the ground clearance of the car—is a vital necessity in the equipment of every private garage, so let's resolve to get one at once.



Willing to learn but not to work.



Thursday morning's task.

New Year resolutions in this connection.

Those of us who are not naturally and temperamentally systematic may say that it is impossible, or, even if possible, irksome, to set aside certain days and hours for specific tasks. The characteristics of modern life, as to both business and pleasure, are all against it, while inclination—or rather, lack of it—is a potent factor in car maintenance. At the same time, the very willingness and hundred per cent. reliability which the most erratic car owner demands in greatest measure is, to a very large extent, dependent upon systematic upkeep in the minor matters which are most likely to be neglected.

Avoid Neglect.

TYRES are run in a flabby condition; engine oil is allowed to continue in circulation long after the finest lubricant on earth must have become partly denatured; squeaks and body rattles become familiar and therefore unremedied, so that the fact that they become rapidly worse passes unnoticed; the undersides of springs, axles, mudguards and the inner sides of wheels carry a growing load of mud in spite of glistening exterior metal and varnish. And so on, to infinity.

The garage, too, is neglected. It is such an uninteresting job to tidy up after some

of them. Anyway, it is worth thinking about, especially in regard to garage cleanliness and tidiness. A dirty motor house, grimy tools, is the surest possible deterrent to proper car maintenance; and carelessness must in the long run bring its own punishment in the failure or rapid deterioration of the car. We all have our different ways, so it is of little use to suggest that Tuesday evenings, say, shall be set aside for the cleaning up of the garage, and Friday mornings for chassis lubrication, tyre testing, and so on. Let us simply resolve, therefore, to be systematic in these matters, and above all things to regard the tidying up as the final part of the last task, and not the first operation of the next.

Chassis lubrication in particular is a much

Trying-out the 10-25 h.p. Rover.

NOW and again during the history of motoring, some particular model of a well-known car has achieved almost overwhelming popularity and success. Such a one is the 10-25 h.p. Rover—the "Nippy Ten," as she is fondly called by her makers. The car is so well-known to all road users that it is scarcely necessary to dilate upon either the attractive lines of the little car, or upon its outstanding performance. The engine, which is particularly lively and has plenty of reserve power, is quite remarkably smooth

LIGHTING-UP TIMES

December 28th.

London ..	4.28	Glasgow ..	4.19
Manchester ..	4.26	Plymouth ..	4.50

for a four-cylinder; the gears are quiet, nicely proportioned as to ratio and easy to change, while suspension and passenger comfort generally leave little to be desired. The four-seater fabric saloon is among the smartest of the small cars of this type on the road, especially as the Sportsman's Coupé.

The "Nippy Ten."

THIS Rover car is, of course, the result of natural development from the two-cylinder air-cooled model which achieved such astounding success a few years ago. Apparently the makers came to the conclusion that the vogue of this economical and practical two-seater was over, for they suddenly substituted a 9 h.p. water-cooled model, which carried on the traditions of its predecessor for a year or so, until the possibility of further improvement and development resulted in the production of the present "Nippy Ten," the performance of which fully justifies the title. To go still further back, it may be that few of the modern generation of motorists are aware that the much heralded, and still not existent Hundred-Pound car actually enjoyed life and prosperity long years before the war, or that it was a Rover. This model had a single cylinder water-cooled engine of a nominal 6 h.p., and whatever we might think of it to-day, it enjoyed a popularity in its day which even the modern Ten might envy.

The latest car is fully up to date in every respect, even down to the sliding roof which is either standard or optional, without extra cost in the saloon models. To say that it is an ideal woman's car suggests that its performance is scarcely up to the standard required by a man.

This is very far from being the case, quite apart from the fact that there is no reason to suppose that a woman's car can be any less lively or powerful than a man's; but, at the same time, the car is so compact and easy to control, and moreover possesses such attractive lines that it is sure to gain considerable popularity among women motorists.

The Monte Carlo Rally.

FROM the large number of applications that have been received for the regulations of the Monte Carlo Rally, it appears that there will be a greater number of British entries for this event than ever before, and

John o' Groats, the usual starting point for British competitors, will have a brief hour of activity when our contingent leaves on the afternoon of January 20th on its dash down to the sunshine of the Riviera.

Success in arriving within the time limit (10 a.m. to 4 p.m. on January 23rd) depends very largely upon ability to catch the available cross-Channel steamers approximately 24 hours after the start from the North of Scotland, and although sharing

of the European year. While not so strenuous in some respects as a real road race, it is even more useful in bringing to light the good and bad points of the competing cars, which, it should be noted, are normal touring cars and not specially prepared vehicles; while from the driving point of view the test is a hard one on account of its long duration. The distance from John o' Groats is only a little less than 1,600 miles, while many of the starting points chosen by some of the competitors, such as Koenigsberg, Riga and other points in Eastern Europe, are still more distant. In these cases the principal hindrances are the delays which may be encountered at the several frontiers which have to be crossed in the course of the journey, while bad roads, and the possibility of snow also have to be allowed for.

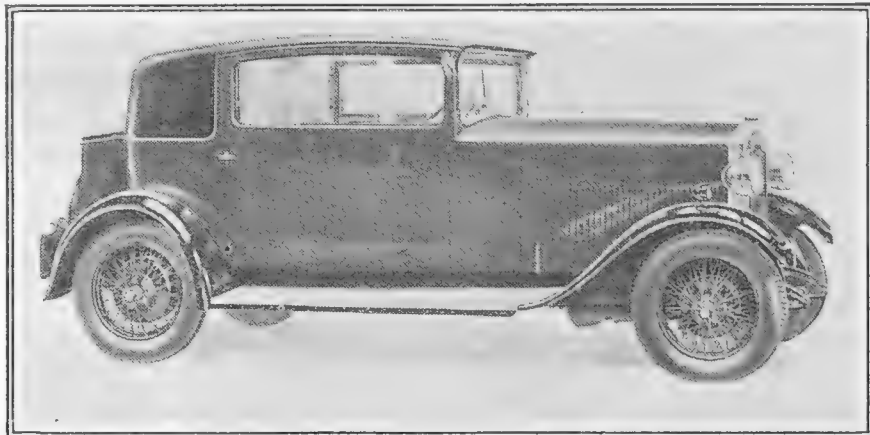
The Deciding Factor.

BUT the ability of car and driver to run faultlessly to schedule through three or four days and nights of continuous running, difficult though this may be, is only

a preliminary. The real deciding factor is a regularity competition on the day succeeding arrival at Monte Carlo. For this a route of some fifty miles is mapped out in the Alpes Maritimes behind Monte Carlo, and in order to have a hope of winning one of the principal awards it is necessary to maintain one's declared average with split-second accuracy throughout this trial. The remainder of the Rally week consists of a hill climb which is optional, so far as the Rally competitors are concerned, a *concours de confort*, the prize distribution in the Palace square, and a banquet at the Hotel de Paris.

The Better Way.

SOUTH London's tramlines and the outlets to the south-eastern coastal districts are rather dreaded by the majority of motorists, but with the completion of various by-passes, the Dover Road, which is also the approach for Margate, Folkestone, and many other ports and seaside resorts, has become much more accessible. It is scarcely profitable to avoid the Camberwell, Peckham and Lewisham tramlines, since any route achieving this object is necessarily very roundabout. This week's Better Way map, however, shows the straightforward route to Eltham, whence the Bexley Heath and Dartford by-passes may be used to avoid the more congested districts.



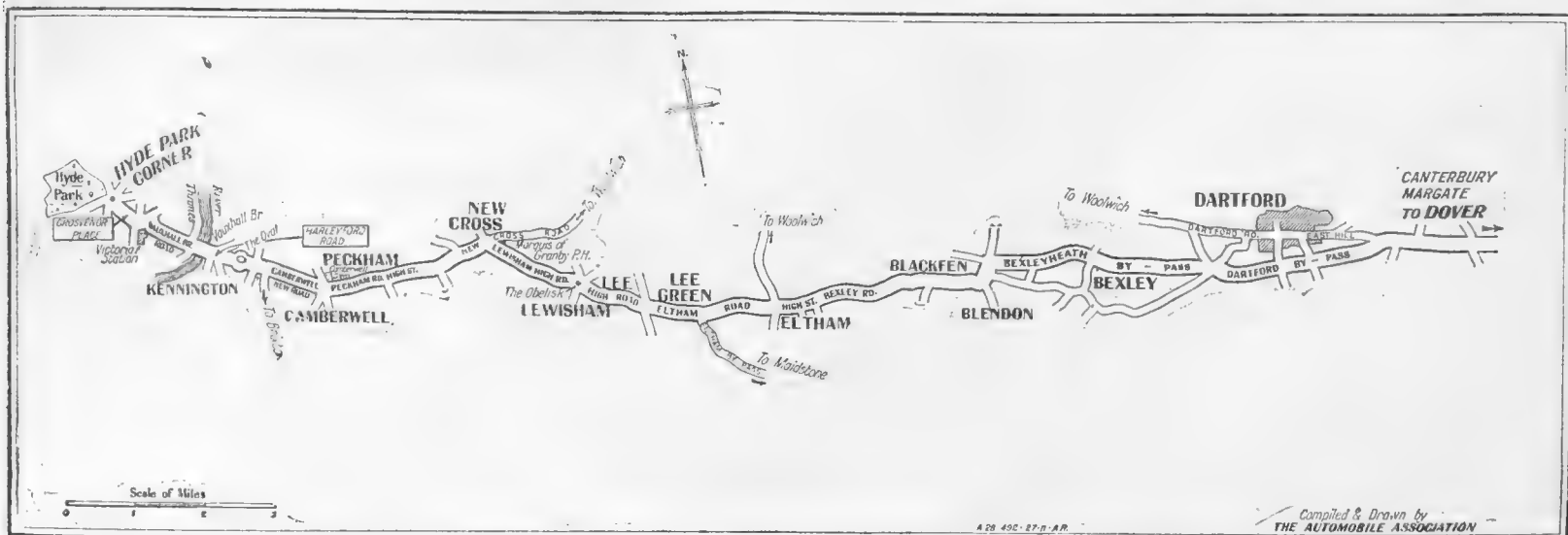
The 10-25 horse-power Rover.

Engine	.. Four cylinders, 63 mm. bore and 95 mm. stroke; 1185 c.c.; three bearing crankshaft; push-rod operated overhead valves.
Tax	.. £10.
Gearbox	.. Three speeds, 5'2, 9'36 and 19'5 to 1.
Clutch	.. Single dry plate.
Transmission	.. Enclosed propeller shaft, with bearing midway.
Brakes	.. Internal expanding four wheel; rod operated.
Price	.. Chassis, £175; Paris or Riviera saloon, £250; Sportsman's coupé, £269.

of the driving of a competing car is permitted by the regulations, it does not need a very close analysis to show that there will be no time to waste on the road. As a matter of fact, those British competitors who are successful in performing the journey in schedule time will have put up a fine performance, and will be entitled to our heartiest congratulations—whether they win the 40,000 francs top prize or not.

General Interest in the Rally.

THERE is every indication also that not only the sporting element among motorists but the general motoring public is taking a much keener interest than usual in the Monte Carlo Rally. It is undoubtedly the finest competition of its kind in the whole



The Better Way.

Dear Sir



BRITANNIA'S OPEN FORUM

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 200 words.

Hunting and "Tarmac."

Our attention has been called to an article in your issue of the 16th ulto., "Hunting the Fox," wherein you make many references to "Tarmac."

We should like to be permitted to point out that we are the sole manufacturers of "Tarmac" and further that "Tarmac" is the registered name of one of this company's products. We have no desire to enter into a lengthy argument with regard to the inaccuracies of the article in question, except to say that we have been in communication with Col. Barker and he informed us that he did not fall on a "Tarmac" road, and we are given to understand that he fell in a dirty lane which had not been surfaced with Tarmacadam of any description.

For TARMAC, LTD.,
R. S. CORBETT,
Asst. to Managing Director.

Socialists and Birth Control.

In reply to Dr. Haden Guest's article on "Socialist Women," may I point out that it is not only Socialist women who are advocating children's allowances and free birth control information at the public centres. Liberal women have also declared in favour of both, as well as large and influential non-party bodies such as the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship.

Dr. Guest's argument that children's allowances will "keep the output of industry low, and so keep our industries on a cheap labour footing" is fundamentally unsound. Surely one of the chief reasons why the output of industry is low is because the demand for our products is low. Can Dr. Guest point to a simpler method of doing this than by increasing the purchasing power of the working class parent?

With regard to birth control, his suggestion that we desire "to broadcast information with Government sanction" is untrue. Our demand for free information is supported by a number of public health authorities, as well as by common sense.—DOROTHY JEWSON.

A Reply to Mrs. Russell.

Mrs. Bertrand Russell's policy, if correctly set out in her letter, is one of "biological insanity," to vary her own expression about the condition of Soviet Russia.

She demands State support for unlimited children, for which presumably the better off classes are to pay. So far so good. But, as each generation, larger than the one before, takes advantage of these facilities the cost, unlike that of the services she mentions, will increase by geometrical progression, until at last the money to pay for it will be unobtainable save by universal taxation applied on such a scale that the poorer classes will be worse off than they are now.

What will happen then? Mrs. Russell proposes to encourage unlimited breeding, and to remove or modify the checks of responsibility and the death rate. The only possible result, as both history and biology will testify, must be the application by Nature of her checks—famine, disease and massacre. Anarchy, more

ghastly than that now at work in Russia, will reduce the hypertrophied population produced by Mrs. Russell's Socialist folly.

The worst of it is that the parlour Bolsheviks who produce this sort of proposal neither know nor want to know its ultimate results, as long as such pseudo-philanthropic suggestions win them a few votes and a lease of power.—J. W. A. HUNT.

[H. E. Garle also protests against Mrs. Russell's views.—ED.]

Dazzling Headlights.

(From Captain Lester Rothschild.)

The accident which occurred the other night at Radlett draws attention once again to the increasing danger of dazzle in night driving. Two young girls were knocked down and seriously injured by a car whose driver was blinded by the headlights of an approaching car. The other day a policeman was killed in somewhat similar circumstances.

There appears to me to be no excuse for this kind of accident, especially now that dipping headlights have solved the problem of dazzle so thoroughly and cheaply.

Courtesy, I know, cannot be enforced by law, but when discourtesy may involve serious injury, and even loss of life, I am amazed that the traditional sporting spirit of the Englishman does not more generally assert itself. Thousands of motorists are already equipped with dipping headlights—they can now be fitted to any make of car at a very small cost—but there still remain hundreds of thousands who apparently do not think they owe any duty to the other fellow at all.

If this selfish type of motorist continues to disregard the obligations of the road, public opinion will insist on Government action.—LESTER ROTHSCHILD.

Obsolete Weaving Machinery.

When you stated that the automatic machinery (in the textile industry) does not pay if a mill is tied down to 48 hours, your point becomes one of controversy which can only be settled by actual experience of working automatic looms in Lancashire. No one, however, would doubt that the production from automatic machinery would be improved, and especially the position as regards the overhead costs if the second shift could be adopted.

In another part of your paper you have referred to the price of Whittaker automatic looms, and it is worth noting that if 50 per cent. of the claims made by the Whittaker Co. can be substantiated, then the outlook for Lancashire would be improved very rapidly. It is claimed that this attachment can be fitted to old looms successfully, and this point is the most important one made by the company. To re-loom Lancashire would be impossible for financial reasons. It is accepted generally that the banks will not finance Lancashire, and the question therefore is where is the money to come from to provide new looms or looms attachments? The question of the second shift can be dealt with afterwards. If there ever was a case calling for Government financing it is financing Lancashire to-day, in order to get rid of obsolete weaving machinery.—F. C. GOODWIN.

"Music in the South."

In the article under the above heading, I regret that no mention whatever is made of Worthing, which for the past two years has had a permanent Municipal Orchestra performing twice daily, winter and summer, including Sundays.

The concerts are held in the very fine new

Pavilion, and although the orchestra is at present not very large, it consists of really first-class artists whom it is a real pleasure to hear.

There is always a special Chamber Concert every Monday; a "Composer's" evening every Wednesday; a Popular Concert every Saturday; whilst on Sundays the orchestra is always supported by well-known (London) vocalists.

The audiences are always most enthusiastic, and the steady increase in their size surely proves that Worthing is deserving of mention in connection with the development of music on the south coast.—MARGARET REDGRAVE CRIPPS.

S.O.S. for Treasure.

By a casting vote the Pepys Mazer at Saffron Walden is in danger of being lost. It has been in this town for over five hundred years. Pepys, the Diarist, Musician, President of the Royal Society, and Naval Administrator who saved England in a time of great national peril, drank from it when visiting this town, and Audley End, the inn where he stayed, is still standing under another name; the Alms-houses to which the bowl belonged and still belongs, are still here, and here, too, is Audley End Mansion.

There is no adequate reason why the Mazer should be sold, and it shows our apathy about our national and local treasures, so rapidly being dispersed, that it may be possible for one person to give such a decision unless action is taken. Like the lady who asked, "What is a Keat?" some of the inhabitants, including some of the trustees who are in favour of sale, are still apparently wondering "What is a Peep?"

But a petition against sale and for an inquiry is being prepared and sent to the Secretary of the Charity Commission, Ryder Street, St. James's, S.W.1. The Commission have invited suggestions and objections. I hope some will come from your many readers.—ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD.

Smokers and the Public.

The best thanks of both smokers and non-smokers are due to you for the article on smoking in BRITANNIA.

Possibly the author will, in a future article, discuss the probable effect on future generations if the immoderate smoking of to-day is continued for any considerable period, and I should much like to see yet another article dealing with the ethical side of the question—the vitiation of the air in restaurants, theatres, shops, etc., by the army of inconsiderate smokers. It surely is something worse than ill-mannered to foul the atmosphere where others are taking meals, or where there is food on sale which can easily become contaminated with the lethal products of burning tobacco.—LEONARD J. BROWN.

Blood Sports—A Suggestion.

When our leading "sportsmen" (and "sportswomen") feel the blood-urge becoming irresistible, it is not really necessary for them to embark upon the risk and fatigue of hunting such fierce and desperate animals as foxes and stags.

They have only to spend an hour or two in the nearest slaughter-house. There they will see much more blood, and encounter far less personal risk to life and limb. At any rate, no reliable instances are to hand of onlookers tumbling off horses or falling into rivers.—HORACE WYNDHAM.

(Continued overleaf.)

Competition in Ireland.

Your contributor, Mr. Arthur Webb, in his article seeks to convey the idea that all things British are taboo in the Irish Free State. Can he or you say if any British firm put up a proposition for the hydro-electricification of the Shannon, tendered for the erection of the sugar beet factory at Carlow, tendered for the cleaning of the Dublin streets, or for any of the other contracts that went abroad?

It may be said they were not asked, but surely in these days of keen competition no progressive business people sit on their doorsteps waiting for business to come along. They go out and get it. The plain fact is that business people in Great Britain are only now waking up to the possibilities in a country that has lain undeveloped at their door for the past century.

Why grouse when others have got in first? There is plenty of room for further development and business, and it is not too late for them to start. It is a matter of business with the Irish people. Even the British Post Office goes outside Britain when they cannot satisfy their requirements economically at home.

E. A. LAWLER.

Bank of England Notes.

I observe that you make reference in your columns to the new issue of Bank of England £1 and 10s. notes replacing the present Treasury issue. Under the Act of 1844—as you rightly point out—Bank of England notes for £5 and upwards were legal tender in *England and Wales*, but they were *not* legal tender in *Scotland*.

Are we now to assume that *all* Bank of England notes are legal tender in Scotland; or are we to have the rather absurd anomaly of the Bank's notes of low denomination being legal tender in Scotland whilst the notes of large amount are not so?—WM. A. D. THOMSON.

Britannia's Eastern Policy.

The genius of the writers in BRITANNIA in handling the intricate problems of the East is really admirable, and the lucidity of their style is much to be admired.

But, unfortunately, even great geniuses are sometimes bound to overlook the trivial commonplace affairs of life out there, which even to a superficial observer with a human outlook cannot but help to notice the great qualities of the Eastern World.

The most regrettable thing is that most people forget, or deliberately ignore the fact, that the modern civilised Western World is greatly indebted to the older and more mature civilisation of the East. This is unfortunately due to the stubbornness of some unenlightened wisacres of this modern world, who revel in cheap sensational popularity of the day, and the deliberate acts of exploiters, and the East has been grossly misinterpreted and misunderstood by the true and admirable gentlemen of the West.

May the truth prevail in the end, and peace and harmony be the result of mutual co-operation.—MAUNG SHU MAUNG.

The Truth About the Coal Crisis.

Everyone sympathises with those mine-workers who are prevented, by lack of demand for British coal, from following their customary occupation. But the article by Mr. Sinclair does nothing to assist them to that end. Mr. Sinclair purports to be writing "the truth about the coal crisis," but he is a very skilful propagandist, as readers of his two novels about *Easingden* will be well aware. At least half his article has nothing whatever to do with "the coal crisis"—if that is an accurate description of the problem of finding work for some 200,000 or 300,000 mineworkers who, on the admission of the leaders of the Miners' Federation and of the Labour Party themselves, will never again find work in or about a mine.

Mr. Sinclair refers to the eight-hour day, but the Secretary for Mines has stated that the increase in the cost of production which would result from a return to a seven-hours day is two shillings per ton, and that "such an increase would lead to a reduction in employment." He speaks of the danger of work in mines, but

this has nothing to do with the extent of unemployment in the industry. In one sentence he stresses the hardships of those obliged to work underground; in the next the sad case of those prevented from doing so.

The truth about the coal crisis is that, although the world is consuming as much coal as in 1913, it is consuming 20,000,000 tons less British coal. The problem is how to sell that 20,000,000 tons, and in the meantime to find work outside the industry for the displaced miners. The Industrial Transference Board faced that problem fairly and honestly. Why does Mr. Sinclair scoff at it?—PHILIP GEE.

David and Goliath.

I read with much interest Lord Birkenhead's article on Mr. Lloyd George. His Lordship's opinion in a nutshell is that Mr. Lloyd George's supporters are too small and his opponents too powerful for Mr. George ever again to be an effective force unless he co-operates with some other group in Parliament.

Lord Birkenhead should remember that little David slew, unaided and without difficulty, the gigantic Goliath. Let him beware of David's modern namesake. His lordship must "wait and see."—N. WILLETT BOCKS

Fascism and Bolshevism.

It should be perfectly obvious to anyone making the most superficial examination of the above that the difference between the two is that Fascism is constructive, whilst Bolshevism is destructive. For the first time in history Mussolini has succeeded in creating a Conservative-Socialistic state, based on patriotism, national pride, and the will to work in the interests of the State co-operatively with the interests of the individual, whom in the aggregate combines the State.

It is too often overlooked that the amount of bloodshed in the Fascist revolution is a mere pin prick in comparison to the Russian revolution. Prejudiced opponents have unfortunately made more fuss over the death of the ill-fated Matteotti than they have over the millions of victims slain in the Bolshevik régime.

Furthermore, Mussolini has not tried to internationalise the Fascist movement, as is the case with the Bolsheviks, but he has succeeded beyond measure in reconciling capital and labour, for which history will probably record him as one of the greatest organisers of all time.—C. W. BANNISTER.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED.]

Tubed Racehorses.

The letter on Tubed Racehorses seems to miss the point.

The objection to breeding from tubed horses is one thing, but the objection to racing them another. To be consistent with the latter objection, one should also bar the horse which gives his trainer much anxiety in keeping sound.

It is also perfectly easy to defend the Grand National or any other big race which is open to geldings and aged mares whether tubed Tipperary Timis win them or not. Horse breeding is not injured by big prizes being given to "events which do no service to breeding," because there "aint no sich thing." The fact is that for classes of horses whose use in life is extended over 10 to 20 years, all competitive events are important and useful for horse breeding, and the bigger the prize the better for the breeder who has to wait years in patience to see the result of his matings.—SAM GRAVENER.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED.]

A Canadian on Emigration.

A correspondent recently expressed doubts on the advisability of boys emigrating from England to the Dominions. In his letter he says that "most of those who went to Canada for the harvesting returned penniless," and that "one constantly hears of people leading a hand to mouth existence in Canada after emigrating from England." In my opinion he is unfair to the Dominion.

It is probably true that many of the miner-harvesters returned penniless to England. Many of them came to this country and did nothing but cause trouble, but no one in Canada is so rash as to judge the miner-harvesters by the malcontents who returned, full of complaints, to England. If he will investigate further I believe he will find that most of the harvesters did not return penniless and that many of them are going to settle in the Dominions, if they have not already done so. He will also find that those who wanted work and were willing to work, not only found employment but received wages equivalent to from seventeen to twenty-four shillings a day. Your correspondent forgets that one seldom hears of those who are moderately successful, while one often hears a great outcry from the utter failures.

He must have heard of Englishmen living a hand to mouth existence in Canada, but he does not hear so often of Englishmen who are successful and contented in Canada, not because they are fewer but because they do not rush into print. I happen to know a number of Englishmen who say that they would not return to England except for a short visit.

If those who wish to emigrate to Canada feel that they cannot adopt the customs of the country without undue criticisms, if they are not prepared to face the hardships due to a change of environment without loud repining, they had better not undertake the venture. Success in Canada as everywhere else awaits those who work hardest.—"CANADIAN."

Halifax, Nova Scotia.

British Business Methods.

(From a Briton in U.S.A.)

I was formerly a commercial traveller, and know some of the difficulty merchants and manufacturers have to get enlightening information from most British Consulates, or trade offices. One gem of a reply I myself received at a Consulate, when I asked for a list of users of British woollens, was:—"I have only been here five months, and have no idea where I could find the list." Yet this same fellow had time to attend social functions escorted by his two Highland soldiers in full dress uniform on the least pretext. Another time I wanted some papers stamped by British Consul, and it took a whole day to do it.

Do please see that more manly men are given Consular appointments, not those who take a back seat at meetings with other Consular officials, act as though they are tongue tied, and almost apologise for being British. I would suggest an especially live man at all important seaports at home and abroad—ones that would see that when British boats come into foreign ports to load merchandise for Great Britain, that they do not come in empty; all other countries buy something, and there is seldom any good reason they could not buy from the same country they are selling to.

We are now in the year of 1928, and we cannot hope to advance our trade by using 1828 methods. You cannot increase trade and employment until manufacturers, merchants, bankers, transportation companies, working men and trade union officials see eye to eye that for any one of them to be successful, it is absolutely essential for all of them to be successful, and that can be achieved by true co-operation and in no other way.

Let small manufacturers amalgamate; let all manufacturers advertise their story extensively, truthfully and thoroughly by men trained for that purpose; market their wares collectively; pool their commercial and economical knowledge and trade secrets; have and practise mutual trust; eliminate double crossing, jealousy, senseless rivalry, and standardise on quality goods only. The public will do the rest. The good old B.P. never failed yet when properly approached.

One thing I ask is that you use all your influence to create and strengthen a better feeling between Great Britain and the U.S.A. The really representative Americans are really favourably disposed to the English-speaking peoples of the world.—CHARLES W. OATEN.

You and your Money

K3/A95617
May 30th 1928
By A. G. WALSH

NEXT month the income tax collectors begin to get busy. The present, therefore, seems an opportune time to write about income tax as applied to investments.

Let me begin by pointing out that all dividends and interest payable in this country are subject to deduction of income tax at the source.

To most investors this may seem an elementary fact; but it is surprising (and I know it from my correspondence) how many people have got hold of the mistaken idea that quite a number of investments are immune from the deduction.

The only British security exempt from the liability for ordinary income tax is the 4 per cent. War loan, which stands at par. Five per cent. War loan is not a "tax free" investment; but when the issue was made originally its special attraction was the arrangement that income tax would not be deducted from income at the source.

Non-Deductions.

HOLDERS, however, must include the interest received in their annual return to the inspector of taxes. Many who have not done so, now know to their cost.

The Inland Revenue authorities periodically check the register of stockholders and ascertain whether those whose incomes are above the exemption limit have paid the tax for which they are liable. The non-deduction of the tax does not mean that you can escape from its incidence.

On holdings of British Government securities other than 5 per cent. War loan, if bought through the Post Office Savings Bank Department, no income tax deduction is made, except in respect of upwards of £200 of 4½ per cent. War stock. But in no other case is this privilege granted.

No Tax-Free Dividends.

THE loose use of words is responsible for the oft-heard expression "tax free dividends." Apart from 4 per cent. War loan interest there is no such thing.

Certain companies pay dividends free of income tax; but this simply means that the company pays the tax and waives its right to reimburse itself by deducting it from the dividend it pays to the shareholders.

What many people fail to grasp is that a dividend of 10 per cent., less tax, is the same thing as a dividend of 8 per cent., free of tax, taking the tax at 4s. in the £, of course. Both rates call for the same payment.

For instance, a company has a capital of £100,000. A dividend of 10 per cent. would require £10,000, but £2,000 would be kept off for income tax, making the net distributable amount £8,000. That is exactly the same as would be required to pay 8 per cent., free of tax.

IF you receive a dividend of 8 per cent., free of tax, you will have to insert this in your Income Tax Return as 10 per cent.

gross. The authorities do not recognise so-called "tax free" dividends.

Not only so, but a company paying a dividend as "tax free" must explain in the warrant that the percentage is so much, subject to income tax.

The expression "tax free dividend" is a misnomer, so don't be misled into the belief that you are scoring off the Inland Revenue by escaping income tax.

Coming Events.

FROM the investor's standpoint, January and February are two of the most interesting months of the year. Fully 100,000 investors look forward to these months, for it is then that the reports and accounts of the railway companies, the great banks, many insurance companies, as well as those of a number of wholesale houses, are issued.

Generally, the first accounts to appear

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiased opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

early in January are those of the English joint-stock banks. Next, as a rule, come those of several drapery houses and multiple boot stores.

With the advent of February the market begins to discuss the coming railway dividends; but I am afraid that on this occasion the basis of framing estimates is too slender.

It is not known to what extent the year's economies in working expenditure offset the published losses in traffics.

As regards the banks, this has been another prosperous year for these institutions, so I understand. While it is true that money rates have been lower, and the depression in trade has somewhat restricted the demand for credits for industry, the banks, doubtless, have done well in other directions.

The long activity on the Stock Exchange afforded a temporary outlet for funds at rates probably above those that would have been charged for trade credits. The new issue boom, too, must have brought a considerable amount of grist to banking mills.

The Banking Year.

IT is impossible to forecast what profits have been earned by the banks; but indications suggest that shareholders may look forward to increases here and there. I do not anticipate that there will be a general increase in dividends. Rather, I believe it to be the policy of the banks to maintain their present rates until a clearer view can be taken of the future. Of all joint stock enterprises the banks, in my opinion, are the most conservative in the distribution of their profits.

Generous appropriations are made for the reserve and other funds, and if you will look into the banking companies' accounts you will find that little more than half of the year's net profit is distributed by way of dividend.

Some shareholders, I know, complain of this ultra-conservatism, but British banking to-day owes its impregnable financial position to this careful policy.

Public confidence in the stability of the great banking institutions is reflected in the investment standing of their shares. These are valued on a gilt-edged basis.

Misleading Yields.

MY attention has been drawn to the yields against certain rubber and mining shares as set out in a stockbroker's monthly handbook. Yields of 10, 15, 18 and even 20 per cent. are shown.

A reader, who invites my opinion on the shares in question, inquires if they are "sound," and why quotations are so low as to give "such good returns." The yields are misleading as are those calculated on all past dividends of a variable character—that is, a dividend liable to alteration from year to year.

Take a company which has paid a dividend of 15 per cent. for the past year. The company's fortunes have changed; the next dividend may be 10 per cent. or perhaps 5 per cent. Its shares now stand at par.

Yet in financial handbooks, against this value appears the misleading item: "yield on basis of last dividend 15 per cent." And many investors fail to notice that the yield is based on the assumption of the repetition of the previous year's dividend.

Now it must be perfectly obvious that the future yield on any share, the dividend on which fluctuates in accordance with the year's profits, if any, must be based upon actual future dividends, which generally cannot be forecast.

Therefore, to state what return on your money you will receive by investment in certain ordinary or deferred shares would mean assuming the rôle of prophet.

On a fixed-dividend stock or share the future return can, of course, be calculated in advance.



By A. G. Walsh

ON the Stock Exchange this is generally the most uninteresting week of the year. At this season investors naturally forget almost about stocks and shares. It may be another week or two before the holiday atmosphere that prevails in the "House" is dispelled.

Meanwhile, if your thoughts do turn to finance my advice is: Revise Your Investments. If your stocks are first-class, paying regular dividends, you have invested wisely. Should you hold the ordinary shares of some proved dividend-paying concern, be content with them, unless you have doubts as to the ability of the company to maintain its payments.

What Next?

SEVERAL members of the Stock Exchange with whom I have discussed the outlook incline to the view that industrial shares have had their day and that it is time some other market received attention. I am disposed to agree.

At the same time I feel that any activity in this direction may be of a selective character rather than general. Myself, I fancy Rhodesians, and among these the shares of the big base-metal propositions. Every thing seems ripe for a burst of activity there.

Prospects.

GILT-EDGED, and for that matter all investment stocks, will always command a following, for there are investors who wisely will buy nothing else. Foreign bonds are another class of security growing more in public favour. Here again you may witness a gradual improvement in the bonds of countries whose credit stands high.

I really cannot predict much in the way of any recovery in Home Rails until after the meetings. Too much uncertainty surrounds the coming dividend declarations to induce any but the hardest speculator to buy these. People who can take their courage in both hands not infrequently do well.

Argentine Rails.

AT the moment the public appear to have a predilection for Argentine railway stocks on the more assured prospects, arising from the abundant harvest and prevailing prosperity of Argentina.

I would urge a little caution, however, for if the Bolivian-Paraguayan squabble develops into a prolonged clash of arms, there is no saying how the neighbouring countries may be affected. I am not a pessimist and do not for a moment suggest that Argentina will be embroiled in the conflict; but the situation is worth watching.

Industrials in the New Year.

INDUSTRIALS have been so thoroughly exploited by investors that few opportunities appear to be left. Among the groups overlooked in the recent boom, I may mention the iron, steel, engineering and coal. Artificial silks did not participate in the activity nor textiles to any extent.

Hope remains for all these groups; but you must bear in mind that the dominating factor will be a sustained improvement in the trade situation.

Some solution of the coal problem would probably be seized upon as an indication of a brighter future for the iron and steel industry and to some people, who like to speculate, coal and iron shares might seem promising "pick-ups" at their depressed levels.

Textiles and Art Silks.

TO my mind the textile situation is a difficult one in the sense that Lancashire depends a good deal upon overseas markets, and obviously I cannot predict what developments may occur there.

What is holding in check artificial silk shares is the fact that so much money has been locked up in the new companies that the public hesitate to interest themselves in this young industry until they know by actual results how the latest adventurers have fared.

There is an idea, well founded, I believe, that the older concerns are so well established that the new companies will have to fight their way in the market.

Industrial shares more of the investment character will always be popular. In this class I put the heavier-priced tobacco shares, some brewery shares, electric supply, electrical equipment, and certain drapery and stores shares.

Millions from Tobacco.

AMONG the latest reports and accounts are those of the British American Tobacco. Anticipations that the company's profits in respect of the past year would reach a new high record, have been realised.

Net profit just exceeds 6½ millions. No change has been made in the ordinary dividend, which for the third year in succession is 25 per cent., free of tax, but a slightly larger capital now ranks.

Actually, the shareholders have fared better than the dividend would suggest, since they received recently a bonus of one ordinary £1 share and 1 deferred 5s. in the new Tobacco Securities Trust in respect of every eight B.A.T. shares held.

Owing to the transfer to the new Trust of certain of the British American Company's investments, I do not look for the maintenance of profits at their current level.

Obviously, part of the revenue now shown will be diverted to the new Tobacco Trust. No doubt the chairman will deal with the probabilities in this respect at the forthcoming meeting on January 14th.

Duophone Accounts.

AT long last, the much-criticised Duophone Company has issued a report and balance-sheet to its shareholders. Apparently the company has not earned a trading profit from the manufacture of records, although the concern has been in existence for over two years.

Certain revenue has been derived from the sale of the company's foreign rights, and so forth, but against this has been offset a number of items, such as writing down goodwill and preliminary expenses. On balance there is a surplus of £71,500, which is being carried forward to this year. No ordinary dividend, of course, is forthcoming.

In my opinion, all the criticism that has been levelled against the company is justified. I now hope that those people who paid £3 and £4 apiece for the 10s. ordinary shares will be convinced that the company has "a long row to hoe" before values approaching those figures can be justified. On the results now disclosed I see no reason why the shares should be standing above their par value of 10s. At the forthcoming meeting shareholders should press for more information about the Company, particularly upon its ability to make records on a large scale.

Swedish Industrials.

INTERNATIONAL interest in Sweden's industries is broadening. Money for investment naturally is attracted to those industrial and trading centres where it can earn most. Hence the tendency of British investors to seek outlets for capital beyond the confines of this country.

As an indication of the growing popularity of Swedish industrial shares I need not say more than point out that since 1922 the value on the London market of the few Swedish securities dealt in there has risen from £1,250,000 to nearly £100 million.

This is of particular significance, and I anticipate that during the next few years many more sound Swedish issues will be brought to the notice of British investors.

Do not imagine that you can obtain a better income by investing in Swedish shares—at least, not at present. I should regard them as more suitable for investors who seek for capital appreciation over a period rather than for an immediately good yield.

TWO of the most popular of such shares are those of the Swedish Match Company and Kreuger and Toll. A leading Stock Exchange firm has just printed for private circulation a handbook on Swedish industrial investments.

The whole of the match combine's activities are set out. The combine, I notice, controls 80 per cent. of the world's match trade.

It owns 20 match factories in Sweden and controls many allied industries there. The combine is predominant in the country, holds a 20 years' concession to sell matches to the French Monopoly, holds a 25 years' sales licence in Germany; has arrangements with other European countries; and interests in Peru, Ecuador and Japan.

The 100 kroner shares (£5 10s. 2d.) stand at £23, so that on the basis of the last dividend of 15 per cent. the gross is less than 3 per cent.

Next week I shall deal with other Swedish shares.

Working along the side of a wood to the next spinney at Westwood Park, Droitwich.

Lord Herbert and Lady Mary Kenyon-Slaney waiting for the birds to be driven over at Lord Bradford's shoot at Weston Park, Shifnal.



A BOXING DAY SHOOT

By E. T. BROWN

THE Boxing Day shoot, uncertain in its origin but doubtless of great antiquity, was an established custom in pre-war days at a place where I often stayed in the West of Ireland. Although dignified by

the name of a shoot, it was in reality a gathering of the estate hands, with a sprinkling of tenants thrown in, one and all intent on beating the outlying coverts for any living thing that they might contain.

On Boxing morning we would proceed to the scene of action to be met by whoever had constituted himself as "head-keeper" for the day. This worthy, attired in a much-patched pair of breeches and swallow-tailed coat of ancient lineage, from the pocket of which could be seen protruding the nozzle of an ominous-looking flat bottle, was in the pleasant and affable condition known in Ireland as "having slight drink taken."

Good-fellowship and Humour.

A start would be made in the nearest covert. Every individual would go off on a beat of his own, without any regard to direction or the proximity of his next door neighbour, and soon the firmament would be rent with raucous cries proclaiming that each and all had seen something. Suddenly a woodcock would be flushed, the beating would become more vigorous, the shouts would be redoubled of "cock forward," "cock right," "she's away back there," and so on, until the guns would be entirely bemused by the various exhortations and the woodcock would slip quietly away without being fired at.

Almost invariably one of the smaller children would fall head-first into a drain or boghole, a halt being made while he was rescued to the accompaniment of the wails of his brothers, the chorus of advice, to the point and otherwise, of his seniors, and the complete indifference of his parent, who already having sired so many, would probably not miss one more or less.

This minor catastrophe would call for the production of the black bottle, which would be passed round before the game proceeded as before. And so on to the end of day, which, if it did not yield a very generous bag, was at least prolific of that good fellowship and humour which are the chief characteristics of the Irish peasantry.

That Elusive Woodcock.

It is not the man who has hit his pheasants with unerring precision throughout the day who is the hero of the shoot. It is rather he who has bagged a woodcock. Not only is the 'cock somewhat of a *rara avis* in most parts of England, but his up-and-down and side-to-side flight in and out among the trees affords

only a snap shot. If the physiological moment be not taken advantage of he seldom gives one a second chance.

Although it is a long established fact that quite a large proportion of 'cock breed in these islands, the majority are migratory and come to these shores early in November.

Among the Pheasants.

The fall of the leaf was late this year, and it is only within the past fortnight that the woods have assumed their entire winter aspect. All over the country, however, the first "big days" will have now been held, and there will probably be universal agreement that the show of pheasants, both reared and wild, has come up to earlier expectations.

The extent to which the individual can indulge in pheasant shooting nowadays is limited by the length of his purse.

The man who is an expert at high pheasants is very often liable to look with something akin to pity on his lowlier brother, who sets out for a day's tramp with a spaniel along the hedgerows and in the small spinneys and whins, and counts himself lucky to come back with a brace or two.



Mr. H. S. Horne's Shooting Party at Wildham Wood, East Marden.



The English Rugby selectors were afforded little assistance in their search for a representative team when the Possibles beat the Probables at Camborne by nineteen points to sixteen.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

By "ARBITER"

ENGLAND has established such an ascendancy—both moral and material—over Australia in the present series of Tests that, even with the changes made in the composition of its team for the third Test, Australia can have but the slenderest hope of reversing, at Melbourne this week, the results of the matches at Brisbane and Sydney.

Australia's Strong Batting.

The determined fight put up by Australia's batsmen in their second innings at Sydney has proved, among other things, that Warren

Bardsley and Clem Hill are better judges of Australia's batting requirements than some of their Australian and English critics.

The question to be decided this week at Melbourne is whether Australia's altered attack will be able to get England out under 500. Unless they can do this, England will always be able to go one better than Australia in piling up a huge total, and with her superiority in bowling, the Aussies ought not to have much chance. In any event, England will have to lose the next three Tests to lose the Ashes—a contingency so remote that we need not consider it.

In estimating the performances of Chapman's team, we must be careful to keep this fact in mind. Probably never in its history has Australia had such mediocre bowlers, and the toll that weak batsmen like White, Tate and Duckworth have been able to take from them must necessarily discount to a certain extent the performances of our "big guns," Hammond, Hendren, and others.

No Australian Spin Bowlers.

Until the last few years Australia has always had a "class" fast bowler and spin bowlers to take instantaneous advantage of a "funny" wicket. We saw the writing on the wall at the Oval in 1926, when Hobbs and Sutcliffe defied all the efforts of Mailey, Grimmett and A. Richardson on a wicket on which a Turner, a Trumble, a Howell or a Saunders would have tumbled out in no time an even stronger batting side than England had that day.

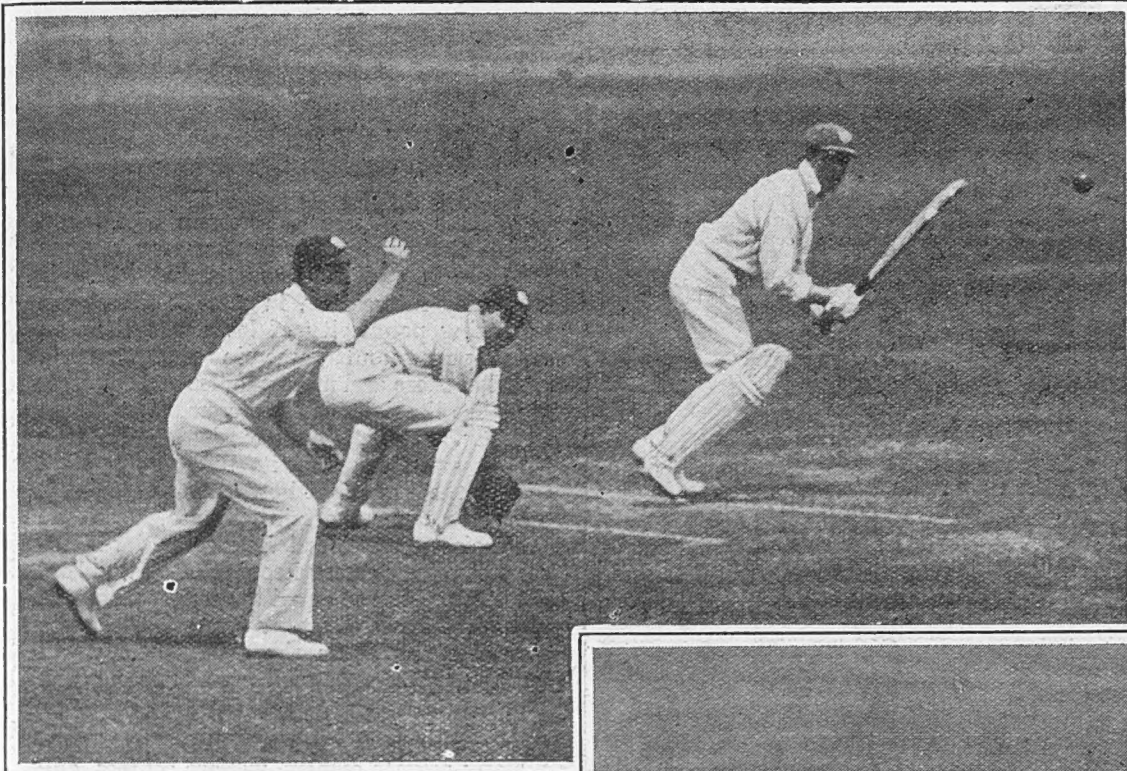
Australia is now paying the penalty for the idiotic practice that has grown up in late years of covering the wicket in Sheffield Shield games—that is why Australia nowadays has no spin bowlers—and why the Tests have been such a "cakewalk" for England.

Ascendancy of Larwood.

There is, of course, the added factor of Larwood. Ever since Macdonald accepted the offer to play in League cricket for Nelson, Australian batsmen have been deprived of the opportunity of becoming accustomed to first class fast bowling. I have never put the exaggerated value on Gregory as a fast bowler that so many writers both here and in Australia have been inclined to do. He was never really in the class of Macdonald as a fast bowler, and rarely exerted himself except in Test matches.



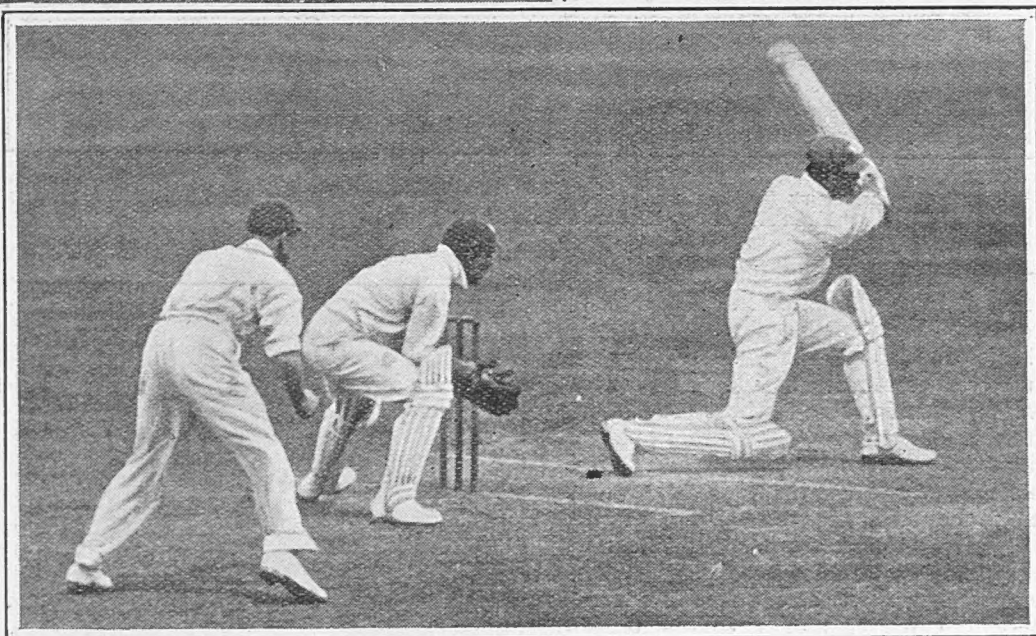
A Birkenhead Park forward cleverly gets the ball in their match with the Harlequins, which the latter won by fourteen points to five.



WITH THE M.C.C. IN AUSTRALIA

A. F. Kippax cuts a ball in the New South Wales v. M.C.C. match at Sydney. He made 9 and 10 in the second Test Match.

W. A. Oldfield, the brilliant Australian wicket-keeper, makes a drive off the M.C.C. bowling. He made 41 not out in Australia's first innings in the second Test Match.



Australia's Black Day.

Yes, the day Macdonald signed professional forms for Nelson, was a black day indeed for Australian cricket. The pitiful showing of all Australia's batsmen—save Woodfull—against Larwood drives the lesson still further home. Larwood has established an ascendancy over Australia at least as demoralising as that established by Macdonald and Gregory over our batsmen in the first three Test Matches in 1921.

The Attacks on Chapman.

Chapman continues to receive wholly unfair and unsportsmanlike criticism in the cables Fender is sending. Hardly a day has passed since the present series of Tests has begun without this petulant fault-finding.



A struggle for the ball in the Lacrosse match between Lancashire and Cheshire.

While every other critic, including the four famous Australian veterans, Noble, Armstrong, Hill and Macartney, are unanimous that Chapman's leadership is worthy of the great English captains who have preceded him in Australia, Fender becomes more and more provocative. He even indulges in cheap sneers at the expense of the Grand Old Man of cricket, Lord Harris.

Melbourne Memories.

The Melbourne ground, where our men will in all probability finally clinch their hold on the Ashes this week, has many pleasant memories for English Test teams. It was there in 1911 that Hobbs and Rhodes made their record first wicket partnership for a Test Match of 323; it was there that Sydney Barnes and Foster performed some of their greatest feats in the days when Australia had batting giants like Trumper, Duff, Hill, Noble, Ransford and Armstrong. The Melbourne wicket, made of soil from Merri Creek, is as much of a "batsman's paradise" as Sydney (Bulli soil); it is impervious to water, but can be a real "sticky dog" at this time of year after rain.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

By "PENDARVES"

CURIOUS things have happened with regard to the selection of an England team for its first match, against Wales at Twickenham on January 19th.

The Selection Committee, one hears, sat long and late down at Plymouth (some of them missing their sleepers back to town—how awful!) debating and discarding and picking diffidently. And then, on the Monday night following, out comes the England side for its final trial, to be played against "The Rest" at Twickenham on January 5th. Let us glance at it a moment.

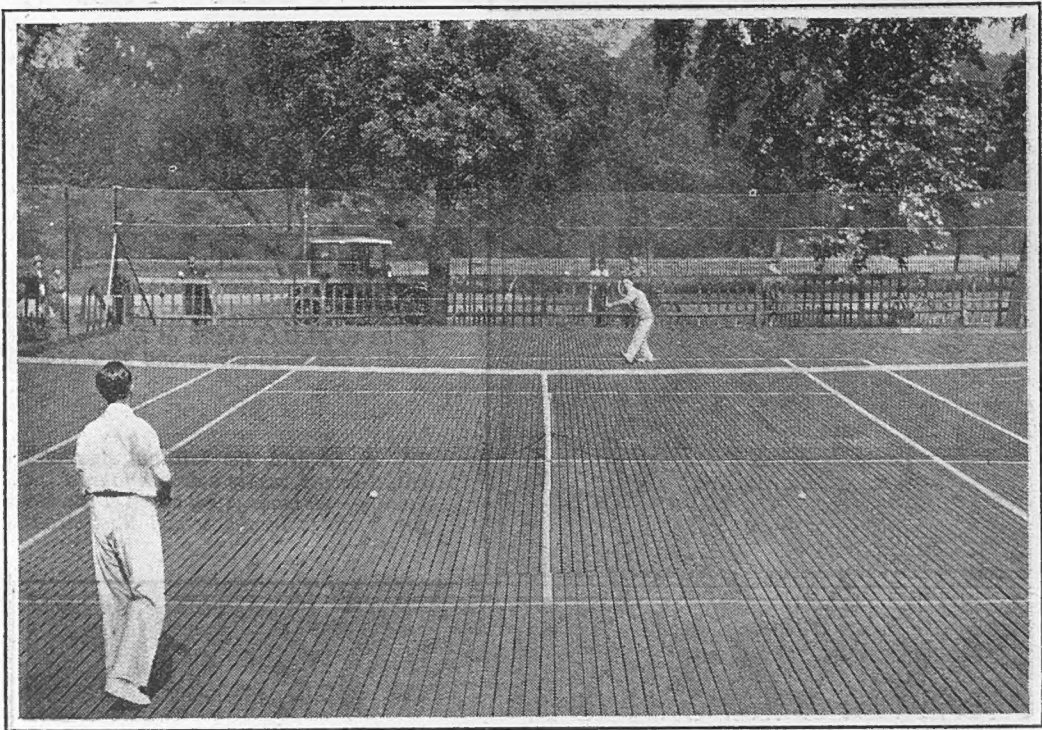
T. W. Brown keeps his place at full back. Everyone supposed he would. A safe man, if not a brilliant: a man who gives the forwards that sense of confidence that they won't have to rush back in the attempt to cover up mistakes. But it is interesting to note that J. A. Adamson, the Oxford full-back, is to be given a chance, in place of Clayton-Greene, the Blackheath man, who had a distinctly off day at Camborne. Adamson impressed very much at Twickenham on the Varsity Match day by his sense of position and safe kicking; though he missed a tackle flagrantly, which led to a Cambridge try.

The Threes and Halves.

The three-quarter line for England was never in much doubt after the Camborne trial, except possibly for one place in it.

LAWN TENNIS

By F. GORDON LOWE



Over 1,400 hard courts for lawn tennis were constructed last year. The type shown above is the "Yannah," and is similar to those recently laid at Queen's Club.

Aarvold (the finest centre three-quarter at present playing the game in all four countries; even the Scottish people admit this) and his Cambridge wing, Smeddle, made themselves certainties as soon as they got going together in some of those pre-Varsity-Match club games. They are a pair of thrusters who will cause all England's opponents this season a goodish bit of discomfort; they will also score a few of England's tries, unless I am much mistaken.

Buckingham, of Leicester, takes the other centre position. A strong-running, highly experienced player and a deadly tackler. We are all right there. The choice of Heywood, the Cambridge outside, for the other wing is not quite such a fortifying thought.

This half-back selection is a real puzzler. Whitley is to work the scrum for "England," with Laird as his fly half. And Young has been relegated to "The Rest," with I. C. Bendall (of Rosslyn Park) playing stand-off to him. Laird and Whitley played together for the Possibles at Camborne. And whereas Laird was his old forceful unit of attack and bulwark of defence, Whitley did not compare at all favourably in the scrum-half position against Young on that day's play. He held on too long, tried to break through on his own too often, and, although obviously a "class" half, did not seem to be England's half while Young was on the field.

Now Young at Camborne, working for the most part behind beaten forwards, showed very clearly, many of us thought, to be *par excellence* the man for the job. Moreover, one knows how excellently he and Laird combine together. Did they not do so most effectually for England all last season? This putting of Whitley with Laird once again is no doubt to finally settle a wavering judgment in the Selective mind.

Why Not Wakefield?

The selection of the forwards for "England" shows clearly the aim of the Selectors—scrumming power. Cove-Smith, Stanbury, Tucker, Sparkes and Webb give the weight and the shove and the experience needed. But what about our back row? Periton, obviously; he is at the top of his game again, and we all know what that means. But why not Wakefield? On his form this year he is unquestionably the most potent and



Rene Lacoste, the present British hard court champion.

dangerous wing forward in England. Saturday after Saturday in the Harlequin club games he has been the inspiration of his side, and usually one of its try getters. Those two tries of his against Birkenhead Park were triumphs of determined attack: which is what we need in our pack almost more than anything else.

But when these impertinent remarks of mine appear in print the mysterious place left blank in the Rest Side will have been filled. And this writer at least hopes fervently that "A. N. Other," which means nothing now, will be transformed by then into "W.W. Wakefield," which means a very great deal to the back row of any scrum in Christendom at the moment. Though it will be most odd if one sees this famous name appearing again at the last moment, and on a "Rest" side, instead of on England's, in which he has acquitted himself so admirably no less than 31 times: a record for any Englishman, alive or dead.

At the annual general meeting of the L.T.A. Lord D'Abernon mentioned that during the last year over 1,400 hard courts had been constructed. This is extremely interesting, in that it shows the increasing popularity of lawn tennis as an all-the-year-round game in this country, and that more and more people are beginning to realise the value of hard courts as the best training ground. No one denies that the perfect grass court at its best is the ideal one for the game, but how often in England, owing to our uncertain climate, does one get perfect conditions! Therefore, for learning the game and for keeping one's hand in, there is nothing to equal the uniform surface of a good hard court. After all, the great majority of players throughout the world to-day play on some surface other than grass.

A Difficult Question.

Many private owners, welfare centres, and schools are discarding their grass courts and replacing them by hard ones. They are beginning to realise that lawn tennis is just as good a game in the winter as in the summer.

The difficulty for the uninitiated is to decide which court to order when they are confronted by so many makes, each one with its own special qualifications. Suggestions can be made, but no one, except the prospective owner, having weighed the pros and cons thoroughly, can make the final decision. He must compare all his estimates and personally try out any court he fancies. Owing chiefly to our curious climate, the perfect English hard court has yet to be devised; every year, however, they are getting distinctly better, although we shall probably never have courts in England to compare to the natural ones of the Continent, South Africa and India.

The Non-Yielding Surface.

The first thing to be considered is whether a non-yielding surface of the asphalt or cement variety is required or one made of rubble, gravel or some other porous material. The outlay on the former is considerably greater, but once laid they require no upkeep with the exception of a very occasional spraying if they are green. In many cases when courts get an excessive amount of play there is a strong argument in favour of such a surface which never wears out.

The chief objection to the non-yielding surface is that it is more tiring to the feet and has not up to date been used for competitive tennis. There is no question that it would be better if the proposed site is at all damp, provided the non-yielding surface is porous.

The Grassphalt.

The grassphalt court is one of the best of its type; they are a perfect green, quite porous (although the surface is non-yielding) and give the impression of being exceptionally clean. Although springy, there is not quite enough give for the feet. Their approximate cost, all in, is £450. Actual prices in the case of every court naturally depend on the locality, whether the site is accessible and how much levelling there is to be done.

Maxwell H. Hart are other hard court specialists and are making a very fine court called the "Soveran," which can be supplied in any colour required. This court has been highly spoken of by some of the leading



Cambridge beat Oxford in the Annual Cross Country race by 23½ points to 31½ points at Horton Kirby. A. W. Skelton (right) and R. E. Cowburn (second from right) both of Cambridge dead-heated for first place.

authorities. Then there is the "Vantage" court, which the late Colonel Mayes recommended, constructed by the Recreational Constructional Company, Ltd. It is of a reddish cement, perforated with small holes to absorb the moisture, but a big price. Constable, Hart and Co., Ltd., the tarmacadam experts, also lay down hard courts of which the "Hardco," either red or green, is the most popular. They are non-porous, costing approximately £300, and are particularly suitable for public parks.

The Loose Type of Surface.

Now I come to the loose surface and porous type of court which is unquestionably the most popular in England. They quickly absorb moisture and are ready for play after much rain. The En-Tout-Cas Company, of which Commander Hillyard is one of the chief experts, is the best known hard court company in the world. It is said that they lay down a thousand courts a year, probably a low estimate. The surface of this court is made of a rubble material and can be had in red or green. The cost of the former is based at £110 and the latter at £150; both Mlle. Lenglen and Tilden recommend these courts. They are certainly pleasant to play on if at times a little slippery. No porous court could be at its best until well played on and until it has received plenty of rolling in its initial stages.

This company has just brought out a new court entitled the "En-Tout-Cas Bouhana," which costs about £45 more than their ordinary court. It requires, they say, far less upkeep, and the lines can be painted in; it is also faster, which is an added advantage. The Challenge Round of the Davis Cup was actually played on one of these courts last July.

Gazes are another firm who construct excellent hard courts. Specimens of these can be seen at any time in their beautiful gardens at Kingston. Their prices vary from £110 to £140. Gazes green court is of a pleasing colour and their red one well up to first class standards.

The "Lakeland."

Two Lakeland hard courts have lately been laid down in Kensington and have been tried out by most of the leading players. They are of a natural grey-green colour which is brought from Cumberland and well worth inspecting.

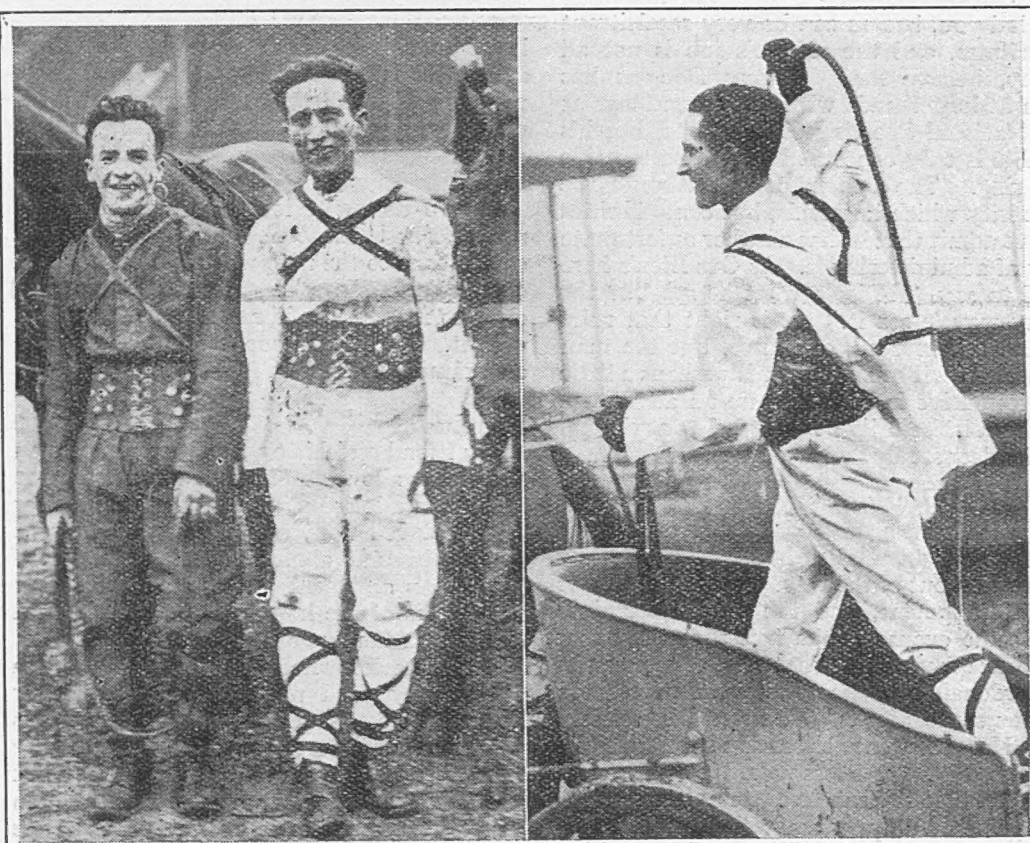
The Yannah courts, which are constructed by a Knightsbridge firm, are made of wood. One has been laid down at Queen's Club.

BOXING: BY "ARBITER"

SOME very interesting boxing matches are promised for the coming year. Amongst the futures, as the theatrical folk would say, is a meeting between Jack Hood, of Birmingham, who is our welter weight champion, and Len Harvey, the middle-weight boxer. The latter was once of Plymouth and has been quartered in London during the past few years, in which period he has rapidly grown from a good-sized bantam to a man who promises eventually to figure in the heavier class.

There is no title attached to this bout, which has, however, intrigued more than one promoter because of its obvious drawing power.

As the welter champion of England and a Midlander bred and born Hood can command a very considerable following. He is possibly the best scientist of all our English champions and a very decent fellow, to boot. His rival, Harvey, has just reached the twenties. He is a real stylist in boxing



Chariot Racing is a new sport in England though it was, of course, the favourite thrill of Ancient Rome. (Left.) Two mud bespattered charioteers after a race at G'asgow. (Right.) A driver at the G'asgow trials.



Ladies lining up for the start of the two-and-a-half miles cross country race organised by the London Business Houses Athletic Club at Perivale, Middlesex.

and carries a deadly punch in his right hand, but his temperament is reflected by his rather uncertain record. At his best, however, Harvey looks very like a world champion.

Lewis in the Limelight.

Kid Lewis, the old world's welter-weight champion, was supposed to have retired, but he keeps popping up again every now and then in different parts of the world. The last I heard of him he was going to South Africa, but apparently he changed his route, for the other day he got into the limelight at Toronto, where he made himself still more conspicuous by leaving the ring in the first round of his fight because he was annoyed at the referee reprimanding him for holding. Of course, he lost the fight, and in addition the Canadian authorities suspended him for life.

Things would be at a pretty pass if boxers were allowed to become so exigent regarding the conduct of the man in charge, but I wager that the referee on this occasion had good reason for his attitude.

The Amateur Judge.

Mind you, boxers can be very recalcitrant sometimes, and the referee's job is not all honey, believe me. Johnny Douglas has been at loggerheads with the groundlings at the National Sporting Club of late, but his trouble is only concerned with those outside the ring. The boxers do not dispute the authority which he wields, but candid critics had to admit that he has a rather unfortunate way of administering it. As Gus Elen's hero used to say, "It isn't what he sez but the nasty way 'e sez it." It is right that rules should be enforced, of course, but the man who does a bit of holding or is perhaps a little too impulsive in following up an advantage need not necessarily be regarded as a criminal of the deepest dye and addressed as such.

A Painful Break.

I once saw a French referee at Dieppe actually lift an English boxer up bodily and throw him out of the ring. It was a dramatic bit of judgment, and the official certainly had some excuse in the fact that the boxer had just struck him. That was, of course, the unpardonable offence, but a man with a keener sense of the dignity of his position would have contented himself with disqualifying the offender. Moreover, I may mention that the Englishman had been wound up to the point of desperation where he acted so foolishly by the referee repeatedly smashing him on the arm every time he said "Break!" This attention he did not proffer to the other boxer, who was a Frenchman. As the referee in question was a noted strong man the cumulative effect of the act rendered the recipient almost helpless for fighting purposes.

GOLF

By GERARD FAIRLIE

RECENTLY, at the nineteenth hole of a famous Surrey golf club, a friend of mine was telling me of a game of golf which he had just completed and which he had particularly wanted to win. He stated that in this match he had played two or three strokes in the round better than his opponent, but yet he had lost on the last green.

I felt compelled to ask for details, in the first place because my friend would obviously have been disappointed if I had not, and secondly, because this was rather a remarkable statement. It was the old, old story: luck had been against him in the sense that he had been laid three stymies, not one of which he had managed to negotiate. Each one had



The tenth hole on the old course at Sunningdale.

lost him a hole which otherwise he would almost certainly have won, and at that moment I feel pretty sure that my friend, usually a sane and pleasant person, would cheerfully have removed all stymies from the book of rules had he been able.

Since I do not believe that stymies are of necessity bad luck at all, I cross-examined him carefully as to the manner in which they had come about. In all three cases it was soon clear to me that he himself was the original culprit. I will take one of these stymies as an example to explain my meaning.

Bad Luck?

My friend and his opponent were both on the green, about an equal distance from the hole, with a long putt to be dealt with. My friend played first, and played a bad putt leaving himself about a yard short of the hole. His opponent putted up to within a few inches of the hole and the ball finished directly on the line of my friend's putt.

I must acknowledge that my friend is a particularly good putter, and he certainly holes most of the yard putts that come his way. It is reasonable, therefore, to assume that this stymie lost him the hole; but whereas he called it bad luck, it is my opinion that he thoroughly deserved it. Had he not been so short with his long putt the stymie would not have occurred, but even if it had it would have been an easy one to negotiate instead of practically an impossible one.

Therefore, instead of raising his eyes to heaven in silent fury, which I hope is all that he did do, it is my opinion that my friend should have disappeared into an adjacent bunker and solemnly kicked himself right heartily.

I am told that in America stymies are only legitimate when they are laid by the player who is going to suffer by them. I imagine that this means that a stymie such as I have just described would not be a stymie at all, and that my friend would have been entitled to lift the offending ball. But my contention is that this stymie was every bit as much my friend's own fault as if he had played second and then left himself a stymie. For this reason I think this American idea absurd.

Apart from all this, however, a game into which luck does not enter at all seems to me to be impossible, and I doubt very much whether, were one invented, it would be very amusing to play. If stymies were taken out of the game of golf, a great and fascinating part of the tactics of the game would go with

them. Just as an example, the fear of laying oneself a stymie when one has two for the hole would be gone. This would be a very great pity.

A Picturesque Hole.

A photograph of the tenth hole on the Old course at Sunningdale, as seen from the tee, reproduced above.

Sunningdale is full of beautiful holes, both from the golfing point of view and that of the sight-seer, but I think the tenth hole is a particularly good example. The hole measures four hundred and sixty yards from tee to green, and two good shots are usually required to reach the green. In the summer, of course, with the ground hard an iron can often be used for the second shot, but in these conditions I think the hole is rather spoilt, since that second shot is nothing short of magnificent if one has hit one's drive and one realises that only with wood can the green be reached in two.

Look at the photograph: the figures in the centre of the fairway are in a position about twenty yards beyond the spot where finishes an average drive in the winter time. Then see what is before you: a green which slopes from left to right, so that the shot must be played well up to the left in order to take the ground. But it is not so simple as all that, for on this left-hand side there is a cunningly placed bunker which must be carried.

Of course, you need not be brave unless you want to; there remains always a nice safe right-hand side for the short hitters or those who are out for a nice quiet five. You can get to the foot of the green this way, and unless you slice to glory you are taking no very great risk.

But I have never been able to resist a shot at carrying that bunker on the left; there is something about the hole, an impish spirit almost, which seems to whisper in my ear: "Come on, old lad; you can do it to-day!" And if I say "I wonder," then the answer comes back pat: "I dare you!"

That is the end of it, of course; my opponent nearly always wins the hole, but I have my fun. And when on those rare occasions that I hit a screamer I do manage to carry that bunker and have my putt for a three, my day is made, quite regardless of the result of whatever match I may be playing.

Sunningdale, summer or winter, is always delightful to play on. The turf is beautiful, the greens good and true, the upkeep all that can be desired.